

Emergence

Perhaps.
Finally.
The end and the beginning.
Weeks of glorious winter
followed by mindless weeks
of nothing that were
too much of something.
A never ending limbo of seasons
lingers damply, just above the freezing
sunny days of promise only teasing.

The buds are ready, shyly peeking
from their mothers' branches,
quietly coiled inside their leafy cloaks,
lightly shrouded and eagerly waiting.

Today, it is a different world.
Shoots come alive abruptly with fresh life,
reaching out for the new warmth,
gasping for fresh air
with a tender explosion of color.

First leaflets unfurl and stretch new green wings,
startled and tentative by their emergence,
vulnerable yet confident.
Others nearby are not yet ready,
sucklings watching and eagerly waiting.