

The thaw

by [Ryan Schnurr](#) in the [April 25, 2018](#) issue

You can smell the thaw coming before it does—  
a long time, too, before the meadow is green  
and the wildflowers emerge  
yellow and shine in the green meadow.  
When it is still grey and ice,  
and seeds hold being unexpressed.

This is part of it too.  
The growing, that is, and believing  
that it means something.  
That everything is sacrament. Even time,  
which moves loosely and runs  
according to the spirit—  
that silent, grassy, generous spirit—as  
  
through the window the bare earth  
sloughs the winter from its shoulders.  
Right on schedule.