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JUBILATION

spring seemed an impossible dream
as I gazed at the patina of snow
that draped the sofa and firepit
including my thoughts of evenings outside
until finally ensorcelled by flames
my pneuma is elevated
in a garden disporting confetti
of new shots and blossoms
celebrating survival
from internal icicles and desiccation
through a barren and frozen season
as rejoicing insects
their antifreeze protection reversed
flit through the flames
and around my head
causing a flap and a wave
as if cheering
the lifting of winter's pelt
from relieved shoulders
taking the lead from these bugs
my mind dances and sings
an aria of jubilation