

THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING

Fresh green grasses cover the meadow.
Fruit trees burst forth with pink blossoms.
A pretext to the arrival of spring.

I find my easel, acrylics, canvas,
an excuse to seek your company
as we paint the early spring landscape.

Open a bottle of wine.
Drown the bitter cold, isolation, loneliness of winter
in the oblivion of the spirits of spring.

I drink not for pleasure nor to escape the past.
Only to bathe in this moment,
abiding in the Self, yourself.

Accepting now, you, love,
whether the nearness of your warm body, tender spirit
or the memory of all we share.

Gil Saliba
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