

# Snowdrop

*by* Claire King

Spring shows its populist face,  
Flies in the house, missionaries at the door,  
Emptiness in every place,  
I didn't plant bulbs the year before.  
Prickly heat under the coat,  
That forms my snug and safe cocoon,  
Daylight hours drag on and on.  
The equinox will be here soon.

