

You Should Know

by John Riley

Do you know how much it takes to hold
the spring you love against your lips?
No angel, or I, will ever begrudge,
nor the planets that have to slow their pace
and stumble their orbits a degree behind
to make the magic that keeps our grip.
We could have been elephants on ice,
or fish who dived and fell so fast
we failed to wave our fins and felt
the pressure that always makes us sick.
Spring is a lesson we all must learn,
the horizon wrapped around us thick
as the mist that made the morning love
softer, softer than dew's first lick.

