Max Cavitch

NEW SEASON

Spring wakes up like a man
stale, fevered, rolling-over season
breathes deeply once, twice,
then jumps up to meet the sun
and falls back stunned
smiling at his dizzy vigor.

Spring goes forth like a man
groggy, strong, without reason
turns slowly once, twice,
then breaks into a run
his new legs gunned
to a breakneck clip.

Spring sings out like a man
tuneless, clear, means to please on
the simplest scale, once, twice,
and then he’s done
his deepest thoughts are sung
in a major key.

Spring goes home like a man
hungry, needing, there is treason
in his blood, loving once, twice,
more, until there’s none
but tender, safe dreams hung
about his heart.

Spring clears out like a man
threatened, brooding, summer’s poison
to his pride, snarling once, twice,
shamed, for summer’s won
and startled life’s flung
wide upon the world.