

The true scent of spring  
Is not that of flowers  
And unfurling leaves on trees  
But moreso  
The return of scent at all

Spring is every season  
All at once  
The middleground  
A dress rehearsal for the birds

All that the snow had blanketed  
Now revealed  
The warm dirt, the bugs  
Fallen leaves from an autumn  
That had become a distant memory

New streams  
Created during the big thaw  
The fragrance that lingers  
Is all of the new beginnings  
The end of hibernation

Spring begins in sepia tone  
Waterlogged, threatening floods, fireplaces still ablaze  
Crisp air still makes your nose run  
Take it all in, for it will be gone by next week

Only when we have welcomed back  
The dry earth under our feet  
Do the petals and blossoms come out to play  
And set the scene for a long summer