POEM

Pamela Light

Spring

Spring creeps into the city limits
   Pretending to be invisible
Try 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.