Marching into Spring

Tufts of snow
sloughing off tree branches
reluctantly shed winter’s hold
on my New England town.

Bits of frost
linger on walkways,
before afternoon sun
frees icy droplets.

The first day of spring,
marked on the calendar,
will not impact the Upper Valley’s
official beginning of “Mud Season”,

a time for snow melt
and cold rain, washing muck
along dirt roads
and hilly climbs.

Amused by the opportunity
to be part of a fifth season,
I have finally purchased
my first pair of duck boots.

I will happily march
through puddles and mud,
while awaiting the arrival
of actual springtime.

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