

Poetry

spring has come

by Walter W. Hölbling

today at 7.10 a.m.

the first day of spring

my mother died

she had always loved flowers

and turned

our glass-roofed hallway

into a luscious greenhouse

father was not happy

about the falling leaves

in her later years

when skiing was no longer hers

she hated winters

their waning suns

she was always longing

for spring

waiting for the day

the morning sun lit up

the kitchen counter again

in her parents' house

where she was born

and grew old

the night before

I had called and told her

that here in Graz

the first flowers were already

dotting the gardens

she had smiled on the phone
inaudibly
speaking had become difficult

maybe one of her last images
was that of colorful spring meadows

spring has come

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