...february 24, 2009...

walking home down heather street i found a snowdrop patch against a wooden fence – a magic moment creeping into shade chasing wintered grass with sudden white –

further along the path a dozen more – and more beneath a further maple tree then at the sidewalk's edge – a small bouquet – then everywhere – each tiny burst of white throwing luminosity into a gentler wind singing a softer sun –

it was as if life brightened and increased and everything grew larger than before – with colours – scents and sounds all signaling the precipice of winter tipping spring.

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