

5 <http://www.pemberley.com/janeinfo/pptopic2.html#monmarr1>

6 <http://www.pemberley.com/janeinfo/pptopic2.html#protofem3>

7 Austen, p. 7

8 Austen, p. 198

9 Austen, p. 91

10 Austen, p. 108

11 Austen, p. 105

12 Austen, p. 290

13 Austen, p. 292

14 <http://www.pemberley.com/janeinfo/ppdrmtis.html#index3>

15 Austen, p. 308

16 Austen, p. 314

John C. Rezmerski

MAY

It's May—green again, and rain—and I'm feeling better about spring. Names jump like fish in my wet green brain. It's spring-sweet again, insane, and love plays a game of crazy pain, but such air, such arms, such blue eggs in Ohio, in China, in my lover's eyes. Oh, here comes the trillium, the dutchman's britches, here's the tune the road hums, here's the day all soft inside and here are the latest buds ready to bust and puff dusty pollen. I want to be sprung as much as I can, get aloft and love the fluff of clouds. Oh, yeah, spring again and hold me, hold me tight, hold me steady while I try to fly—a kite unstrung soon come down.

