



poetry by
KJ Hannah Greenberg

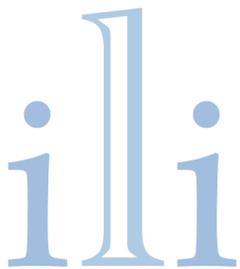
La! This Joy that is Spring

Singularly singing fragility's often bloomed flowers,
Extending bits of trickling, twinkling, simple hours,
Through filigree branches, wispy, frail, rosy pink,
Round, effervescent reflections of fleecy thinking,
I welcome this season.

My reasoning comes, goes, subway cars transversing
Ticky-tacky's eternal yellow violet billboard curses.
Our city sings wide all shades of tarnished silver
Places, where we once picked tart apples, pilfered
Cigarette papers, hairclips, drugstore penny candy.
Purloining beer distributors' recycled goods meant
Neighborhood petrol stations, ice cream stands lent
Wiggling, half-dead raccoons, layers of common trash,
Pulp magazines left by loitering teenagers, who rashly
Coupled, disentangled, but forgot to use condoms.

In our childhood, "baby-sized" cones cost two cents,
Stealing erasers from Kmart allowed us to augment
Winter's abused allowances, sitter cash, paper routes.
Until vastly different sorts of "friends," thereabouts,
Violently, brutally uprooted free-growth saplings.
Running away, throughout most vicious winters,
Did nothing to chill enormous hands from sintering
Small heads. So, we tattled, spit, bullied, pushed,
Broke crayons, graffitied walls, got high on cush,
Whited-out trendy girls' lustrous yearbook faces.

All angry children miss the point of purchased feelings,
When mentally ill parents, dirtying kiddie paths, conceal
Normalcy's construction of familial safety, then lash
Again, again, again at weaker others, or, unabashedly,
Take apart hard-won developmental milestones,
Cigarettes hung from lips, flasks tucked not-so-neatly.
Such teens spread human waste on walls, repeatedly,
Scream through truancies, pregnancies, overdoses,
Struggle against reality's unduly important ghosts,
Occasionally, belly up to despair, depression, death.



So, la! This joy that is spring, this thing of solar celebration,
This recovering of sweets fallen from grocery stores' bins,
This refolding of sweaters left strewn 'round bright stores,
This tribute to woods, streams, all 'o the imagined outdoors,
Culls sealskin-stuffed animals possessed of dark pin eyes,
Amasses memories prized from puddles, remnants, tatters
(Yes, Gloria, each starfish pitched back to sea still matters).
Improving a life, if not mine, fetches a measured solace.
Transcends old norms, beliefs, limits, childhood promises,
Settles the score this time of year.

March 1, 2014

KJ Hannah Greenberg, twice nominated for the Pushcart Prize, once for The Best of the Net, and recipient of National Endowment for the Humanities monies, serves as an Associate Editor at *Bound Off!* and at *Bewildering Stories*. Her newest books are: *The Immediacy of Emotional Kerfuffles* (Bards and Sages Publishing, 2013), short fiction collection, and *Citrus-Inspired Ceramics* (Aldrich Press, 2013), poetry collection.

Greenberg, KJ Hannah. "La! This Joy that is Spring." *The Pavilion*. The Pavilion Literary Mag., 1 Mar. 2014. Web.