

## **Sprung!**

by Joshua Siegal

Gravel flowering into a field of dark scree  
Emerges from potholes its shadow shorter  
The air is thick with particles of once-ice  
My nostrils pick them out, and with them  
The tickle of re-emerging life  
Concrete hums with sun  
The vernal ether effuses  
No present tense  
Like spring.