

# Season of surprise

by [J. Barrie Shepherd](#) in the [April 6, 2004](#) issue

This time of year,  
what with bulbs bursting  
through to light, crashing  
headlong into color, puff balls  
of sudden pink, cloud clumps  
of eager violet and white crowding,  
clustering, clambering up and along  
each naked stem and branch,  
what with the gray lawn's sweet,  
impulsive greening, the chill creek's  
snow-melt speedy surface coat  
of foam and flashing ripples,  
what with these birdsong brimming dawns,  
these chirping, marsh-born, peeper  
chants that hymn the day to rest,  
what with such hastening, glad abandon  
rushing, coursing, flooding, charging  
toward life, tales of a vacant tomb,  
of bindings cast like scattered husks  
and the rumbling of a cold, dead rock  
to clear the way for all that is to come,  
such tales seem almost natural. What else  
should we have expected, after all?