

Spring's Golden Menace

A sneeze hangs in the air like a threat,
while the oak tree chuckles in yellow confetti.

My car wears a coat of guilty dust,
proof of spring's indecent proposal.

Bees wobble home drunk on sunshine,
and I — nose tickling, eyes weeping —

am the unwilling audience
to this botanical cabaret.

Signed: *The Allergic Poet*

