

The In-between Season – Jharna Chatterjee

Some may call it Spring,
But I would call "in-between".
Look at the snow on ground,
May no longer be a mound,
But we still need a coat
To go anywhere around.

Birds are yet to be seen,
The branches not yet green,
Temperature goes from plus
At night plop minus.
The bright sun shines, I know,
(But) it's still not that gorgeous.



Ottawa, Canada, March 15, 2009

Photo: Jharna Chatterjee,

Canada Geese not back,
With clarion quack, quack -
Until they return,
And have frolic and fun
How do you know it's spring?
How does the winter crack?

No, my friends, I state,
Let me hibernate;
Let March come and go,
Let April take the snow.
This is not my Spring,
If tulips do not grow.