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Same and Changing Seasons

Harold K. Moon

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Same and Changing Seasons

Year after year,
Spring ransoms the earth
From winter cussedness.
Green bursts through the crust.
No matter that it's only weeds.

Last spring I worked under that same sun,
A sudden whiplash in the air,
Persisting against winter.
One needs to make hay on such days.
Besides, it was pleasant out there.

Last year.

Slender tenderness on the piano keys
Released cascades of melody
Across the lawn to me,
Like a caress.
I hummed softly.
She did not hear me,
And went on with her exercises,
As the willow waved its lazy rhythm
Under the window.

Last year.

This year, too, the sun has challenged the ice.
Today, as before, I have noticed the green explosion
That breaks through the brown.

This year the piano stands mute,
The window empty
Under the weeping willow.

I'll have to get my tools.
One needs to make hay, they say.

—Harold K. Moon