

Hey, Winter

Though white still covers all the land,
March in like a lion and leave like a lamb,
You've made a massive and mighty stand
But Winter, I'm ready for Spring.

The icicles drip on my snow-covered deck,
And the poor little birds have little to peck
'Cause when I step outside I'm still up to my neck
In Winter!! I'm ready for Spring.

The crocus are eager, ready to burst
Through the earth and remaining snow to be first
To drench us in color. Though you've done your worst,
Winter, away.
Welcome, Spring!

*Darlene Michaud
Burlington, CT*

A Christian's Prayer

Father, warm my voice with laughter,
Let compassion clear my sight,
With charity cleanse my memory,
Let love and forgiveness be my might.

*Darlene Michaud
Burlington, CT*

Spring, God's Gift

In March, Winter slips away,
Or struggles, leaving with a roar.
Naturally, birds sing to Spring,
The sky burns with light, the raindrops pour.

With a train of green she walks about,
To leave its color on the land.
She leaps to warm the icy breeze,
Then clothes the trees with breath and hand.

Streams splash, and babies cry,
A rainbow of color seduces our sight.
God's gift of Spring has lifted our hearts
And filled our souls with love and light.

*Darlene Michaud
Burlington, CT*

Spring comes.

Listen to the birdsongs just before dawn.
Look! There's a robin strutting on the lawn.
There's a little patch of snow, barely seen, almost gone.
Soon the little brown doe will bring forth a fawn.

Water falling to the earth is clear instead of white,
Even though some breezes still hold a wintry bite.
Streams and little rivers run with all their might.
The earth begins to warm with the stronger sun's light.

Green shoots are sprouting, and some have pretty heads.
Just last week the ground they're in looked cold, lifeless, dead.
Resurrection teaches us; hope within is fed.
Spring fills our hearts and tramples fear and dread.

*Darlene Michaud
Burlington, CT*