



spring

come spring on night winds
out pearled mountain passes
we crave your soft warm mornings
promised meadows
turning woods wet dripping

we're children orphaned by our words
outdated metaphors of God, time, death
postmodern cynicism
mechanistic theories of everything
stumbling down an unsustainable pathway

tell us a story we can believe
spun from dark seas and sparkling islands
where forests wait the baby deer
riversides our footsteps
eyes the scilla tips

invite back the Garden
saturate our thoughts with belonging
delight us we can't resist
call us home in music, art
dance us who we are