

***Spring, I carve you***

Spring, I carve you  
from cold-emaciated air  
induce you, birth you

not  
from the rubbing  
of genie lamps  
the recitation of wishes  
not from  
puffs of smoke  
or palming of cards

but from  
the valiant purple  
of irises  
pushing up  
in their patch.

Spring, when  
your  
wonder  
moments  
slip through  
should-dos  
and events

I'm present.

Shauna Singh Baldwin