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Spring

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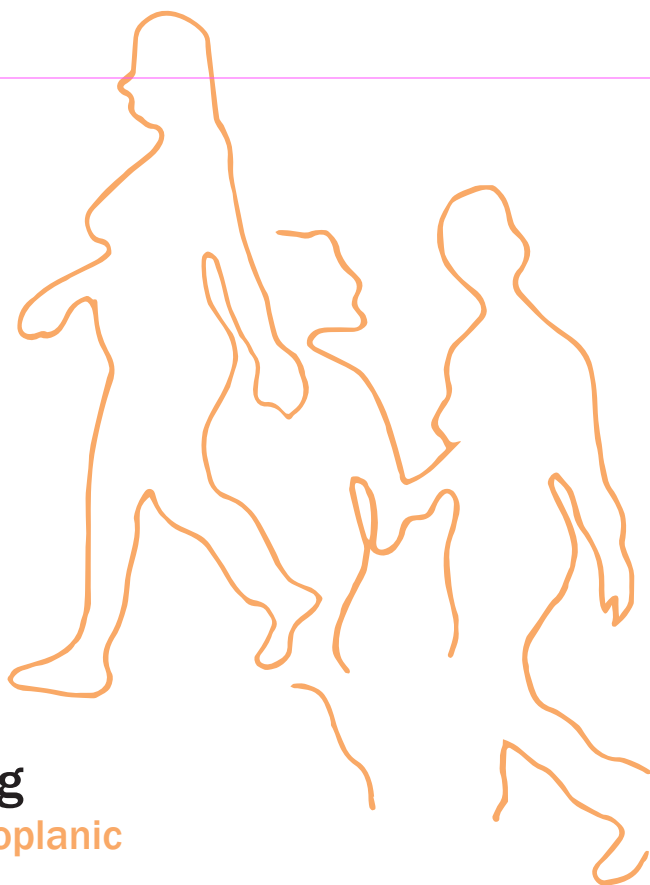
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spring

isaac oplanic

It is Dawn, it is Dawn. —You dream of no more promises. On magnificent mornings headed by the sun you walked, raised, in Blue oblique roads. The Trees blossom with white fog, that cadence which leads the gentleness of your heart in laughter.—You stare out through strange patterns spread silently in the auroral sky crimson. The Towns no longer know your name. Shirts and books and heavens are stained by auriferous lightning from star to star and window to window. —On the left you hear the dramas sung by the stronger Spring river. You who have forgotten everything, the sluiced melancholy of winter. Bears no sullen judgment or anguished idol, and passes through at the force of a caravan, with neither song nor banner.

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