

Earth Thinks about Spring

Crystals on snow reflect
moonlight
toward cold
lighted
sky.

River currents
run quietly
under thick ice.

Willow catkins
investigate winter air
smell spring.

Memories deep under soil
tell of warmth,
turn slowly toward spring.

Snow thinks,
I enjoy being here.
Time is short
save up cold whiteness.
Think of spring,
of water.

River thinks,
I will sing to be heard again in sunlight
carry fish toward the ocean
dirt and rocks
tumble in rapid currents
seeds sprout
in river banks.

Willows think, *Leaves,*
leaves will be so fine
something to soak up
warmth of sunshine.

Earth thinks, *I will turn*
toward the sun again
I will turn toward the sun
I am turning toward the sun.

Warm.

In winter we remember
warmth
sunshine
we turn
these animals
these plants
every stone
toward spring
toward increasing warmth
in sunshine
toward renewal of life.