

## John Krumberger

### This

This green day, each purified breath.  
    this coffee,  
and this morning's deep distress  
    inexplicably soothed  
by watching trains slumber in their yard  
and the brakeman slowly inspect  
each coupling, hose and coil.

One day closer to the time I will be nothing,  
    even in someone's memory,  
I receive the peace of this peaceful sign:  
    ALL ARE WELCOME HERE,  
these morning walkers, these bikers,  
this thwack of a tennis racquet  
against a rocket-launched-like ball,  
the soft right ear of this grateful dog  
    nosing up to greet me,  
this white sleeve of its owner's blouse,  
    this green, this yellow, this red;

and thank my life for the love I hold,  
    misplace  
then retrieve again and again,  
    thank it  
for my childhood wounds  
that awakened and blessed me,  
thank this torch of purple lilacs,  
    this new grass,  
and the bird songs that have returned.

**John Krumberger** has previously published a volume of poems entitled *The Language of Rain and Wind* (Backwaters Press in 2008), and a chapbook, *In A Jar Somewhere* through Black Dirt Press in 1999. His latest volume collection *Because Autumn* is published by Main Street Rag Press. He works as a psychologist in private practice in St. Paul, MN and and. lives with his wife in Minneapolis.