

Snow, Late March

You appear
 suddenly
like a forgotten lover
in the produce aisle.

For a moment

I buckle
at the singular scent
and quiet sight of you.

Crocus, daffodil, magnolia
eclipsed by
your soft brilliance.

Just as suddenly
you disappear.

What lingers
 fragile fleeting you.

~ Mary Silwance

Mary Silwance is a former English teacher turned environmental educator finally venturing out of the closet as a poet. She also intermittently blogs on environmental issues at tonicwild.blogspot.com.