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Writing on My Birthday

Amy E. Jensen

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writing on my birthday

Amy E. Jensen

I call March
a month of indecision—
half winter / half spring
with all that rain—no, snow—
a month of indecision.
It's almost too easy
with all that snow—no, rain—
to talk about the weather.

It's almost too easy
to equate yourself with storms,
to talk about the weather
as if it were your reflection,
to equate yourself with storms
and overcast weather
as a reflection upon you.
My nature isn't transparent as rain—
don't over-cast weather;
it isn't a metaphor.
No nature is transparent as rain.

I share today with Van Gogh
(it isn't metaphoric:
dates repeat themselves, so
I share today with Van Gogh)
and the same bold, chiseled lines of living
dated, repeated in myself. Or so
I'd like to think, that
the same bold, chiseled lines of living
streak like rain over my indecision.
I like to think that.
I call March
a streak, then a rain of indecision.
Half winter. Half spring.