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When March Arrived

by Georgia Ressmeyer

She did not roar or bleat or otherwise
announce herself. She came in wisps of fog
and then, as if embarrassed by her dress—
flimsy, spectral, too loose—haunted the woods
behind my house, would not approach the door.
No match for trees, she broke in two at each
collision with a beech or maple trunk,
then paused to rearrange her limbs and smooth
her tangled skirt, shake out her cloud-like hair.
She seemed confused, unable to recall
just why she'd come and if she had agreed
to do some urgent task or play a role.
Fearing to scare her off, I did not move
but stood behind my windows and observed.

February, already having lagged
an extra day to give poor muddled March
a chance to clear her thoughts, hid in the shed,
would not depart until March gathered all
her wisps, tucked in her blouse and swept across
the yard with such resolve we could not doubt
that she would stay a month. By afternoon
she'd nerved herself to act and sidled close,
squeezing the moisture from her skirt onto
the withered grass. Once she got started, tears
she had contained eleven months sluiced out,
dissolving snow and soddening the earth.
March could not sense, through all that sogginess,
how pleased we were she'd come to water us.

