

For Martha

This spring
I feel in time,
not dragging myself
reluctantly
to keep up
with the weather
 the warmth
 the increased
mobility.

This spring
was a long spring —
warm enough
early
to go out
for some sun,
cool enough
lately
for the woodstove
tv
and cooked food.

This spring
has been long —
giving me enough time
to live on my terms
to do
 relax
 feel good
 move in time
again,
my speed
just right
with nature.
(The turtles are usually late
coming out
like me.)

This spring
there's time enough
to purchase flowers
(for the gardens)
to plant new seeds
(broccoli, yipee!)
move poinsettias
("too early, too early"
the garden lady cries) —
time enough
without being late
 dragging
 out of step
 with nature
and the world.

Why?

My sister came to visit
Martha
"Drove 4 days
to get here,"
I told everyone,
so they'd get the idea
how far.
She shook me
out of winter
she encouraged me
into spring
she gardened
what I couldn't
she fixed
what I hadn't.

Thanks, Martha,
and Happy Birthday!

4/19/05

