

The beginning of spring

by [Charles Hughes](#) in the [March 23, 2022](#) issue

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In early February, winter gray,
Stretching sky high from the early morning earth,
Begins again, slowly, to melt away.
Slowly, invisibly almost. Too slight
A pale to promise sun, much less rebirth.
I can't this instant help but see the light.

Not light so much as edges coming clear;
Not clear at all, thick mist obscures the dawn.
Streetlights unlit, buildings poised to appear,
Low storefronts and a tall brick bank—I see
Faint outlines on the brink of being gone,
Less with my eyes than with my memory.

I turn from the window to the dark inside,
Looking ahead to spring (or maybe back),
Its extrovert, lengthening days, days glorified
By skies of confident blues and cloud-smile whites
As if the world were taking a new tack,
As if long days weren't leading to long nights.

Yellow forsythias, sunshine, daffodils,
Pink plum trees, rouge-red tulips, lilac scents
Adorn—suddenly!—spring's unmappable hills,
From which fears look less real, even real fears.
God sends small signs to soften our laments.
Spring has come early this year of all years.