

Elegy

James Hearst

Listen, my friend, shuttered in
your small room, winter is gone.
I tell you spring now wakens
furred buds on the boughs of pussy
willows, at the edge of the field a lark
nests among weed stalks harsh with
the wind's whistle. Maples unfold
new leaves, oaks wait for the warm
May sun, violets rise from curled
clusters and wild plums cover thorns
with white blossoms, even watercress
shows color at the spring's mouth.
You have seen flocks of geese print
their flight on the wide innocent sky
over Iowa, and bundled farmers on bright
red tractors smooth fields for sowing.
Listen, you can hear the cock pheasant's
cry while April rain sends up shooting
stars and jack-in-the-pulpits. Fill your
mind's eye with the hill beyond the big
barn where she last watched an autumn sunset.

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