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April Light

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DOBBY GIBSON

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The movers have arrived, terrified of books.
Maybe spooked by the bird feeder on its side,
spilled champagne coupe of a sodden god,
abandoned at the curb with a mattress,

as if someone has outgrown sleep. The last snow
retreats into the earth to wait us out, or does it?
We can't be sure. Swim lesson registration is full.
Raise the window just enough to let in

the present tense: where are the cowards now?
In the park, they pull the tarp off the carousel.
It turns out our dreams don't change much.
A purple elephant chases a pink sea horse in circles,

four white stallions pull an empty chariot
to the spot where even the youngest know to wait.