

# Spring

by [Christine Whittlemore \(Papa\)](#) in the [May 18, 2010](#) issue

It's distracting, everything's changing wherever I look;  
an electric blue patch of squill nearly makes me crash,  
and all the twigs are, suddenly, beaded with leaf buds,  
while the yellowness of the willows is brightening hourly.  
I park so I can watch, I jump out of the car  
and dance along, I'm beaming like a lunatic,  
and really, you'd think I'd be used to it by now,  
I've seen it happening over fifty times  
in many different places; I should know  
that as soon as these words are written, they'll be old;  
the leaf buds will be emerald. You'd think  
I'd give up trying to catch the delicate  
insinuation of the air, which can't be caught;  
the words collapse, they tumble and mesh together  
breezily interlaced in a tangle of green,  
the yellow caravel entirely madrigal,  
and every jonquil ravishment squeezed fresh.