

Greybear Stumbles into Spring

Greybear stumbles into spring
again, opens his eyes to the snow
patches and a single crow spun
sideways, easy, arranging light. . . .

So that's how it is: arguing wind
the way a pebble argues water,
a few bitchy clouds, the buried
ice to walk on; to wake up hungry,

stiff, undoubtedly a father by this
time, a whole winter just beginning.
Lone Jeffries bearing purple cones —
clumps of blueberry Juniper —
balls of red Buckwheat —
a few last Cedars under the Lodgepole

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