May Poem

may
unbuttons

not all at once

but by leaf
by mud
by the small green fists
of hosta
opening

and then

cottonwood

poor tree
trying to become sky

letting go
of every soft white almost

until the alleys drift

the gutters gather
little weather

and children ask
is it snowing

no

someone says

but what is snow

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May Poem

if not the world
forgetting
which season
it promised

i carry one seed
on my sleeve

a ghost with roots

a small yes
looking
for somewhere
dark enough

to begin

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