

Spring is coming

Birdfeeders empty quickly
finches begin to blush yellow
crocuses push through late snow
spring whispers in the air.

Woodland air promises a sweet scent
bright white moonlight creates
dark lines of tree shadows across the path
the raspy fox bark eerily fills the night.

Sitting at the Temple of Light
crystal sparkling energy swirling
stars twinkle through dancing bare branches
trees wink a secret language known only to a few.

I hunker down
deeply watching, listening, feeling
the mystery unfolding my heart
birthing seeds of possibilities to be planted in the spring.