

March

As we forget to buy cat food
As the bed must be soaked from the open window
As we're blowing our noses
into our bare hands
As the mythic farm father crossing some icebound lake
hears it crack under his horse
We hurry in the door, pour cubes of dry bread stuffing
in the cat's bowl like an apology and see
how the wind has stilled
And do not close the window
And step over the hungry cat
As the father, scarf floating in a slow S, arms
upraised, looks above him at the ice
re-forming, thinking *Oh, it's spring*