

Long underwear and lady's slipper

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For Margaret Hasse

We return to spring
leaving winter woolens and layers of snow
over ice. Back from the season
of darkness, of sunbeams held by shadows.
Back from long evening solitude.

While scilla scatters across the ground, winter
still burrows beneath my skin. I stand, arms
crossed and eyes wary as lilacs perfume the air.
Bleeding hearts hang, and violets multiply
in gardens and on grass. Now maple seeds
drift to the ground searching
for soil. And, now,

I peel off my sweater, unbolt the heavy door.
I come back to spring:
to water surging in swollen brooks,
to lilies blooming in the night,
to sun falling from lapis skies.