

Spring Session

Orioles fluting now in the highest green
And in the lilacs a goldfinch combing wings,
Sparrows at the lane's edge scrabbling in dust:
Never did May rise lovelier in my sight
Nor gladlier seemingly, though fifty Aprils
Gone up in smoke of fifty chill Octobers
Have set this particular glory in my way.
The campus walks blossom nymphs in shorts,
Thighs and buttocks rounder still this year,
Minds as round, waiting to be fulfilled.
I teach them order, structure, and proportion
In the way a poem makes its confident gesture
Out at the edge, where poems and middle age
Skirt a familiar chasm. They raise their puzzled
Moons of faces to stare at fifty winters
And flood the room with May. The orioles
Fall silent; an East wind is combing the tree tops.

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