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Edited: A Poem About (Love) Changing Seasons

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Edited: A Poem About ~~Love~~ Changing Seasons

Zach Turner

When the last forecast of snow turns to a chance
of rain and the ice on the pond breaks into ripples
and the winter bedding finally feels too heavy on ~~our~~ *my*
~~shared~~ bed,

When the Fish begin to dive into starry depths
and your Ram reaches the peak of its yearly climb
and you step out into the day with a cardigan instead
of a coat,

When the bear in the hills behind ~~our~~ *my* house
wakes and startles the north-minded birds and ruins
the fresh honey hives of the too few bees, this year even
fewer,

When the grass pulls a phoenix and you hear
the first mower of the year droning, droning and your
allergies return and you call your mother to talk about your
[new] man,

When the air begins to smell less like salt
and more like perfume and the puddles in the potholes
splash instead of crack as you pass over them on your way
to work,

When you lie down in the home ~~we~~ *he* built
and I stand in our *my* garden waiting for the year's first
butterfly to find the ~~daffodil~~ *narcissus* I planted for you,
for us,

I will still [redacted],

[add] or I won't.