

Sonnet Scroll

March

By K. E. Duffin

Bamboo mimics a laurel not yet woven,
tousled and fingered by a mussing wind.
(My mind is not a useful sort of mind.)
Stick-figure ginkos (*hallelujah*) awaken

with a resonant, triple slap of the pigeon's wings.
Roistering in shade, a single sparrow works
its two plaintive notes like a squeaky hinge.
I know that something beyond the sun still lurks,

but gesso light seems truer. Crows shake me
with nasal barking, mobbing the predator
who drifts in lazy circles further and further

out, balancing sky on its papery soaring,
a stately retreat, a skater's adroit compulsories.
How fragile is your shelter this time, spring?