

Intimations Of Spring

We have gone through the harsh sieve of time waiting for spring to come,
It has crossed its arrival time but in defiance of sanity our hopes persist,
But hope is a double-edged sword which can both make or mar life,
Flowers have sprouted in our hearts but not on ground,
We have been stewed in the fury of the winter,
Having come through a grueling half-year full of storms,
freezing temperatures, and blackouts,
Highways becoming combat-active, screeching-slow,
hazard-prone,
Whole landscape becoming cubist art and dressed in the most immaculate of the
whites,
But such silhouettes of fantasy lost their magic as the scene stretched too long,
Anxiety and struggle gradually framed the eerie wintry existence,
Having been the pawns of winter too long,
Now we are looking for the intimations of spring on ground, on trees, on water, in
air, in skies,
Blades of grass are slowly turning green and the baby- leaves are dressing the
trees delicately,
There is warmth and bounce in the air and on the ground,
Waters look clean and flowing and harboring life,
Birds' sounds have sweetened the air though they still remain invisible,
Mornings make a grand salute and usher in exquisite possibilities,
The days wear a serene sheen of shine and nights feel crisp and clean,
Intimations of spring are here but where is the spring?
We hope it hasn't been a casualty of the long rapacious winter,
Not only for scene and climate do we need spring but also for refurbishment of
soul.

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