

BRIAN SIMONEAU

Late March

All winter men with shovels
cleared the little streets, tree-lined
paths through snow and ice. Still
you never showed. The ground
now turning soft with every
lengthening day, the melting
and mud, the sun, this season
offers rain to wash away
the stain of earth from clothes,
from bones. Rise and show yourself.
Cup your hands to hold it, rinse
the slumber from your eyes. Rise
and look again at what begins
to grow. See the roads you used
to know. Find your way back home.



ABOUT BRIAN SIMONEAU

Brian Simoneau has had poems published in *Boulevard*, *Cave Wall*, *The Georgia Review*, *Mid-American Review*, and *The Normal School*. His book, *River Bound*, is forthcoming (C&R Press 2014). He lives in Connecticut and works as a stay-at-home parent.

HERON TREE

23 March 2014

herontree.com/simoneau1

