

## Thanks To Spring

Beth Nielsen Chapman

Old ticket stubs, gum wrappers etched  
In ways to write your name  
Love letter scraps no strings attached  
Just odds and ends and things  
Wind blows through these photographs  
Our innocence, the aftermath

Thanks to spring I changed my purse  
Came upon this ancient curse  
The ache and thirst to feel your touch  
I wonder if I'll love that much again

Life's windows change, new faces flash  
Like cars these days go by  
Such little things unleash the past  
Like feelings locked inside  
Broken plastic dime-store ring  
Holds all the tears my heart contains

Thanks to spring I clean these drawers  
Dump this stuff out on the floor  
I taste these tears, I breathe this dust  
I wonder if I'll ever love that much again

Thanks to spring I wind these clocks  
Empty out these cardboard boxes  
Sweep across these closet shelves  
The memories replay themselves

I open up my window wide  
And smell the sweet new grass outside  
Amazing grace, the seeds of trust  
I wonder if I'll ever love that much again

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In ways to write your name