Surge Of Green

by Ed Higgins

Already past the harbinger of yellow crocus pushing aside frost-clinging earth.

Afternoon sunlight, shafts of rising fog pulled from the barn's shingled roof.

The smell of warming damp earth everywhere. Chorus frogs a cacophony at night.

The death weeds of all winter's dry twiggy stuff giving way to green again.

Mallards drifting between upshooting cattail.