

Slow

Easter rain, the lilies are whiter with chill,
this drizzle to kneel in, black coated,
kneading the earth back to being clean.

Yes, green shall come,
just pace yourself as a seed stored in
an envelope all winter long.

What file has nicked?
What darkness has soaked with the heat
of copper pipes in an outer world
unable to penetrate?

Reaching now is the birth of a tuber,
the potato's eye. Reaching now is
to feel the duration of anticipation
& not give up hope.

Come faith in spring. Come summer
dreams in any time that it takes
to make these Easter drops the resurrection,
the wheat for the Sunday tongues

of our holy palms.