

March

Robins return to the city, awkward
on the winter walk, scattering to the fenceline
in a dusky-orange ellipse. They are not,
dear children, a sign of anything.
Nor are we. Remember: we are *of* the world,
not a mark of something beyond it.
Next door the dogs high-step over the ice,
then nip at each other before tearing
across the tiny yard, unleashing
so much energy that the robins
hop up into the biting air, streak off
like contrails. Or no, that's snow.