

Wishful Thinking  
By Katherine Lucas Anderson

One last dandelion yellow as a deadline.  
No one picking up on it.  
So you think: that's it;  
what the back yard has to say for itself  
last chance signal flag  
hint to make a wish  
even as avowals heat up on the very tip  
of a glacier's tongue  
lackadaisical rain mists  
a leaf-burnt Kousa's dog-eared margins  
spring's perennial brief  
mercury crawling back  
on its knees a gorgeous green engulfing  
everything. You can hardly  
throw a stone first without  
breaking into someone else's glasshouse  
hothouse hopes and dreams.  
Intuit beyond the boxwood;  
see how it is, how verity arrives in waves.  
It's fine. Then it's not.  
Just as you come about  
face up to the forecast the sun bursts out.