

O Dance Of Spring

Oh dance of Spring
lay down your dance and listen.
For the prayers are now lifting
from the aching wood of these trees.

Oh sweet rain
the dance is now your own.
Fall gently now
and anoint the skull of this earth
so it might rise
and breathe its cleansing breath
in the smell of your storm.

Beat your voice against
the brick of this room, and,
as my head blossoms like a wild season,
so too, the birds can drink from the grass,
your moistened chants
in communion.

And when in my weakness, oh hungry hour,
I rest at last
and observe the festive beauty
hung from the bow-strings of my eyes,
all silence, dressed in fire,
will smolder to a whispering ash of praise
'til next I meet
the busy cries of my soul.

—*David W. Graham*