

Behind My Back

A glum March morning trudged pledge-irked to press
The garden's growth. Dressed beds that bore at best

Bad blooms, raked surfaced rifts, and shackled shrubs that
scrawed

The arms that tidied. Chilled with damp, I thought,

“Before the big trees leaf this windy Spring
I'll shed ideals I served — re-routine will
To serve a shifted goal. Yet to decide
To cease before a new end earns one's force
Seems weakness, and harder nearing April to engross
One's energy in tottering resolves that lack
The smack of virtue.”

But behind my back

Spring struck in pride of power, and screeching blind
Wrenched roots from earth, shook walls, declaimed her mind's

Refusal to be ordered, improved, put in rhyme.
Tightening hood I sheltered, braced to bide my time.

Wrack recked, she smirked and waned. I heeled all back in hate,
Replanting pre-storm, chanted, I'll set its shape, not fate.

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