



EVERY SPRING

**Every spring,
in the city of Tokyo,
by a green river,
through a park near an ancient palace,
the Sakura blossoms.**

**Every spring in Central Park,
by the running path,
around the reservoir,
in a quiet grove,
the Sakura blossoms.**

**Every spring in Washington, DC,
around the tidal basin,
reflecting Thomas Jefferson,
near the FDR Memorial,
the Sakura blossoms.**

**Every spring,
my jaded soul,
in a misused shell of flesh, bones and regret,
feels new once again
walking among
The Sakura blossoms.**

—Louis Ebarb