Graduating

Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2006/iss4/14
It's only the beginning of March
but in the warm dark
with night voices wafting through
the slatted shades
season is in masquerade
and I stand, solitary,
expecting
change like the imminent buds
on the bare maple tree

Peeking out from the blanket of winter
the air is lighter, expansive
so that breath and beat
tavel on the horizon
turning to something bigger
than I know

It's only the beginning of march
but in this warm dark
with night voices wafting through
the slatted shades
season is in masquerade
and I stand, solitary,
between
yesterday and tomorrow
this is change.