

Youngblood Brass Band, March

"... to gather in us the desire for motion towards...
Motion to make that movement vertical... rewrite your
Book while hovering... assemble and advance on the
Sky... there is no more room for forward, for back...
Focus in us flight, and spring. Jump... take up space.
It is in the air... take what is yours. Take on space... "

The month of armies. Month of stomping men.
Uniform winter tries to shed while fighting back
Nostalgia's frozen tears. The melted path summer runs
Along, naked but for her tanned hide. Yes, spring is a
Bully. All the earth in coitus for lonely bees to watch.
And as the world grows green, broken birds grow envy.

True, man, spring gets all the love. Verb in season
Form. This is it's roaring mouth leaving bite marks
On the years front quaters; aide memoire to the
Thoughtless ranks who bundle up their fear of age
With love lost tattered scarves.

But it is also quite mindful of two masters, for all it's
Pomp and span: though keeping to the wings,
And later giving them up (only one needs the hand),
It serves the lion and leaves the lamb. March.