

Spring

By: Peter Cunniff

Early one spring morning I awoke from a deep slumber. I got out of bed to stretch my legs and looked over to my left. Beyond the curtains over the door to the balcony, I could see the faint greens, blues, and other vibrant colors of spring. I went to get my slippers and opened the curtains. I could see the radiant, yellow sun in the wide, cyan sky reflecting off of the dewy grass. The balcony railings and the simple detail on all of the windows cast a shadow on my floors and bed. The yellow daffodils in the vast garden shimmered with microscopic droplets of water. There was a slight breeze that day, which made the small tassels of green flutter this way and that, and made the trickling river have small ripples across the top. I closed the curtains once more so I could get dressed. When I was finished, I left my bedroom and walked downstairs. The oak floors were cold against my bare feet, which made me quicken my pace. When I got to the kitchen, I made a cup of coffee. The warm, brown liquid burned my mouth with a strange sensation. I made pancakes and coated them with melted butter and sticky maple syrup. I got socks, shoes, and a light-weight jacket and headed for the front porch with my coffee in hand. I breathed in a deep breath of fresh air, and sat on the porch swing. After I had finished, I walked down the walkway, and took a glance at my garden. The luscious colors were so beautiful I had to pinch myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming. "It's finally here," I shouted, "Spring is finally here." As I headed back inside, I spotted a blue bird. It sang a high pitched song and then flew away to another tree. I turned back around to go inside and took one more big breath of the warm spring air. I finally went back in and was relieved. Winter had been long and dreary. I could still feel the warm sun on the back of my neck, so I put my coffee mug in the sink, turned around and went outside. I was so happy spring was here so I decided to stay outside for the whole day forgetting about everything I had to do. "Spring is here," I said once more, "spring is finally here."