To Spring:

Don’t be surprised when

you wake to find the world

iced over.

Frozen blood in veins

so close to your heart

you can feel them

crack

with every beat.

You know this cold well.

Remember, it is your hands that rub

fire back into your bones,

shake the snow into buds of lilac

lupine and hyacinth,

soft daisy crowns

until rivers

run down your naked body

to lakes between you mossy toes

and swallows nest in your bramble hair

the sun rising and

falling

between your celestial eyes.

Your lovers wait on either side.

Winter’s glacial grip still clutching

your left fingers,

turning morning dew to

burning frost.

Summer on your right weaving

sunlight

into rings upon your outstretched hand.

Why, then, can you still not decide?

Crave the freezing bite

as much as the golden breeze.

Maybe if you remembered

Persephone and her pomegranate

you would know not to linger

with death so long, but

even Eve craved the sweet, dark juice

mouth tinged red as the blood

still half-frozen in your veins.