

A Welling

CAROL ANN WILBURN

I embrace the lightness
of this Kentucky March
wearing not the edges
of a dim January
but the fertile shoots of April.

An evenness seeps in
as I let cares fall away
in this place I call home,
enfolded in the familiar

and family. When I leave
that spring behind to return
to Ithaca, a late snow, sudden

and overabundant, surprises,
grabbing onto everything it can,
tree limbs, new blades of grass—

even the laughing Buddha's face,
its garden smile a perfect blur,
clutched in a crystalline frieze.