

## Spring

I wake, my whole body  
a tight and ready fist.  
Leaves clog my gutters,  
smash and hide in the corners  
of my garden. The baby robin  
falls, twists and rots  
on my sidewalk, his beak  
the colorless chrysanthemum  
bud pressed between the pages  
of last year's phonebook.  
The warm breeze blows  
an empty cardboard box  
to cross my street, to drag itself  
like a woman crawling on her knees.  
My newly opened roses  
bleed like winter.

*Jill Williams*