

Spring for Poetry in Takoma Park

The Night Plums

Years afterward
in the dark, in the middle of winter
I saw them again,
the wild sloes on the terraces,
flowering in the small hours of the night
after the turning of the night, and of the year, and of years
when almost all whom I had known there in other years had gone
and the stones of the barnyard lay buried in sleep
and the animals were no more,
I watched the white flowers open
in their own hour
naked and luminous
greeting the darkness in silence
with their ancient fragrance.

W.S. Merwin



Wild Plums in Blossom

In a light, cold rain, at the edge of the woods,
a line of brides is waiting, hand in hand.
Their perfume carries far across the fields.
They have been brought here from the east
to marry farmers, and were left on the platform.
The dark old depot of the woods is locked
and no one has come for them but me.

Ted Kooser

Spring for Poetry in Takoma Park, an urban poetry walk, is sponsored by the Friends of the Takoma Park Maryland Library with assistance from the Takoma Park Department of Public Works. Designs of the poetry are by students at the School of Art and Design at Montgomery College. For more information about the Friends, visit www.FTPML.org.

Josh Weingart, designer

