

THE EMPTY SPRING

Spring breaks over an empty world;
There is no welcome meeting dawn,
No round for woodpeckers' applause.

Weeds and wildflowers rise between
Dormant pavements, surprised to find
Absent footfalls unhamper them.

Bulbs that hidden slept through Winter
Awake and trade place with people
Withdrawn from spring for safety.

Roads devoid mark the Swallow flight,
Wanderers used to human hosts
Alight here unobserved for once.

Not empty after all, just wild
While we're away, the world alive
Takes its time reminding us all
It will be here when we return.

Zak Barouh