

e rush of my lent
trembles into an april sunday
still as morning
waking youth and looking up,
listening for the first summons
of a tattered robin...

my winter flight breaks
sinks to rain-bright sidewalks
flowing to meet the insistent day,
and my crooked scurrying robin
cries Christ my spring come,
come rain to press back the sky.

## Morning

by Sr. Rose Charles Thomasma, O.P.

