

Fawn Parker
City of Fredericton Poet Laureate 2024 – 2026
April 2025

Spring

Watching the white road. The wax seal of the mail truck
turning up Church. This, to prove another season won't creep past.
In November, I placed something heavy at the foot of the bed.
This morning I retrieved this item, considered the weight of it in my hand.
Adorned myself in my costume of a forgotten mood. Swayed the spine
with the jitter of renewal. So much for the cotton batting pressing
on the shed's shoulders. Spring, and the city is swallowing the snow
sliding off of the shingles. Cheersed, a glass falls from the branch
of the young tree. Its body leans, then rights itself, nightly.
You have to admire such resilience after a winter like that.
We all were holding out breath. Finally, out of the static of the bedroom
I rose up for air, saw a row of straight-statured tulips stand along
the back fence. All those slender fingers unclasping their pleated skirts.