

Surge Of Green

by Ed Higgins

Already past the harbinger of yellow crocus
pushing aside frost-clinging earth.

Afternoon sunlight, shafts of rising fog
pulled from the barn's shingled roof.

The smell of warming damp earth everywhere.
Chorus frogs a cacophony at night.

The death weeds of all winter's dry twiggy
stuff giving way to green again.

Mallards drifting between upshooting cattail.

