As always, when I see it, my first thought: some kids’ discarded tissues, helped by wind, have scattered in the hedge, caught on thorns, not look! winter’s finally at an end not this is what it means to bloom for whitethorn. It’s my greatest failing. I never learn or, rather, don’t apply the things I know, which is why I have so little to show for my quickly coming up on fifty years. But who wants to know that spring is tatters of dingy whiteness clinging to a briar? Can’t just one bush blaze with fire -- for a single instant -- that does not consume? Or is this my vision? this stingy bloom?