

Texas Weather Triptych

by Gary Hardaway

Late February and North Texas

The green of budding trees in February
is always a surprise, without regard
for any recent spring-like warmth.
In Texas, we can have a four-inch

snowfall the night before Easter.
I worry for the daffodils
and their optimistic yellow bursts.
I worry for the over-eager clover,

prodigious green on crepe myrtles,
even for the early green of nut grass.
When March brings freezing rain
and sleet, ice fog and freezing drizzle,

I'll look away from the green slime
of all the early bloomers. I've learned
to watch mesquite trees. When they
go green, all fear of frost has passed.

March Haiku

The greens of March
erupt across the broken plains-
a chlorophyll lava.

Spring in North Texas

Live oaks loose their sex on us.
The yellow crust covers the hoods, ?
roofs and windshields of our cars,
recently washed. It blows along the streets,

a yellow peril to allergics across the county.
You can watch it fall and drift,

toy to wind and gravity, bane
to faithful citizens, far and wide.

Nature will fuck you over,
whether or not you think it can.

