

## March 2

night beyond dark glass  
rattling in spring wind  
last evening prayer  
written on the air

letters that are heard  
in between the moon  
full of white in tune  
turning

## March 3

I would say something about new colors  
appearing without notice, violet brachs  
hanging like snapdragons, with the ease  
of custom, as expected as dust and light  
dappling the thorns and wrought iron  
through which they poke.

I don't have to be anywhere. It is early yet,  
time enough to stop, to notice  
they are not flowers,  
pale veins purpling dyed leaves.  
I sniff a branch and smile at nothing.