

The Second Spring

The scent of coumarin
from tended gardens
pours through
the evening air

tobacco plants
unfurl and weep
for long-tongued
lepidoptera.

Early catkins
on the horn beam
displayed their elegant
chinoiserie

but now the tree
is thick with
leaves that flash
the gaudy greens of May.

In the pulsing
evening light
the folded clover
wavers mute

for the ice-blue
petals of the iris
are crinkled
and curled shut.

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