

THE WINNERS

A wisp of crocus pushes past old snow  
To sound the rally for all bulbs and corms.  
New-found recruits appear in many forms;  
A crisp platoon of green begins to show.

A lisp of southern breeze attempts to blow  
Two rounded buds about-face as it warms.  
Through browned-out grasses and recycling storms,  
A whisper fills the earth from things that grow.

It swells each day with rhythmic upward thrust.  
The din below moves nearer surface heat;  
It yells through yellow trumpets piercing crust.  
We win their campaign's triumph at our feet.