

Ann Lauinger

Spring Cold

March snow blooms the bare trees with white
theoretical blossoms
but fails to sugar-coat the human streets.

In my sickroom
I'm having it both ways: Kleenex clumps
of snow, Kleenex

cherry blossoms preposterously in flower.
This is the cusp
between inhale and exhale, bouncing

molecules caged
for a split second of poise, brief recess
from the school

of hard knocks. It's equinoctial March,
when eggs
stand on end in perfect balance,

porcelained suns
at ease with the ghosts of chicken past
and chicken future.

This is the imagination's soft spill
into the slick
trafficked streets, smooth circuit fused,

self-sustaining,
unscrambled. The hot pulse slows,
sweated,

muffling the racket of the blind
ferryman's logjams
and collisions, suspending for the moment,

all along the river-
banks, the sighing and settling
of riparian rot.