## 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