

POEM

Pamela Light

Spring

Spring creeps into the city limits Pretending to be invisible Trying not to make a stir.

Southwestern movement cancels The stillness of winter. Clouded in fog

Iron limbs of backyard trees Limber up. Ghosts sojourn Crisscrossing the thawing landscape.

Inaudible whispers foretell The night. We Don't belong here.