St. Brigit's Day

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Dead tree, dead bush, field in shroud of snowy winter. In a cloudy doubt I dread to see the worst becoming worse. Is it my sole reward for surviving January to be thrust into February? I do not live by farmer's calendar, do not watch pregnant ewes coming into milk, do not observe days beginning to lengthen.

No, in spite of memories from past years and prayers to you, goddess or saint, it is an act of faith despite winter's shadow to still believe the green of coming spring, still celebrate tree in bud, bush in blossom, still see myself dancing in fields of flowers under returning sun.

A Touch

Ellen Meyer

A whirling torment of a storm
A raging waterfall during a riotous night
Wind crashing into a diamond wall
A roaring inferno bracing on melted gold
Gliding fast and furious
A cataclysmic explosion from deep within
And spreading, thoroughly
Devastation
Everywhere