

Who Indeed?

When winter cracks open
and spreads infusions
of early spring air
through our kitchen
window screen,
we thrill at our gift.

New warmth assures us
of renewal and refreshment,
like the settling of
an old argument.

A robin, the first we've seen,
is poking in the brownish grass,
and through the window
we hear our aging neighbor's
Harley clear its throat
then murmur slowly past.

Who transforms winter into
spring? Who melts the patches
of remaining ice in puddles
and brings buds to the bushes?

We sense a coming comfort
with as much faith as a baby
anticipating a maternal hug.

Spring will soon hold us
magnificently captive
in its luxurious cradle
from which we will
crave no escape.

In our side yard outdoors
two neighbor boys play catch
with a baseball which winter
had stowed away in the shed,
being now thrown with gusto.
Whap! Whap! goes the ball into
leather gloves which soften
the impact of youthful zeal.

Who guides this ball
from hand to glove?
Who prompts exclamations
like "Good throw!" or "My fault!"
oscillating between throwers?

Who cares for us all enough
on this pivotally warm day
to bring us sweeter breaths
after winter's bitter winds?

Who, indeed?
Yes, Who?

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