**Transition**

winter’s back is broken

it bleeds slowly into gutters

i know it will gasp again

reach out with desperation

claws scratching down the blackboard of spring

grating on our ears

like the wail of an ambulance

odd

how no one will come to its aid

answer its call of distress

i feel the lifting of winter

like the opening of my eyes

after a time in hiding

my shoes sink

into the wet ground

the mud grasping at me

the last of the loyal slaves

snow now is just dirt

blackened and unlovable

and i am under no obligations

winter hates spring

the way spring loves summer

and i feel guilty hating winter

it’s not fair to the creatures

and summer is only the holier

for winter’s leaving