

West Village in Spring

by Albatross & Bluebird, April 2016



Buds are growing on the cherry tree
but the warm weather has not settled
they still threaten snow
saxophone running in from the sidelines
to catch the cue
before the weather turns

And the buds they pluck
and play like oak
like thick trunks
the picks and plunks
tap sap of roots and stoke
embers of lovely old coals

Tch-ch-ch-ch tch-ch-ch-ch
the brassy cymbal crash
with the snare in the right hand

one beat for each bud
on the weeping branch
of the double bass plinks

Tall trees, at the highest leaves
they sway and say,
'oh how it was in my budding day'
but can you hear the sound
bumping up from the fragrant ground
it's dirty in the freshest way
trees may bald but we're all
green from above

Brass, alchemical, changed into trumpet
plants sprouts on the drum line
reaps petals from the melody sewn
in the dirt of a Wednesday evening
when the rain has left the sidewalk clean
and the air smells like promise
and the solos hit home

Winds blow through that horn home
and they grow flowers on
time's meadows.