

Counting down

by [Peter Cooley](#) in the [April 20, 2022](#) issue

Everyone should write a spring poem, Louise Gluck

Perpetually repeating spring
in the azaleas on my street,
lush parade of parables
I can't decipher yet,
configuring, configuring—

Why are you given to me
this black morning, the little hearses
lining my soul already parked,
ready for ascent or explosion
depending on my grip
on this blossoming,
my unasked-for gift?

Gods of this world,
the only one I know
heralding, heralding
in their blooming overnight—
if this much heaven
can be given me
in the first five minutes
I have been awake
throwing open my front door,
staring down the block,

what is in store, what is in store, Lord,
in the next hour, Yours,
and the next and the next,

Yours,