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Spring, spring

by *William Logan*

The greens leaf out again, frilly scribbles
of fan the sky fills in, won back by masquerade,

full of newfangled evidence.
Call it quits, say the uneven stones of the cemetery.

We have not gotten this far by obedience.
The scale of gardens is jungle made weed,

boulders of New England tuned to rubble.
We long for spring to turn on us,

the mockingbird recalling our old allegiances,
all summer the neighbors' windows barred.

Only winter leaves them naked again.

William Logan's latest collection of criticism, *Broken Ground: Poetry and the Demon of History*, was published in spring 2021 by Columbia University Press.

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