

Almost Spring

by Sarah LaMacchia

Walking to the bus stop
the world seems gray
and dead

Snow turns to slush
in the pouring
rain

As I wait
I fantasize
about spring

When the world
will be green
again

When flowers push up
from the ground
opening their buds
to tender sunshine

When everyone
stays outside
in the warmth
and light

A passing car
sprays dirty slush
and I am dragged back
against my will
to winter