

MAY

JEFF STREEBY

Mary month

Robins in the buckthorn

piping their sweet Magnificat

Lately I like the way the day breaks around here. Not too much all at once. First, just a few hints down east, a warm suspicion offered up imperfect and ordinary without pretense. No ultimatum, just stars fading a few thousand at a time, scraps of cloud coming to light. Almost imperceptibly the grim black of things coming apart, going inevitably brown or green or blue or red, shade and shade and shade.

The dew beading on the dogwood, the fox sedge, the winterberry. A profusion of fragrances drawing out the early bees who hum now among the alexanders and the meadow rue. A red squirrel chittering in the top of the one black walnut tree. All that and more.

Then soon we are forced to realize how the shadow line, supple, irresistible, has already shed us in favor of an endless absolute. Before we could care to know it, broad daylight without a fight has captured us all to our comforting routines.

I read somewhere that Hemingway never missed a sunrise, not one, in over fifty years. Amen to that.

Spring.

Unappeasable.

No one but gains by it. No one but loses.