

A Poem for Your Pocket

WHEN NOBODY ELSE

A scuffle of crows scold.

Buds flash neon green in the noon sun,
scent the air with pungent newness.

Puddles puddle in ditches,
remember last night's moon.

I spy shy, pale field crocuses.

You've whistled-in Spring
When nobody else believed.

BY LOIS MARY HAMMOND

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