

THE WINNERS

A wisp of scilla 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,
And tells each tendril, each unfurling trust:
Begin your forced march to the solar beat—
And yells when yellow trumpets pierce the crust.
We win their campaign's triumph at our feet.

--Glenna Holloway