

## The Second Spring

The scent of coumarin  
from tended gardens  
pours through  
the evening air

tobacco plants  
unfurl and weep  
for long-tongued  
lepidoptera.

Early catkins  
on the horn beam  
displayed their elegant  
chinoiserie

but now the tree  
is thick with  
leaves that flash  
the gaudy greens of May.

In the pulsing  
evening light  
the folded clover  
wavers mute

for the ice-blue  
petals of the iris  
are crinkled  
and curled shut.

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