People tweet birds talk worms walk.

Perennial beds wake up with dread, too early to drink, too late to rethink. Oh for the life of a baron, since marauding carried no risk, he just called himself The Creator, and said that the trading was brisk.

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Spring Twittertry by Mary Mueller © 2012

## **SPRING TWITTERTRY**

If Dorothy Parker Could Twitter



MARY MUELLER

I strain to find a metaphor celebrating spring. Even Wordsworth's daffodils look at me askance – they're scheming to dance off to France.

Tulips expand, snow was cutback. Unless god intervenes, rain will be sacked.