

Time of Spring (Spring Again)

Larry McLeod

In the old returning need
The ache in what we variously call
Mind, heart, soul, spirit, body
The woods come soft and tender
In an April dawn
Water goes the way it goes
Birds insist upon life
Again this year

Again I want to throw a baseball
Back to the boy
Who still wants to play so badly
Sometimes I open the picture album
But there is no picture of me
In the time where I wish to be

In the song of a bird
In the slow incessant touch of light
In eye consuming blossoms
A beautiful girl in white shorts
Turns the corner into a crowd of boys
A chorus of whistling
Her legs smooth and soft
Her breasts perfectly balanced
In this light

In her eyes it all comes alive again
I am a stone in the dark in memory
And yet feel again this time of spring
Whistling as loud as bird or boy.