

Keith Gorman

First Day of Spring

Lift the sash and clear all the cobwebs
from the front porch swing. Release the kites
and let March leave her kindest kiss; her

easiest warmth on your skinny knees.
It's the lull of the lawnmower, sifting
through the windchimes, purring

along like a small engine plane cutting circles
above the mulberry trees, above the nods
of the early bees, bumping

their heads on the hyacinth blooms.
Don't you feel like letting the horses loose,
like galloping off and hopping a train?

Are you packing a knapsack—slipping
that bottle of blackberry wine? This is Spring,
straight from the wing of the eastern bluebird.

Keith Gorman is an emerging poet, classical guitarist, and factory worker living near the foothills of The Great Smokey Mountain National Park in Eastern Tennessee. He is a classically trained guitarist, scholarship recipient, and graduate of The Sherwood Conservatory of Music in Chicago, Illinois. In early March, he will be the featured poet of the week at *Cajun Mutt Press*. His poetry has appeared in *The Rye Whiskey Review* and *Eunoia Review*.