

Spring's Appearing

Brother Columba

Spring

not a shout
not a thunder
not a bugle

when we become
serene and reflective,

we sense within
each swollen bud
along its twigs
and branches,

a spirit,
a breath,
a surge of life

summoned by the Creator Spirit,

energizing and
evolving this
very spring.



You sit on a well
look across a field
of dandelions, daffodils,
and forsythia

what Plato said of love:
"Birth in beauty."

Ah, he said

Brother Augustine

Ah, he said, as he sipped
His glass of wine,
The joys of growing old gracefully;
And with that our conversation
Came to a jarring halt.
—As though the process
Of feeling the cells of our body
Dying off one by one
Could be joyful.
As though I would begin a dance
Having finally glimpsed
The real dimensions of life—
The feeling of what really is,
And what will not be.
But maybe there is a joy
To celebrate in having cast off
The yoke of parental image
Long measured upon my back;
Maybe I can dance in my heart,
Now not solely burdened
By this crazy world that is marching
Off to a world of folly.
And now I can smile
To my friend as he sips
From his glass of wine,
And speaks of the way of gracefulness,
And of wanting to gift it
To our world.