The Hermit Notices The Arrival Of Spring

No calendar is needed.
Water trickles and gushes.

The redwing blackbird has returned to the riverbank
to spasm its okalee mantra.

Bare trees on the cusp of buds
reach toward a vapour trail scrawled
like fingerpaint across a blue canvas.

And a young woman at the bus stop
bites ferociously into an apple.

Daniel Boland