I can't come to class
on days like these
when the earth promises
dandelions and hints at trilliums.
Sand Creek is still too cold
for wading, but just right for cooling
silver-scaled six packs of beer.
We'll be there on days like these,
skipping class to skip stones
and totter across the springling rapids
on winter-felled pine-bark bridges.
We've moved the classroom
to the sand-bottomed creek,
so you might as well come with us,
when winter clouds
fall through the thin-iced sky
and drown in the blue.