

**first leaf of spring**

you're early, too early  
no matter how much you're wanted,  
you were supposed to wait,  
a while longer.

crumpled, crinkling in the frosty air.  
hanging; gravity knows of your prematurity  
pulls you back to grieving earth,  
as you wait to be interred  
under fresh snow.

next time,  
wait...  
and stay a while longer.