

Earth's Day, Fells Road

Beyond the hills of daffodils,
swans glide in Oyster pond,
a quartet of pairs celebrating,
like Mozart's music,
our salt blood's rhythms,
calls from beyond.

Petalled sunshine,
the daffodils radiate energy.

The whole town walks here:
new parents pushing babies in strollers,
children sniffing flowers and giggling,
young couples with spring in their private
glances,
women white-haired and bird-boned
stepping like athletes.

We three cycle down the hill
toward the blue sound,
toward the island shimmering offshore.

Like the triad of hawks
hovering motionless above us,
we take power from the air,
the light.

As if we kept earth at a distance,
we balance sky on our backs.

Olivann Hobbie