

Springtime

Written by Willa Dowling-Paul

The flood lights cast a shadow on your face
and I can't tell what you're thinking.
The cold shuffle of your feet
tell me more than you ever could.
You're a new person now,
changing with the seasons.
The sun and warm air brings a light to you
that I admire so deeply.
The city wind is deep;
not inherently caused by the earth herself,
but from the concrete inhabitants
swarmed around us.
I feel alive in the country
but only in the sunshine.
The winters make me feel small.
My skin cracks from the country wind
and the city wind makes me feel alone.
But I return to you.
Standing in that parking lot,
snow and ice lengthening the distance between us.
And I remember the rain that will come soon.
The deep breath we will all take.
The earth will become alive again,
just like you.
The earth will return to a state in which she blooms
and blushes with new ideas.
We'll drive to the lake
but only after five so we don't have to pay for parking.
We'll swim under the stars
and laugh under the moon
with the lightning bugs
that reminded me of the headlights
on our drive home.
The sun will cast a light on the dresser that illuminates specks of dust
like stars in the July sky.
And we will be able to call
anywhere where there is sun
home.
You say you feel hopeless;
that there's nothing to look forward to.
But I remind you that
the sun is coming.

The earth returning
and the you that you once knew
is almost here.
So as we stand on this frozen concrete,
the cold air stinging our eyes,
I can almost feel
the sunshine
and the promise of so much happiness.