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.