

Spring Equinox

Sonnet to Lord Bruce

This morning the first geese painted the sky with a V, my lord
Their cries tickle the ice and the Mississippi laughs with its white teeth
Oh, how fast winter flees from the dark lowland, my lord
And how's the highland where wind and songs forever seethe?

From the confluence of two great rivers, I sing of the prairie, my lord
My joy and sorrow soar across the sea with the rolling thunders of spring
Uttering songs that are half bird, half mermaid, my lord
No sight of poppies on the hills, only the warriors' cries drift without a string

Today is *chunfeng*—sharing of the spring or parting, my lord
Two spirits, one under the wings of a phoenix, the other on the lion's seat
Across cold seas, kindred souls, quivering, my lord
A home that lives in the breath, a child's prayer on her tender knees

Let the wind speak, my lord, let words turn on the wings
Joy as I welcome you and your acorn, master of small things