

March Morning, New York City

At last the earth lifts the cobbled street
between Church and City Hall
back in line with the sun.

The host of sparrows in their barren scaffold
catch fire again, flickering and dancing
like bright bits of glass.

The forsythia hedge at the iron gate—
yesterday a row of tattered sticks, today
a shining brass parade.

And the grey coated regular strangers,
befriended by this old street, drink
the new light with their eyes and faces,

tasting maybe the very beginning of time
when the sun first made the world
a thing that could be filled with joy.

—David Passey

This poem was an honorable mention in the 2021 Clinton F. Larson Poetry Contest, sponsored by BYU Studies.