Today the cold came back—
a sudden estrangement.
That first pale decision
to reach as far as lushness can
had just broken through:
all the celebratory leaves
explored by squirrels,
the return of canopies
instead of high naked trees,
deer in new horns
stepping over the folded
carnage of winter storms,
worms winding
like thought through those layers
where only a future had roots
during periods of doubt,
the mysterious wet dirt,
and the sun’s intelligence
that separates clouds
with rays of sheer will.
I saw it so clearly,
how the spring admitted winter
but didn’t retract.
What they call the sublime
doesn’t look away
but looks at, boldly examines
the obscure impediments
to what it wants; sees
itself, sees what lies ahead
of itself, and goes forth . . .