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This Garden Rake Is Looking Up & Discovering the Sun

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Winter is a filthy habit this planet has acquired & thoroughly failed to shake.

I have endured another one, rim as grit, stumble toward a season’s turn that frothing clover. Grass blades glide my grace.

The currawongs swoop, steal my attention.

Pains are sealed in ziploc bags, will pretend they too are passing. Like there’s this bone I sorted.

The traditional cleanup will not be ruthless this year. Friends have taught me to defy gravity, my hands flutter with belief.

-Les Wicks

Les Wicks has toured widely and seen publication in over 350 different magazines, anthologies and newspapers across 24 countries in 12 languages. His 13th book of poetry is Getting By Not Fitting In (Island, 2016). Visit his website: http://leswicks.tripod.com/lw.htm