



March Snow

For some a March snow has a sympatric glow.

A sap gathering Vermonter declares it a Sugar Snow.

The optimistic Hoosier explains, "it won't last long,"

Enjoying a late winter festival of mating birdsong.

For me the white fluffy arrival approaches depression

Delaying again Persephone's anticipated procession.

Burying the hopeful crocus and budding jonquil

Rendering them suddenly and sadly tranquil

As Spring teases by showing a bit of pretty anklet

Mother Nature smothers with 3 inches of a white icy blanket

Father Nature for me would a more fitting name stated.

For comes to mind the father of a girl I once dated.