

Volume 26 Issue 1 Spring/Summer

Article 43

6-15-2007

When March Arrived

George Ressmeyer

Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.swosu.edu/westview Part of the <u>Fiction Commons</u>, <u>Nonfiction Commons</u>, <u>Photography Commons</u>, and the <u>Poetry</u> <u>Commons</u>

Recommended Citation

Ressmeyer, George (2007) "When March Arrived," *Westview*: Vol. 26 : Iss. 1, Article 43. Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol26/iss1/43

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.



When March Arrived

by Georgia Ressmeyer

She did not roar or bleat or otherwise announce herself. She came in wisps of fog and then, as if embarrassed by her dress flimsy, spectral, too loose — haunted the woods behind my house, would not approach the door. No match for trees, she broke in two at each collision with a beech or maple trunk, then paused to rearrange her limbs and smooth her tangled skirt, shake out her cloud-like hair. She seemed confused, unable to recall just why she'd come and if she had agreed to do some urgent task or play a role. Fearing to scare her off, I did not move but stood behind my windows and observed.

February, already having lagged an extra day to give poor muddled March a chance to clear her thoughts, hid in the shed, would not depart until March gathered all her wisps, tucked in her blouse and swept across the yard with such resolve we could not doubt that she would stay a month. By afternoon she'd nerved herself to act and sidled close, squeezing the moisture from her skirt onto the withered grass. Once she got started, tears she had contained eleven months sluiced out, dissolving snow and soddening the earth. March could not sense, through all that sogginess, how pleased we were she'd come to water us.

