

## A SELECTION OF POEMS BY MYRA SCHNEIDER

### Returning

Once again May has grabbed me by the scruff,  
again I've sloughed off the winter sleep  
of forgetting, am stunned by the green dotting  
trees, how it unfolds in leaps and bounds  
on verges, in rail sidings, depot yards  
and every handkerchief of waste ground.  
It's as if I've never looked at the freckles  
of milky florets cramming hawthorn twigs,  
the clots of elderflowers. And though once  
I ran wild as fieldside brambles it's as if  
I've never fingered newly risen grasses:  
feather-headed fescue, the whiskers of barley  
or the brush heads of timothy, have just learnt  
that warmth makes a bed among untamed grass  
which covet clover and white parsley umbrellas.  
I breathe in the sweet extravagance,  
dream I'll come back as grass or blossom  
until a voice in my head mocks with lists  
of droughts, names of extinct species. I think  
of vanished sparrows and how often the stream  
in the park is dry-lipped, the earth pocked  
with cracks and it yawns before me: the possibility  
of fescue, flowers, leaves not returning.