April Poem

the tulips believe first

green spears
pushing through mulch
beside the library steps

while everyone else
keeps a coat nearby

April has fooled us before

one warm afternoon
and the whole neighborhood
comes outside

men rinse winter
from their cars

children chalk flowers
onto sidewalks

a woman opens every window
in her apartment

as if the soul
were a room
that needed airing out

then by morning
snow on the daffodils

not enough to kill them

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April Poem

only enough
to remind us

hope is not weather

but something under it

small
stubborn
already lifting

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