

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## *Early spring is still a joy*

By Marge Piercy

It's calendar spring but not  
much change yet. Trees bare  
structures. Buds haven't swelled.  
Grass still withered, brown.

Yet the greenhouse is keeping  
many vegetables safe, now just  
fragile seedlings. Hard for me  
to believe these greenish

matchsticks can grow six  
feet tall and thick as wrists.  
And just outside the dining  
room windows, daffodils

have shot up green spikes.  
Goldfinches wear mating  
plumage. I think mourning  
doves are getting it on.

Spring is my favorite season.  
I like the slow Cape spring.  
My father always said that  
Detroit had only two seasons—

winter and the Fourth of July.  
I relish each snowdrop, each  
returning bird, each little  
green blade pushing up.

Spring for me is a long  
slow orgasm of the earth  
each day opening its gift,  
sun feeding us all.