

The Hermit Notices The Arrival Of Spring

No calendar is needed.

Water trickles and gushes.

The redwing blackbird has returned to the riverbank
to spasm its *okalee* mantra.

Bare trees on the cusp of buds
reach toward a vapour trail scrawled
like fingerpaint across a blue canvas.

And a young woman at the bus stop
bites ferociously into an apple.

Daniel Boland