

Spring Breaking

by Steve Wilson

Outside, the first cedar elm buds: green
inclinations, growing.

Edging the windbreaks,
a few scrubby tufts – of spring,
advance guard.

A ladder-back hammers away
at the neighbor's bare sycamore.
Mornings breach our defenses.

Wild epiphanies haunt
the empty classrooms, the orderly rows,
at week's end.

Arcs in air, our intentions
hurtle along
the hallways.

Steve Wilson's *poems have appeared in journals and anthologies nationwide. His most recent collection is The Lost Seventh (2011). He teaches at Texas State University.*

