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Spring

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Henrietta Goodman

Spring

Even the snow in the shade is melting.
Soon the hardware store will put out
flats of tomato and pepper plants,
bags of beans dusted with pink powder.
I think I look relaxed, one foot
propped on the porch rail.
I don't look like I'm waiting.
A girl rides by on a bike,
fast over the bumpy street,
her blond hair bundled under a scarf.
I would be all right
if I could stop that woman from calling
every night to say rhymes in my ear—
coat rack, rabbit track.
She won't say what she wants.
I hold the phone, try to grab
the string that turns the light on
but it swings over my head.
She laughs and asks,
"Are you there? Are you still there?"
I'm trying to remember a song.
People are all out walking
with their children. Next door
a man carves something small and ornate
from a piece of oak.
The clear air sharpens my ears.
I hear sawdust falling,
potatoes growing in their buckets.
I hear bubbles from the mouths

of the goldfish. The sun
is just where it should be.