

Springing in the Wasatch

By Iris Nielsen

The temperature rises
from freezing to thaw in the phase of a moon.
The Snowdrops and Hellebores
struggle to spring their shoots upwards,
through the churned-up leaves of the bygone Autumn,
they pierce through the decay of Winter.

Beneath the snowbanks lies the Crocus and Hyacinths,
their heads buried as Spring in the Wasatch stumbles in.
Through the melting crust, they thrust upward
basking in the sunlight, that warm caress of Spring.
Arriving too soon they are covered in a white blanket,
their nodding heads pressed down by the weight.

Diligently they survive, struggling to remain straight
frozen solid, their tongues stuck out in defiance.
The sun rises on the horizon; they unfreeze,
springing forth in their quest for life.
That smell of Spring, that fresh clean scent,
that promise of life.

The lamb slays the lion
and Winter yields its grasp.
A hummingbird suckles on the
Quince's crepe paper flowers.
with the short fast beats of their wings-
Spring then... surrenders to Summer.

Iris Nielsen has always written poetry, and she has examples of poems that she wrote dating back to the third grade. As a teenager she often channeled her angst into poems. Then she put down her pen for many years, partially due to technical issues in her writing and partly due to discomfiture. Only in the last five or six years has she started writing again, older and more comfortable in her own skin. She opened up to creative expression for its own sake, understanding some people will not understand or like what she writes, and that is fine. She writes with her own voice, as she sees the world, full of beauty but sadly also too much negativity.