The Awakening

The leaves carried

Their icing sugar.

Each bead of dew

Was frozen in time.

The sun tinged the

Early-morning lawn rose gold:

Every blacksmith and craftsperson envies Jack Frost.

The sun rolled along the

Sky like a gold doubloon,

Strands of stray cloud

Chopping it in half.

The wall had been sprinkled

In small, translucent pieces of art.

Each one is unique; only two have ever been identical on record.

But three days later, with

The characteristic gusto of life,

A crocus pokes its sleepy head

Through the chilling, iron-hard ground.

Winter just made

His biggest mistake:

He kissed the sleeping beauty, Spring.

By Issy Farrow