



Pause For Poetry:
Michael Hawkes /41

Description

The Ides of March

A poem by **Michael Hawkes**

March 22, 2022

Today snow melts in the sunshine
To run away in rivulets
And birds pop up as tho' they'd never left.

Here they are then, dressed for summer
Puffing up their fluffy breasts,
Belting out last years refrains,
Refurbishing their feathered nests.

But they're too early for the worms
And for the insects they're too soon,
We're still waiting for the earth to warm,
Not yet expecting flowers to bloom.

A flock of tethered children
From the day-care toddle by,
As a squirrel on the fence post
Winks a knowing little eye.

And these signs of life continuing
Despite the awful shape we're in
Insist I stop indulging in
A sloppy urge to cry.

16/03/22 – Hawkes



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Michael Hawkes is a survivor of all the world's wars. He learned (and loved to rhyme) by torturing the hymns he had to sing at school. A retired West Coast fisherman living in Montreal since 2013, he is an unschooled Grandpa Moses writing an average of five poems every week.



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