March



The sun is nervous
As a kite
That can't quite keep
its own string tight.

Some days are fair,
And some are raw,
The timid earth
Decides to thaw.

Shy budlets peep
From twigs on trees,
And robins join
The chickadees.

Pale crocuses
Poke through the ground
Like noses come
To sniff around.

The mud smells happy
On our shoes.
We still wear mittens,
Which we lose.