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Pussy Willows, Right Temperature

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Pussy Willows

Colorless, scentless
Dust balls of fuzz

Camouflaging leftover piles
Of gray soiled snow

Erasing memories
Of a long, lingering winter

Quickening the heart
By their faithful return
And soft promise of spring

Right Temperature

Some days my poems
Get stuck in batter
Too lumpy, stiff

Stirred
One too many times
Beaten to death, then
Over baked

And they end up
Tasting flat, dry
Not as light in texture as I'd hoped

Other days I sift my words
Through a hand-held sieve
And they come out so moist
They melt in my mouth

Like finely roasted marshmallows
Warmed on all sides
With just the right amount of heat