

SPRING

Listen. I went to the park today to feel the sun on my skin as I ate my lunch, it was lovely, to sit there with the wind in my hair after such a winter, I sat writing about the anguish of all that, I was just minding my own business with my mustard and turkey when these two kids pulled up in a white Torino and swaggered to a table, he held her on his lap and her legs spilled from her dress all bare and wrapped around his hips, she cradled his head and held his face deliciously close, they kissed one long kiss, bruising each other's lips, as if each luscious tongue swipe might be their last, slowly swaying they filled themselves with the ecstasy of honey, with careless and careful passion, I sat between two crab trees all lavish with lipstick and snow-fired blossoms and the slender embrace of a lavender redbud, her short hair tickling his lips as she rose above him, the cool wind of lilacs drifted everywhere, I was just trying to write about anguish, I was just trying to enjoy my mustard and turkey as they kissed the holiness of each other's souls. I heard the rain-swollen river rush through the marsh grass and wild iris, the sky filled with cottonseed, a delicate splendor in the air, and a cardinal sang in the swale and splash of new leaves *I'm here I'm here I'm here*. I wiped the mustard off my lip. It was no good holding back, I'm telling you, no use. I was ruined, ruined again, utterly ambushed by love.