

The Breath of Spring

What is the breath of spring,
If not Patricia?

Is't just the freshness of the air
That greets me when I venture forth?

But this is just continuation
Of the spirit she breathes out
On all who come within her radiance.

Is't then, the warmth of sunshine only,
That, in the gentleness of spring,
Soothes my weariness + calms my soul?

But what magic could this sunshine have
If it no warmth drew from Patricia?

The heart of one who loves
No doubt's inspirational,
As lines of mine above exemplify,
And yet, for me, just now,
The source of all my sunshine is Patricia.
She quite fills my horizon

over

And her presence justifies
All things there are worth while
and beautiful.
For when I'm with her
all the hours pass like minutes,
I know not whence they come
Or where they go.

We meet, we find a place to dine,
And all too soon, it's time to say "Goodnight"
and face the lonesomeness
Until again I see her,
Or hear her voice upon the phone.
So what's the breath of spring
If not Patricia?

— Carl

March 20, 1966