

Seasonal Ritual

Jon Ogden

On Sundays in rows of chaos,
Children shouting over a tinny piano,
Spring was popping popcorn —
Week after week, we took it in armfuls.

As a teen, blooming was the last breath of winter.
The snow having seeped into roots of trees,
Pushing methodically to tips of limbs,
Bursting into blossom, then blowing off again in flaky grace.

And there's still this youth—an ever-flourishing festival
At the fringe of a common Mormon town, thousands
Of curious celebrators reveling in a distant
Hindu ritual, still euphoric for the popping colors of spring.