

"Brazilian Spring"  
Peter Potocky

Maybe there is a Spring  
As yours  
Where the heart comes alive  
To discuss  
Where flowers may soak in our feet  
and a horse is brought to the brook  
In twos;  
The fields overlaid  
are not to be stepped on  
As man  
When raising his voice chiding wrongs,

One man in a spring is strong  
Such as yours  
Where surges the sea  
Behind  
To raise in the jungle a call;  
Life in its springtime is tall  
Not long  
To discuss but far  
Away;  
Brazil.

Listen - in green  
Turned to yellow - magenta  
The call  
Points its finger at Spring,  
A quartet a rose  
A thing  
Aw -  
Spring.

