



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.