

To the Thawing Wind

Come with rain, O loud Southwester!
Bring the singer, bring the nester;
Give the buried flower a dream;
Make the settled snowbank steam;
Find the brown beneath the white;
But whate'er you do tonight,
Bathe my window, make it flow,
Melt it as the ice will go;
Melt the glass and leave the sticks
Like a hermit's crucifix;
Burst into my narrow stall;
Swing the picture on the wall;
Run the rattling pages o'er;
Scatter poems on the floor;
Turn the poet out of door.

—Robert Frost

Early Spring

Harshness vanished. A sudden softness
has replaced the meadows' wintry grey.
Little rivulets of water changed
their singing accents. Tendernesses,

hesitantly, reach toward the earth
from space, and country lanes are showing
these unexpected subtle risings
that find expression in the empty trees.

--Rainer Maria Rilke

The Cardinals

The ways of the wild are queer
by human standards
but long ago the Hebraic Old Testament
God gave warning when he said
My ways are not your ways
implying
the storm that rages
out of human understanding
implying time beyond time
space beyond space
stars beyond stars,
I create evil, he said
and make the good, that too,
in proportion

Here on my window ledge
two cardinals
male and female
having lived alone all winter
in that silence of the solitary
who seek their own food
and depend on no one
suddenly exchange seeds
in an ancient ritual
welcoming spring
They are not too intimate
the horn of the beak preventing
they are very wild
but grave and dignified
at this moment
So much so
that if I could
with the proper manners
I should like to give
a seed to you.

—Loren Eiseley from *Notes of an Alchemist*

Spring Thunder

Listen, The wind is still,
And far away in the night --
See! The uplands fill
With a running light.

Open the doors. It is warm;
And where the sky was clear--
Look! The head of a storm
That marches here!

Come under the trembling hedge--
Fast, although you fumble...
There! Did you hear the edge
of winter crumble

-Mark van Doren

Magic Song for Him Who Wishes to Live

Day arises
From its sleep,
Day wakes up
With the dawning light.
Also you must arise,
Also you must awake
Together with the day which comes.

--*Thule Inuit*

Fueled

Fueled
by a million
man-made
wings of fire--
the rocket tore a tunnel
through the sky--
and everybody cheered.
Fueled
only by a thought from God--
the seedling
urged its way
through the thickness of black--
and as it pierced
the heavy ceiling of the soil--
and launched itself
up into outer space--
no
one
even
clapped.

-Marcie Hans (in that great old 1966 book,
Reflections on a Gift of Watermelon Pickle)

Quatrain VII

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly--and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing

--Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam: Quatrain VII

The Sandhills

The language of cranes
we once were told
is the wind. The wind
is their method,
their current, the translated story
of life they write across the sky.
Millions of years
they have blown here
on ancestral longing,
their wings of wide arrival,
necks long, legs stretched out
above strands of earth
where they arrive
with the shine of water,
stories, interminable
language of exchanges
descended from the sky
and then they stand,
earth made only of crane
from bank to bank of the river
as far as you can see
the ancient story made new.

- Linda Hogan

A house with daffodils in it
is a house lit up,
whether or not
the sun be shining outside.
Daffodils in a green bowl--
and let it snow if it will

--A.A. Milne

A Prayer for the World

Let the rain come and wash away
the ancient grudges, the bitter hatreds
held and nurtured over generations.
Let the rain wash away the memory
of the hurt, the neglect.
Then let the sun come out and
fill the sky with rainbows.
Let the warmth of the Sun heal us
wherever we are broken.
Let it burn away the fog so that
we can see beyond labels,
beyond accents, gender, or skin color.
Let the warmth and brightness
of the Sun melt our selfishness.
So that we can share the joys and
feel the sorrows of our neighbors.
And let the light of the Sun
be so strong that we will see all
people as our neighbors.
Let the Earth, nourished by rain,
bring forth flowers
to surround us with beauty.
And let the mountains teach our hearts
to reach upward to heaven.

—Rabbi Harold S. Kushner
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