





MARCH THE IMPOSTOR

BY HERMAN C. FALA

On the last day of March, at the same moment while the Phillies were blowing their home opener to Washington in the ninth inning in a steady cold drizzle, Herman Fala captured this scene in his backyard and saw quite a contrast to the apparent dreariness of the evening. The photo then inspired this poem.

**Farewell, faithless March:
Spring's fierce avant garde?
Your stern veneer's burst
Within my backyard,**

**Revealed by Red Maples
On April Fools' Eve.
Caught blushing, red-handed,
Your heart's on your sleeve!**

**Your callous persona,
So moody, un-thawed,
Your windblown façade —
All exposed as a fraud.**

**The Phils too looked ugly —
A loss foul and cruel.
But Fair's where we find it:
We're nobody's fool.**