

## Morning in Charlottesville

Here in the cold of a Virginia spring,  
Sky like dirty socks, socked in  
behind the anorexic limbs of trees.  
Branches reach for sunlight and birds,  
yearning to carry the weight of their buds.  
Somewhere else cherry blossoms bloom  
Not here, where it snowed this morning--  
the last gasp of winter, spreading gloom.  
As in all things natural and political,  
It soothes me to remember  
the pendulum will swing.

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Amy Weintraub