Sudden Spring

By Michelle Foley

Stepping out into sudden spring,

Oaks and grass and soul alike are tinged gold with new growth.

The sun is generous and

she makes my arm hairs glow a little.

Out come the purple buds,

Spreading out shyly under her coaxing

Purple daisies and yellow dandelions-

Who knew they would get along so well?

And so was it by design

That the hummingbird magnets outside my kitchen window

Would splay out their red tendrils like fireworks?

That they would spread against my empty palms

Gently, gently?