SNOW TO EARTH

The cold, blustery, short winter days are over
The winds slowly but determinedly turn from
north to south
And bring the blue skied, sunny, refreshing
days of spring.
As the slushy, settling snow banks give way to
bare, black earth.

Over the gray swaying maples and hemlocks
Comes the cool, sweet, fresh Spring breeze
That flows down, down to the bottom
Of the dark, thick, mysterious cedar swamps.
There it seems to drift over the soggy, wet
snow
Magnifying the tracts of the thin, long-legged
big-footed swamp Jack
Sensing now, energetic life as he awaits the
coming of green leaves and roots
And the soft, green moss-padded swamp trails.

- Byron Koch - '38