

# Sonnet for Spring

*Linda Sillitoe*

there's honeysuckle in the exhaust, a fine green  
beard between walks. spring softens us  
again. now we confess the earth is a drum  
encased in living skin, not concrete.  
it's harder to forget the beat of boots on skin.  
and yet we forget as hut-dwellers in the shade  
of giant missiles forget, long enough to live.

forgetting doesn't mean we don't remember.

daily we avoid small obstacles and wait  
our turn. we forget who burned, who burns,  
who still knows the crunch of a fist on her face  
and the unwelcome thrust. we need a newborn jazz  
to sing out the forgotten. we meet the boots  
on mutual ground and agree we all are barefoot.  
walking home, we smell the honeysuckle and at

skies' edge we glimpse the lift of shining wings.

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