

POETRY

16-18 "March 6, 2004" by Kathryn Benson

On the first really warm day,
Five almost-adults drowse under
An impossibly blue sky.
Yearning upward, they watch a hawk
Circle, riding currents and eddies
Of air, far above the world.

Later leaping, hearts racing, they
Try to fly away. Amid laughter
No one cares for steady stone.
Circle-sitting, the day shines with
Smiles stretching wide and open.
Talk of nothing.

Skirt flies up, bare feet,
Bare arms, bare legs drink in
The brightness. Eyes are open,
Feet stained trampoline-black.
Even the hair is electric.
Even the heart is open.

Springs creak, struggling to levitate
The weight of the world.
For a brief and perfect moment, joy is
Captured, felt and touched.
The trees are still bare and leafless,
But this is the springtime of the soul.