

# *Sonnet Scroll*

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## **It's Spring!**

By David Landon

Something extravagant is happening,  
as if there were a secret essence, beauty,  
invisible as light, doing its work  
with lavish consequence. Example: leaves.  
How many species can we name? Each one  
especially exuberant, buoyant  
beyond the rule of strictly minimum.

And what about these tiny curlicues,  
these nascent ferns? Patiently, these next days,  
let's give some time to them as they unfurl.  
Maybe we'll start to feel a subtle nudge  
deep in the marrow of the inner self:  
the secret ballerina of the soul,  
rising from sleep and opening her arms.