

## MARGARET E. HOSKINS

### *Scent of Spring Death*

This spring's come stillborn  
a rock lying heavy on her stomach,  
pinning her to this time and place

stealing her appetite, leaving her wide eyed  
to follow the moon well past midnight  
no respite within dreaming

buried deep was the memory of other springs  
when creeks ran free by blades of grass  
new and pungent

pleasing as cow dung carried steaming  
from winter barns to rise fragrant  
on fresh turned furrows.

Lambs, fewer in number now, still frolic  
in the sun streaked played out orchard  
and for one long last spring

she can watch them from the century old  
pantry window, feel again the jump of life  
inside her own belly.

Then, she drew strength from her strong  
quick witted mate. Now he draws hers  
to help him see, be his ears

until her bones are numb, weariness striking  
deep into marrow . . . She keeps hope spurting,  
trying to renew, watching the spring lambs.