

Going for Sap

Snow pools
in the slightest hollows
as earth harnesses
new warmth. Ground
breaks through
wherever it can. I lean
into the maple with brace
and bit, making the tap.
The first ooze comes,
bears the shavings
out. Drive in
the spile, hang
the pail, rejoice
as the rich run
begins. The year's first
harvest. A fine light
gently gathers.