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False Spring

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Illusions

Shelby Gesch

Stepping into the sea,
did Peter feel the water
congeal under his feet

or did he only take notice
when the surface dissolved
beneath him,

flooding into
the thousand fractures of his faith
as he sank,
a failed vessel
distracted
by the illusion
of his own buoyancy

False Spring

Rose Postma

In Iowa a robin must be snowed upon three times
before spring can come, but this year it was four,
five times if you count that one morning when
a wintry mix salted the air on the drive to work.
The snow is heavy on our backs too this spring—
sadness seeping deep between our feathers, the cold
pressing close against our skin. The therapist says
it's time to put down roots, time to stop packing boxes,
time to stop migrating. So we let the snow rest
on our backs. We huddle under laden limbs, no nest,
no nourishment, no way to even warm each other.