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## Riding into Spring

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# Riding into Spring

Through the side portals  
of the state hospital,  
she takes a step into a grassy season,  
to test the whole shifting world  
as if the ground could bottom out  
and she would find herself  
inside a cave and be again  
a slave of winter for years.  
Then her feet leap with good reason;  
she flies with bones of light  
like the dark blue doubtless jay  
flashing a clever secret of white.  
In her heart, she darts against a cat  
like the sharpest master-lure,  
steel-hooked feather on a fly-rod eternal,  
snapping back at the beast for the times  
a tender wing was severed,  
for every time her kin was swallowed whole.

This woman in yellow will unreel  
in a penetrating kiss of solar light,  
purely circling on her simple on her oldest  
axle through the sun. Around her waist  
the gathers levitate, a yellow halo.  
With winglike levers in her knees  
she floats down to land in Augustine.  
She is now the bed-doll of the Common;  
her dress is now a thousand yellow petals  
as she sits atop an invisible convertible  
in a stalled parade of giant white oak trees.

In the distance she doesn't see the hovering  
faded druids in pajamas bleached and blued  
into the color of the sky or juniper.  
They see her blooming in an old Easter dress:  
woman planted hipdeep in the ground  
riding along on the back of the world  
with the top of the afternoon down.

And from a barred window on an upper floor,  
against the clear, the unbreakable water,  
presses a spreading white palm  
waving Hello, hello  
to the spot of gold  
lost in the lawn of the green hours.■