

## 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.