

J O H N K I N S E L L A

Moment in the Sun

A Georgic

The long winter
makes its own language:
snow-dump, door-jam,
dirty snow
compacted
on road's edge.
Let me tell you
how they cultivate
spring here: the war
is silenced,
the houses shift
comfortably
from white to pink,
and Edward Scissorhands
comes down from the castle
of American Gothic.
Bright but incredulous
smiles shimmer
momentarily
with a rumour
from elsewhere:
they find it hard to believe,
and if true, then it must be
all for the good.

The bluebirds are out,
racoons culled by the road,
the groundhog
locked up in repetitions
of shadow that won't go away,
no matter how bright
the sun.