

## The Unwilds

When winter should have still been behaving,  
precocious spring dared to lark  
with primroses (of all things):  
yellowest-bright and schoolcutgrass green  
as if drawn by a child (middle-outside-and-leaf):  
simple-honest.

It was the orderly, bubbly leaves  
of the primroses  
that leafened in me  
the tearing light-headed grief-smile of nostalgia,  
for the unwilds of a rockery  
(twoscore years ago)  
that only I knew how to climb,  
and where primroses did not know  
that they were never *just primroses*  
but residents of the unwilds  
in a rockery  
in a little rectangle of England,  
nor that the space between the feisty-winter-primroses  
and themselves  
would always be  
thinner than Bible paper  
(thinner than Bible paper)  
the gap between anywhere and  
the unwilds.