

Spring Scene (Michael E. Stone)

Cool shines the sun
crystal the air.

The purple cyclamen showers up
from its secret heart
deep dark leaves
and pale lilac flowers.

Morning's lucid light
sharply limns the mountains,
casts each pine's shadow,
tree and shadow, tree and shadow,
rippling across the hill.

The shadows slowly shift,
and ancient terraces creep
around mountain's bole.

Afar,
flowering peach and almond
pink and white,
young girls in party dresses,
paint pastel patches
on dark pine green.

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