

New Mexico Quarterly

Volume 25 | Issue 4

Article 7

1955

Spring Was Always the Boathouse

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Recommended Citation

Robbins, Martin. "Spring Was Always the Boathouse." *New Mexico Quarterly* 25, 4 (1955). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol25/iss4/7>

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**SPRING WAS ALWAYS
THE BOATHOUSE:**

Doors pulled open
To a skittish sun flicking
Over hulls and oar-locks
Rusty from encrusted
Winter's idleness.

Choppy waves,
And juices from the season's
First blisters kept
The flock clustered
Until one late-in-April day

Words were floating distant
On the glare-flat water
And the boathouse yawned
Empty, a disdained mother
Whose young were all embarked

And rowing into summer.

MARTIN ROBBINS