

1929-

This spring is your unspring; it kindles slow  
The first and catching metal that uncoils.  
I cannot like it that I had to know  
How grief feels in the hands, under its soil.  
The garden left from winter waits for you,  
Hosts robins with your look, untrimmed, wind-turned,  
More ruffled than a bird should be, more blue-  
More like something I love and have not learned.  
When I was small I made you parts of me  
In wreaths of daisy chains and weeding hands,  
You counted us like chicks, one child, two, three-  
Our calm-kept lodestone of soft reprimands.  
Now no keeping keeps you closer, your chains  
Of daisies can't be made. This spring it rains.