

The Girls of Spring

by Con Chapman

The girls of spring, they'll stop your heart
When they forsake cosmetic art
They practiced back when skies were grey
and clouds obscured the light of day.

The girls of spring, first pale and wan,
Begin to get some color on.
It rises like the sap to cheeks
That barely saw the sun for weeks.



The girls of spring, they do not care
If you're made wistful by their hair
Now unconstrained by scarf or hat,
This scented sight you're looking at.

The girls of spring, I'll tell you this,
are easier than in fall to kiss.
These greening girls create a hunger
And make you wish that you were younger.

