



Spring Snow by Jodi Girouard

*Spring snow tracing my route in the pursuit
for sunshine's finer features.*

*A heavy wetness of tracks that imprint
on the hint of green grass seen.*

*Between bitter, rooted memories
and the frosted glass of the present*

*I am meant to change, to alter, to no longer falter
in my steps to peace.*

*Anger is released, like a deceased member
of my family to be buried, carried off*

Or even melted into the abysmal decay of winter.

*The inner me cries, tries to erase the hurt,
the curt rage, the page of before
that I still want to rip, to tear, to no longer trip
Over, to be erased like the fine lines that trace
the brought-on worry.*

*I am taught to sidestep the mess,
not hurry the success in becoming*

*More than the white scent of icy remnants,
the chance to dance into the delights of everything spring.*

*Oh, I see the tender tendrils spilling into the world,
Curled from the ice and flakes, but make no mistake
The newness is arriving, surviving upon the scenery,
the greenery that is coming soon to bloom.*

I bring with me a shovel to cull the piled debris,

To free myself from the too old pain

That remains. I push away the problems

Like the snow in my way. Today

Is for clearing the past,

Wiping away the forbearance of doom,

To zoom into here, near even to the spring snow,

For it cannot last.

And I know the path is drying as I am trying

To learn to run even when the sun

Has yet to learn to dawn. For it, too, needs

to come out fawning over life we see,

Out of its reverie, stronger like me, no longer hidden.

Belonging amid the pale, yearning

Of my own lawn's trail.

No longer bidden to fail,

just long overdue to live,

to give chase, to continue to pursue

What could be magnificently new

In radiant grace we both can face.