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Springtime in Los Angeles & The Poet's Eye Turns Toward the Light

Alexis Rhone Fancher · Tuesday, April 14th, 2015

Los Angeles in springtime is a celebration, no less so because we have such subtle changes of season. As a child I remember being struck by the changing quality of the light, the fireball that was summer with its golden rays giving way to a saffron-hued autumn. I watched the light water down to straw yellow, then lose color all together in winter's chill. But spring light always struck me as hopeful. The teasing marigold yellow that smacked of the long days of summer to come.

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