

Max Cavitch

NEW SEASON

Spring wakes up like a man  
stale, fevered, rolling-over season  
breathes deeply once, twice,  
then jumps up to meet the sun  
and falls back stunned  
smiling at his dizzy vigor.

Spring goes forth like a man  
groggy, strong, without reason  
turns slowly once, twice,  
then breaks into a run  
his new legs gunned  
to a breakneck clip.

Spring sings out like a man  
tuneless, clear, means to please on  
the simplest scale, once, twice,  
and then he's done  
his deepest thoughts are sung  
in a major key.

Spring goes home like a man  
hungry, needing, there is treason  
in his blood, loving once, twice,  
more, until there's none  
but tender, safe dreams hung  
about his heart.

Spring clears out like a man  
threatened, brooding, summer's poison  
to his pride, snarling once, twice,  
shamed, for summer's won  
and startled life's flung  
wide upon the world.