

March

By Dianne Gotay

March -

You seem to be in limbo before my eyes:

Brown, gray-green grass, and blue, mysterious skies;

Naked, black, reaching-fingered trees,

Sullen-looking shrubs and no flowers to please.

A time of mocking the last lingering patches of snow,

By bare-kneed children

Running down the street,

Joyous, hatless, their coats open,

Waiting for spring.

