

Forsythia

For spring

For yellow smell of earth

For sun-smudged weathered fences

around the vacant lot

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Waterfall of honeyed promise

Buttered signal flags of April

Bangled arms of gypsy dancers

For prancing, can-can galaxy

canary-spangled chorus line

For kicking up the day

For golden morning fireworks

For brassy, brambled exclamations

Persephone's parade

Forsythia

For coin-tossed fountained wishes

For yellow-ribboned dreadlocks

of remembrance

For gilded feather dusters sweeping up

our grief

For light in darkness, seeping

through the open door

Forsythia.

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