

Spring Cleaning

15 December 2022

Morning comes, and birds no longer silent
fill the air with song. The night was long,
but this day comes with cheer. Today
is cleaning day, when old mess goes where
order comes to stay. It is the only way.
Note how the sky is flushed with light,
new colors wash the old away. I wish
for you alive and gay to meet me
in the garden. There we'll talk our cares away
until the day is spent. I have a special
gift for those who only can obey, and one
for those who never do. It is no wonder
which are you. The moon is rising, and
the night is crisp and clear. It is the air
that you have been so troubled for, at last,
so clear that one is wondered to the core.