

first spring (Baltimore is burning)
PL Thomas

“It'll be summer in Dallas/ Before you realize/ That I'll never be/ Anything you ever want me to be”

[“Slipped.”](#) The National

thunderstorms blossom on the radar
green yellow red maroon

like animated flower bouquets created by
Jackson Pollock Georgia O'Keefe & e.e. cummings

because springtime is rising again

hail taps my office window
rattled by wind gusts in shared rhythm

this season demands i pay attention
this building storm lifts my eyes

/

precious [child of my child](#)
this is your first spring

your first angry sky
your first thunder&lightning

we will hold&comfort you
but only you can understand Mother Nature

we can tell you stories in soothing tones
but we cannot guarantee anything

except our hearts are filled with you
etched forever into the bones of us

/

this is the story they are telling my daughter

*snakes can smell when you are nursing
slithering into your house for the milk*

*snakes will strangle nursing babies
sleeping&dreaming in their cribs alone*

my child who is a mother tells me this
her eyes&voice beg of me a mother's plea

*what is a mother to do what is a mother to do
if even Nature conspires against her baby*

/

the news tells me this story in the last days of April

*Baltimore is burning
thugs rioting&looting*

flames blossom on the TV screen
yellow black yellow black

(if you look close enough you can recognize
the strings&make-up but not the puppeteers

performing this 21st-century minstrel show
masquerading as fair&balanced reality TV)

/

Baltimore cries
Baltimore witnesses

like the first thunderstorm of spring
tossing hail&wind against your window

Baltimore shouts
Baltimore [explodes](#)

*if the fires are large enough
if the fires burn long enough*

*if the soot [covers over everything](#)
painting every single face black*

will you listen will you look
will you recognize will you act

Baltimore is burning

Phoenix rising

we can tell you stories in soothing tones
but we cannot guarantee anything



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