

LAST SNOW – ANDREW YOUNG

Although the snow still lingers
Heaped on the ivy's blunt webbed fingers
And painting tree trunks on one side,
Here in this sunlit ride
The fresh unchristened things appear,
Leaf, spathe and stem,
With crumbs of earth clinging to them
To show the way they came
But no flower yet to tell their name,
And one green spear
Stabbing a dead leaf from below
Kills winter at a blow.