

Hope is With You When You Believe the Earth

After Czeslaw Milosz

Spring wind brings a clarity to our valley
juniper boughs green waves against pale sky
bare aspens bow, bend in their compliance

brittle oaks shift their ragged cloaks:
all gives way to a force that cannot be held.
Even when this unfettered wind pushes

against my body, takes my breath away
something in me does not want to let go.
Yet from black warming-up soil

shoots of tiny iris have sprung up.
Their deep blue faces astonish me
I stoop to touch with a hesitant hand.

All I see around me does not measure time
or our human trials, earth waiting, warming
showing me to not fear also to kneel and rise.

Beth Paulso