

Like a Lady

By: Kristin Ivey

Spring is a sassy, hip-swingin' dame
Moody as a menopausal mama-

She lifts her skirts to flash her bare ankles
Releasing the sun from its cloudy cave to dazzle us all –

Buds break open, bursting blooms like blemishes
that clear the way for new skin –

Green rejoicing along the burbling river
That's seen all seasons and patiently endured our meddling –

Spring, that hussy, plays tag with her metamorphic cousin,
Chasing after his stormy tantrums

When she finally catches him, she pounces
And both fall tumbling, laughing into a heap of summer
buttercups – like children playing in a
sun-drenched park.