

# Proleće

## *Part 1: Proleće from behind a window*

It came one morning  
When I was asleep it came  
I opened my eyes to a  
flood of sunlight  
crystal sky  
kissing breeze.

Lo, darkness had faded away  
Faded away  
Given way to the power of light.  
Curtains slipped through my fingers  
To the window was my forehead pressed  
I closed my eyes  
And let tears stain the glass  
— the glass was cold  
The sun was warm  
The sun was hot.  
It was golden! — it washed my face in gold  
It was light  
I could feel light  
Power  
The power of life.

## *Part 2: Proleće from beneath trees*

She skipped through the tall grass  
The hem of her white linen brushing over the blades  
I followed.

The world flew past  
by me  
around me  
through me  
into me.

I heard laughter  
Everything was blurry  
was spinning.

I brushed my hands over those blades  
Like the hem of her white linen  
My steps took me onward  
I was running  
I was not running  
I was dancing  
I was not dancing  
I was flying.

The trees rustled above  
Rays of sunlight flickered through them  
A million flashes  
Through a million leaves  
— I smiled  
As my fingers brushed the rough bark of a trunk.  
There was a scent in the air  
Of something fresh  
Something from long ago  
That I had once forgotten  
That I no longer forget  
Nor remember.

We fall to the grass  
watch clouds  
finger buds  
pick dandelions  
feel our heartbeats.

Laughter again  
My eyes are closed  
There are hands on my shoulders  
Breath in my ear.

*Part 3: Proleće from along sidewalks*

One by one they slide past  
— they're faces, human faces  
they smile  
they blink  
they turn away.

'Tis a cold wind blowing through these streets  
Winding through alleyways  
— an airy serpent —  
It slithers around buildings  
Buildings colored pastel  
With marble busts agape  
With marble figures adance.

Sunlight glitters on concrete  
I run my fingers over graffiti stains  
I stop and ponder scene  
after scene  
after scene.  
There is a wrinkled face with the brightest eyes  
There are raven locks whipped by the wind  
Webs of dead branches tipped with life  
Shoes stepping on crosswalks  
Ashes floating in the breeze.

I walk on  
The cries of children in my ears  
Against the background of  
That gentle cacophony of urban traffic  
Knocking over  
A basket of  
apricots, their juice a sweet syrup  
Glinting in the afternoon sun.

#### *Part 4: Proleće from beneath stars*

The starry host  
They're a great choir  
One great choir

Of silence.  
I could hear their singing  
As we lay on the cool grass  
Our arms outstretched  
Embracing the sky.

All over the earth  
There are whispers — thousands of whispers  
The cricket's song  
The katydid's chant  
The bird's lullaby  
The mother's goodnight.  
I heard them all that night  
All at once.

The world is alive  
The world is born again  
The world is hushed  
in anticipation.  
For now it is dark  
And night is the time to dream  
Of what will take place on the following day:  
Buds will unfurl  
Wings will poise and take flight  
Water will dance and roar before the sun  
A dragonfly's wings will reflect a rainbow  
— the story of spring will be retold  
As it has  
For a time longer than our lives.

Like a hand pressed against a pane of glass  
So I reached for the void  
Stretched above us  
Spinning ever so slowly  
Dancing the steady waltz of time  
Too slow to perceive  
Yet too swift to risk  
Letting your eyes close  
Before they fade away.  
I reached for it

And somehow  
On that strange, fragrant night  
My feeble hand  
Though many a light year away from their burning crowns  
I knew had touched  
Their eternal glow  
If for only one fleeting instant.

May the immortal touch the mortal!  
May the light touch the dark!  
May life touch death!  
May sunlight touch the frost and  
May spring touch the winter.