

Above Average Rainfall

Two ducks take a courtly stroll,
tipping their heads toward each other
as they talk.

Farther off, three wild turkeys
fan their tail feathers tall and wide, edging
a lone female closer to the river.

Overhead, two snowy egrets
fly side by side, their wings
lifting and falling in union.

In pools of early light,
the larger, bulkier deer stand near
the smaller, more delicate.

Here is the time before laden bellies,
before the tired settling upon eggs,
before tiny life skitters all about.

This year, rain has been plentiful.
Blackberries and wild grapes will be abundant.
My body keeps wanting.

I try to reason with this hunger:
Unlike these creatures, I insist,
you can refuse the lush spring's command..

—Theresa McCourt