

Prayer to the Holy Spirit: Spring

by [Connie Clark](#) in the [April 8, 2020](#) issue

Where ice-melt ran yesterday,
grass bends flat. Violet leaves
like green hearts spring up again,
relieved of pressure.

Out of soft earth, a blossom
comes forward. Moss crawls tree trunks,
new emerald skin.

I used to think of you as an arrow
of fire, or as a sharp wind
full of sand. Flinching,
I braced to meet you.

Now, as stems spring up again
and ground gives way underfoot,
I hold you in my hand where you tremble
like the round, brown body of a dove.