

In Praise of Cycles

By Patricia Williams

—from her collected poems, *Midwest Medley*, Kelsay Books, 2018.

Freed of ice, rivers murmur rippled melodies.
Butterflies, befuddled by plum-scent,
frenzied by desire, cartwheel in the breeze.
Gaunt pines survive time and weather,
tease with promise –
old stalwarts cloaked in new glitter.

Rain and sunlight bathe kaleidoscopic blossoms,
bring gaudy lushness –
scarlet scent anoints the air.
Tomatoes ripen on the vine, melons drip richness,
shapely potatoes mature without concern
for lurking frost or future ice and snow.

Visitors gone – serene, almost noiseless,
only the rustle of painted foliage – ideal days,
gold with leisure. No wish to wear the skin
of former times or waste irretrievable moments
in idle banter, no hurry for the bitter clasp to come,
a minor-key lament.

Minimalism rules – a pared landscape, elegant,
crisp in black and white – little means,
utmost effects, limits of endurance tested.
So much more than teasing promise,
gaudy lushness, lurid color –
less is more.