



Image from Grass Master

Donna Pucciani

## Melt

Frozen patches of old grass  
emerge from the mounded snow,  
breathing the sun's hesitant  
glow. *We have arrived, at last,*  
they whisper. *We know the secret  
of survival.*

The warm hands of morning  
pat the earth as if it were  
a stray dog wandering at dawn,  
not pretty but alive.

Lawns turn from gray to pale green,  
a verdant elegy to winter, and twigs  
bend to edge the old turf with lace  
like my grandmother's tatted hems  
on muslin pillowcases, or faded rick-rack  
on the skirts of her aprons.

Shredded acorns, seedpods and wisps  
of leaves mulch the hosta beds  
and clog drainpipes gurgling  
with the memory of ice.

The Ides of March become  
the ancient promises of prairie flowers  
which the kindly women at the arboretum  
lists for me on a scrap of paper,  
those most likely to persevere in shade.

Tonight I dream of Jacob's Ladder, Wild Ginger,  
pink Turtlehead, the purple spikes of Black Cohosh,  
the ringing of Virginia Blue Bells, the vows  
of Solomon's Seal pushing through the soft  
moss, reaching for the light.

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Donna Pucciani has published poetry in *The Pedestal*, *Italian-Americana*,  
*Poetry Salzburg*, *Shi Chao Poetry*, *Agenda*, *Meniscus*, and elsewhere. Her most  
recent book is *Edges*. She lives in Chicago.