

Early Spring Rain

Pelted hard by spring rain
The Earth sheds her white blanket
Revealing torn remnants of a quilt
Laid down sweetly in the fall
Leaf by leaf
Browns, yellows and reds
Now faded and worn.

Tap, tap, tap
Rain warms frozen loam
Calling out to roots and rhizomes
Wake up, rise up
Let Jack call out from his pulpit
Bring your green umbrellas
Your magenta veined flowers
Your deep scented presence
Into the light.

Finches flush yellow
Pairs of birds
Chase each other in fast flight
Weaving in and out of bare branches
Calling out, twittering
Sweet love songs as they go
Deer and turkey move in family groups
Leaving a trace of tracks
In soft forest mud.

Holy is thy name oh Spring
Full of grace and promise.
Air warms.

The spirit of Nature
Rises up in green shoots
In bird songs
In the scent of dank earth.
Her body laid bare
To give birth yet again
Oh miracle of miracles
To life itself and the hope of renewal.