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A Thing of Gray All Morning

by Fredrick Zydek

The sky has been a thing of gray all morning.
I want someone to paint the air bright blue,
to send notes from the distant sun that sing
their way into stuff that celebrates light.

I want the season of glad green leaves back.
The barren trees and I have grown tired
of the things winter brings in its cold hands.
The birds, who make their home in the painted

sky, know how to deal with ornery seasons.
They leave them behind like a rotten dream
and go to places where meadows still bloom
with the clamorous colors of wet spring.

I should have been a bird flapping his wings
in a southerly direction. What does
it mean when crows and geese know better
than we to abandon the mean spirited

and flock to places the sky celebrates
with sweet-fruited trees that drip forever
green, places where a gray sky means a warm
rain is coming to welcome back the world.

