

Cassie Premo Steele

Spring, again

The buds are forming on the apple trees
again, and we are coming to the blossom,
to the anniversary of your conception.
You are no guppy now, no longer swim
in my blind sea but skim spring
puddles with your own toes,
tapping out the sounds of rain.
I fear I have lost you already, the part
of you that was a part of me,
and this is what I'm mourning.
I long again for summer, the heavy hard
sweat of you, and then the fall, the
pungent pickled weight of you,
and then the winter, the fragrant freeze
of your arrival. Not spring.
Not the waiting, not the wanting,
not the life without you in it,
not desire coming from my lonely
lovely self. In spring we meet as
separate singers, each a rhythm, each a
part. The song we sing is my
lament, your celebration, as it is
for ever after: your happiness
leaves a tiny worm that feeds
upon the apple of my heart.