

## **Spring Forward**

by Kathy Jacobs

March is moldering leaves, withered  
Christmas wreaths and desiccated dog shit  
Not even the crunch of last fall's acorn caps  
underfoot bring music

But on a high school baseball diamond  
the sand and gravel have been raked to  
distraction    crazy crop circles and mazes  
load space around the pitcher's mound  
undulating lines run the bases, wildly  
graceful like maple wood grain    mad  
exuberant compositions as though  
an anonymous groundskeeper felt  
the bounce of spring in that nameless  
place between your head and your feet  
and he celebrated the frivolousness  
of emerging crocuses, the memory of  
pink magnolia petals fluttered by wind  
sweetness riding on sunbeams and he  
said so with his rake    said that here

and there spears of daffodil nose up  
from the dirt, a green foil shamrock  
shines in a window, honking geese  
call our eyes up to count the Vs and  
we cartwheel and slide headfirst  
into home