

# The Greening

*Emma Lou Thayne*

Pluck them out one by one  
Melancholy, dearth, unableness  
Squeeze out the poisons  
Scratch away the sting  
Let go the black balloon of wasness

Allow the shrapnel glass  
In the ear of your ear  
To melt away like the green  
Of creme de menthe, its syrup  
Tasty as spring to the eyes of your eyes

Taking in mountains, your mountains  
For the cobalt blue of sky  
And the languid arch of new cut grass  
To the nostrils of your awakening  
Sweet night has held your hand

And given it the gift of rising  
Like your childhood game of leaning  
Pressure point in backward wrist  
Against the wall long enough  
That when you stand and let it be

Uncommanded by any force you might implore  
Your arm floats upward unsuspending  
To salute a weightless reach  
Where grasp is unknown as the elements of green  
And the disappearance of blackened snow.