

Spring's Glory Unfolding

wind rustles
back pond
skims purple crocuses
and stops at
my window.



they look right into your face,
daffodils
singly
in a group
along roadside
bend and show their yellow sunshine.



you bow your head,
grateful, uplifted,
green nature's miracle,
chlorophyll



as if directed
by a hidden conductor,

maple buds burst
all over the hillside

a warm amber
fire of spring.

- *Brother Columba*

Spring-Summer 2006 Bulletin



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