

## Renewal

June is forever and forever returning.  
Howling headlines will not prevent it.  
Statistics cannot deny that which will be.

In my springtime heart I know that earth  
will have its way. October, that old faker,  
coloring its leaves in deceptive gaiety,

all the time meaning brittleness and brown  
death, doesn't fool me. December's  
snowflakes and gossamer enticements, hiding

sludge and dirt under the wings of Christmas  
angels, can't forever deceive. I know  
what I know. There is something in the nature

of things that is assuring, that tells me the people  
emerging from their dark lives to front porches  
and sunlight when the warm days come

know the secret the universe sometimes tries  
to conceal. Life forever rejuvenates  
itself. Whatever else happens, life lives.

(From *Connected Islands: New and Selected Poems*. © 2004)