

Veda Hille, This Spring

This spring is the one
That other springs were trying for
Other seasons aim to be
The perfect light on perfect trees
The birds are brighter

The blossoms have achieved their peak
Explosions in electric leaves
Ridiculous abundance
The air attacks my lungs
The warm pale yellow sun

It knocks me down
It slays me
So many perfect lively things
This spring is the one
I see it because you are gone

Love seemed sure
Around the new year
Now it's April
Love is just a ghost
Spring arrived on time
Only what became of you, dear?
Spring can really hang you up
The most