



Winter's teasing us I think,  
with temperatures so high the fourth of March.  
I hear the snickering snowcloud waiting  
to drop a ton of moistwet feathers  
a dozen times before one April morn.

We are to be taken in by this façade of sunshine,  
daring to hope, with Winter woes behind us,  
that we can step full-smiling into Spring.  
But we have Yankee blood for naught within us.  
Our noses may prickle with the smell of Springtime;  
our blood flows deep enough to feel the chill.  
Winter has not abdicated fully,  
and plans a few more days of woeful bleak.

Yet we can smile a chuckle through this teasing,  
enjoying respite from our wools and woes,  
for we have survived this Winter's bleating,  
and we will be here waiting come next April,  
when Winter's banished by the breath of Spring.

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