

The Trust of Spring

----For Eleanor

Noon light unpeels the anemone.
Petal sways by pointed petal anywhere,
Happening to touch, its fist comes close.
By dark uncurled, it wavers there or there
Yet crops back, grips by more than hazard, goes
On, reaching, lets go then searches, regrasps
co-acting as: our nimble knowing hand.
Your watching extends safe room for groping ways.

Liveweight freefalls from a cradling perch.
Fledgling body spilt untested on still air
Meets eddies, backspins, its pinions splay,
spread loft in every gap, then heave to dare
glides over chasms, risk aerials, play!
All space sustains co-being of careening scrawls.
Develops: our winged teeming mind.
Your wonder confounds through dance our toppled sense.

Moonlight bleeds through blown-apart gauze,
Sets off strident tones in marshes after dusk.
Its round face descends from sky toward ground,
Returns slimmed, tardily low, no more a disc.
The widened shade replete with rhythmic sound:
Trills, raspy silence dense in timbre, hoarse yet shrill
Voices: our stirring community.
Your trust revolves our solos into dynamic exchange

-Elizabeth Cavicchi