

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.