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# POETRY

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## SPRING'S COMING

The snow is barely gone, gray drifts  
of it,  
Compressed to ice, still lying cold  
upon  
The frozen ground beneath (where  
shade  
Persists) — and then a gentle rain  
comes down,  
The first of the spring season's  
showers: soft  
Its fall upon the sodden earth, upon  
The matted grasses, bleached but  
redolent  
Of springtime odors, mix of damp  
decay  
And fresh green growth. Already  
hillsides show  
A delicate, pale greenish cast,  
washed as  
They are of winter's refuse. Myriad  
Young blades of grass are there;  
pervading all  
An elemental tenderness; the year,  
With one small flower open, now  
comes round  
Again. A distant robin sits upon  
A dripping twig and carols of the rain,  
The slowly greening hills, and of the  
long  
Spring evening coming on (and also  
of  
The line of amber in the clearing  
west).  
A chilly dusk descends at last, with  
yet  
Some sleety rain, and somewhere  
over woods  
Too dark to see, some honking  
geese fly low,  
Driving, their wings a-rush, into the  
sure  
Retreat of winter when it must be  
spring.

- By Victor C. Friesen, P.O. Box 65,  
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## A CHICKADEE PLEA

The chickadees that visit us  
Are only black and white.  
The downy with his blood red cap  
Arouses our delight.  
  
The waxwing eats our berries  
And displays his pretty coat.  
The yellow evening grosbeak is  
A bird on which we dote.  
  
The blue jay eats our sunflower seeds  
And likes our suet too.  
And to our wild bird tapestry  
He adds a splash of blue.  
  
The pine grosbeak, in glowing red,  
Makes us exclaim in glee.  
But if you want to please us, Lord,  
Please bless our chickadee.

- By Victor J. Harper 1978



*Pussy willows and matted grasses —  
"redolent/Of springtime odors"*

*Victor C. Friesen*