

This Spring is Different, yet...

by Debbie Wiess, April 2020

Running along the Charles River
I observe the cyclical rhythm of nature.
From the equinox mid-March and through
April and May there are all sorts of small
indications that reveal a world that is
awakening and renewing itself.

The changes are imperceptible.
One hardly notices anything at first.
But over time one remarks
more and more
the joyful chirping of the birds
resounding in one's ears,
the grass covering the ground
with a carpet in shades of green,
the trees and plants, stark naked,
dressing themselves in leaves and buds,
the cherry and magnolia trees showing off
their rosy blooms with vainglorious pride,
and the daffodils, their shoots emerging
from the soil later open in an explosion
of bright yellow.

Most remarkable is the quality of
the light as the days lengthen.
The sun's rays caressing the Earth
envelop everything in a new luminosity.

The events of Man
that mark the season:
Opening Day of Baseball,
Boston Marathon,
Art in Bloom,
among others, are cancelled or
rescheduled for later in the year.
Still, nothing and no one
can stop the arrival of Spring.
Nature does not care
about society's concerns
and continues on its course.

Nevertheless, our daily life is up-ended.
Our activities are now very limited.
No more movies, no more theatre,
no more visits to museums,
no more shows, no more concerts,
no more dinners out in restaurants,

no more plans with friends,
no more family gatherings,
and above all no more traveling...
Sometimes it seems that there
is no more anything. However, there
is still all the world out there.

Restricted to staying inside the home,
we keep our distance one from another.
Wearing home-made and make-shift masks
when we go outside for errands
and for exercise or some air.
Now my excursions to the Esplanade
to run have become wonderful excuses
to escape the confines of my apartment;
more than that they are a necessity
and a gift.

Nonetheless life goes on...
That, one is able to attest to
particularly at this time of the year.
Life very simply is just much simpler.

Everything appears normal,
yet nothing is at all normal. Yes,
this year Spring is very different.
But, it is also exactly the same.

The Sign of Spring

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Spring announces
itself with the chirping
of a pair of red finches
who return each year
to remake their nest,
preparing it for their young,
under the eave of
our apartment balcony.
Taking up their
daily occupations -
flitting, flying, hopping,
roosting, singing,
they live in parallel with us.
Their arrival reminiscent
of that of the celebrated
swallows of Capistrano.