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Near the Covered Bridge

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NEAR THE COVERED BRIDGE

You feel their coming growth
as if inside you.
You've watched the water rush
in winter under ice where
you stamped your foot,
then were sorry to leave your mark.
Now you believe in leaving things

untouched, though you can't wait
to gather your greens.
Your mouth waters imagining
the bitterness. The bank
soaks through your clothes but you
demand crabapples to push out

curled leaves as if they only
sleep with their hard blossoms.
Spring's been so cold you won't
touch Beaver Creek. But crows
are here. You've just heard one
you can't see and you call back
what you think is the answer.