

DOUG SCHULZ

Meadowlark

The cadence is clear
as April air. Tones
of crocus velvet hues
are the sky at twilight,
when that voice
is spring and sadness
and sweet Saskatchewan.

A boy's knee caps kiss
smooth denim, kiss earth
by a father's grave
while the air bites ears,
the heart, the future.

Still, it is spring. Bird-
song belittles winter.