

# Brilliance

By Glenn Currier

The saps are in active rebellion  
against winter's dormancy  
their ardor explodes  
in the moist greens  
of sparkling leaves.

This mysterious effervescence of earth  
bubbles up and through the sad tidings  
of a warming globe  
making me wonder  
how many resurrections are left.

But looking up at the trees  
in the late maturing  
of this old battered soul  
I can hardly believe my joy  
with this season of brilliance.

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