



...march 21, 1990...

**i taste the sun as if
it never shone before
exploding daffodils and
crocuses and dandelions –**

**it is a new-born spring –
almost too outrageous
to absorb its trillion
billion-million happenings –**

**faces too-long wintered white
throng the streets
in coatless laughter –
while children race the greens
to dance and skip the promise
of the ever-warming winds.**

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