

## **A Late Spring**

After a long winter of deep snows  
these hills look rough, brown, and bleak.  
Few shoots and buds have emerged  
by the last days of March.  
But we remember  
how in some years at this season  
there can be a great blossoming.  
The crabapple was fiery,  
the sunlight harsh on the lilac  
the spring our son was killed.  
By the creek I can see a willow  
of a shade of green so pale and fresh  
you'd think a child had colored it.

*Robert Brickhouse*

*Atlanta Review* Spring/ Summer 2017, p.4