

Mayfever

Is it really there, the first hint of green coating the trees? Can I be sure it's not copper rust of old times, or mould grown in damp, forgotten corners? Will it not come off when I scratch it, only to find old black bark beneath?

No, I think it's really true: the first buds are here, ready to burst. Still: held tight in leathery grip, the outer skin first needs to go to release the spring of leaf crunched up and yet gold-green in light.

Oh, how it sprouts now, every day, bears frost in early morning still. Will it be warm or will it not?

I step outside into the eerie light. The sun is near yet cool still through the air, throws shadows not fully dappled yet. That light, it x-rays the membrane of new-born leaves, still raw, yet in their abundance glorious, illuminating, too.

Are they leaves or are they petals in bloom? Is it green or yellow, or in-between? It flows from one into the other and contrast disappears. The mid-winter's bleak silhouettes become soft and blend into a landscape all fuzzy and frayed and tufty and blazed.

I feel the heat now settling on my skin, the urge to stay right in its touch. It burns away my thoughts and frees my spirit to wander anew.

I walk, walk down towards the river. The pungent smell of wild garlic slaps me in the face. It wakes me up, reinforces my step, the sound of the water gushes through my head.

I want to run, outrun the stream's rapid flow; want to brush past the branches spring back with new sap. Colours rush past me, pink, purple and white, too. I jump over puddles, land full whack in one.

A hill in my sight now, my blood rising high. I speed up the track leading into blue sky. At summit I tip over, free fall downhill. I race doubled over my legs' leaping force. I stumble to bottom, what joy!, let go of it all, and fall with great tremor face down, there we go! - Finally, I taste it: the green grass and soil; I smell all the new life, and bubble inside as I roll and keep rolling and roll until stop.

It's right, I am here now, it's May, and I fly.