

Joy and cleansing

Yanking handfuls of this prolifically, precious weed
as it proclaims winter's grip is gone.

Pack things of sadness away for another year.

As white and green promise a different piquancy to a meal

Dogs bark and rush about, birds warble safe in trees

Children splash and squeal in the languid stream.

Zest of garlic on their tongues and carried home on clothes
to cleanse their homes, their thoughts and dreams.

