

The Body of the world

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [March 27, 2019](#) issue

When spring comes,  
The Body wakes,  
Flesh of our flesh  
Without whom nothing  
Would exist.

Mother to all,  
Raccoon, fish, flower,  
No need neglected,  
Food, warmth, water.

The Body stirs,  
Buds quicken, sprout,  
Green softens hills,  
Trees blossom, fruit.

The womb in which  
We have our being,  
*The dearest freshness*  
*Deep down things.*

Each spring reborn,  
The Body rises,  
The source of life,  
Praise Her. Praise Him.