

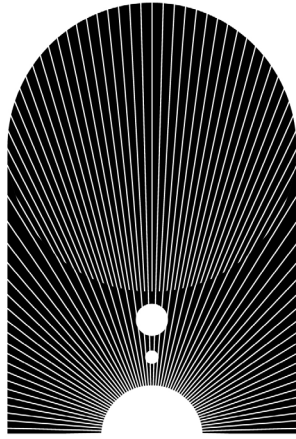
MISCHA WILLETT

Light, Bulb

“You have the words of eternal life”

What a spring was vaulting
from the snow so new so thawed
the ground so sopped the thought
drawn blank from bank to the bank
you take it to. What heat
what new fruit what news to know
now how deep a sleep the baked
ground blankets beneath as
we too and soon enough. What sweet
then. What swoon.

Still, till noon drives light into loam
and seeds filagree forth, we wriggle and rest.
Who times these falls? Who said it best?



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