THE TERROR OF SPRING

AMBER NELSON

SPRING

the sea scratched with words
like through a dark window

Recess
and not recess

Sky filled with two hollow moments

Then a pentagram of stars
in a fortune teller's glass

reflects what lacks—

Parts of sky
—the lower
whole sentences trailing off into

a mass of cloud

And in the distance
a cliff face in blue

and the blue
and the sun

looks like hell
or heaven or bright and full of duckling

But what remains is a truth—

A feeling
not universal

in a flat river

SPRING

the day hardens
in a way
that does not feel

yet somehow means

something
still lay a number
on the tables
and take

a type of flight
the birds and the bikes
the wind presses

and does not take
the crime in this

a wind that slows
the gray farm blue

this, the cold
in which everything empties

SPRING

birds meet
in scatter

an arrangement
of left behind

or broken
their eggs blue—

outbreak with speckle
new bodies

squeak freely
alive

SPRING

the birds

on the birds

so urgent

in the morning

with their mating

and their fucking

singing

SPRING

this is the foreign
not curled

perpetual in blue

while the little snow
melts away

as even dry
a green drying

it is pleasant to take
down the dressing

and skin the light

even with naked peaks
atone dry as

the spring to turn
to summer

exposure

and everything to wither
in the air

SPRING

in le May and the grass
is already turning

the water spare
enough to forgive

and also promises
of future fire

the yellow cranes dip
below the horizon

shooting
into
the dust

building against
the sky

SPRING

a darkness this
morning

undr for spring
consumed

with clouds that burn

off in the waiting

into blue the green
leaves Gap

such beautiful wind up
in desirous sun

the wind abrades
and pushes

a force against
impulse

the threat of momentum

SPRING

there are rabbits

in the city

a breach of fields

in the street

how comfort crawlies

shared language

fur-ruff

they will
a season
into being
spoken

SPRING

the first yellow
blossoms turn
to green bulbs
green
and then not
green
as the sun burns
avid
into being

to be devoured
to be devoured
to be devoured

SPRING

climb the mountain
unbloomed

blueberries
the elder-

flower fragrant
in humidity

but the riverbank
thirsting

for greater depths
dry rocks

stabbing at
the sky

what little remains
falling away

SPRING

bodies assaulted
by light

and wet air
so swells

red
like petals

unfolding
their fleshy limbs

riot
universal

SPRING

the ducks returned
months ago

in their migration

oil slick
in a wet park

their voices let loose

they utter
their plumes were
an epidemic of feathers

in the grass

SPRING

there wasn't
in the wind

and then there was
a notation

burnished
out of season

crocodile tears
the crocodiles are always
a heard
a herd of avalanche

on the surface

the wind abrades
and pushes

a force against
impulse

any something

that's true

SPRING

a promise of water
falls

the wind
blows

the clouds

&

collapse

of leaves
taken

SPRING

some peaks
in still
snow

& tracks break

the surface

the saddle's arbory
power lines a hazard
a herd of avalanche

the rock table

in the sky

the lakes pine
for ice

which melts

on the white

a spider
black and sharp

in the blinding

SPRING

rhythm in the bones:

the bird's bones

the sky's bones

the leaves' bones

their bones tremor
in the wind

there are whispers

this could be joy

SPRING

the first tomatoes
homegrown

their red flesh

like flesh

SPRING

an army of clouds

carves the sky

create a shelter-
in-place

in closure

-

the birds

in their nests

in the cool

SPRING

the lake
blue

the lake
obscured
by trees

their needles

sharpened

on hazardous light

-

the voice
in the understory

understand shade
understand home-

land

SPRING

the living dies
yet still grows
& sheds

threads loosed in the wind

as dust
& the pollen infects

through the breeze

& cleaving

where a house winters

where a house

can breathe

SPRING

erosion
recall

-

the breeze

the breeze

the breeze

the breeze

SPRING

the Sound in equinox

shines in heat

daffodils
crocuses

yellow fields of daisies
wilting

there are no antelopes
in the Antelope Valley

there are no antelopes
in the sound

there are no antelopes

& the desert trafficking

a plot of dust

SPRING

swoosh

to the force

of petals

a dirty bomb

breathe out

SPRING

like the fire
on its back
in a field

the mornings
are not the days

but their unbelievably

tendered out

-

in trusting not to touch

a curtain of prayer

this light
turned out

this light shot down

these lights, these dwarfs

SPRING

it is June
& the solstice
the terror
of spring

has ended

the Lambs already born
into the earth

& soon the summer
burns

with wildfire

it is very dangerous
to be alive

with this potential

to die

today
or any day at all

to disappear
to be an ending

THE TERROR OF SPRING
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BELFRY PRESS
BELFRYPRESS.ORG

FIRST APPEARANCE

"SPRING" (THREE AM MAGAZINE)
Terry Wakefield

"SPRING" (THE LITERN BIRD)
Poetry Ireland Review (Issue 115)
DISSOCIATION PRIZE SHORTLIST EDITION