



Spring Song

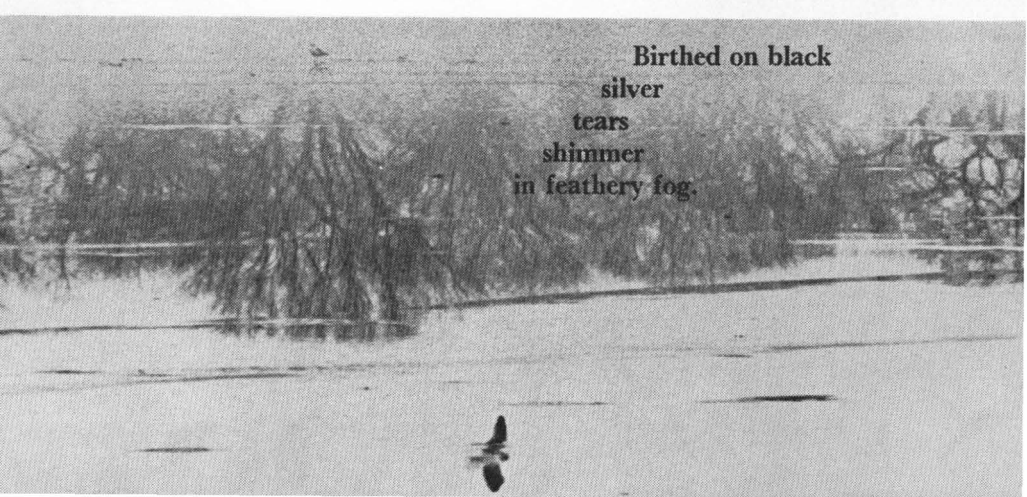
by Sr. M. Pia, O.P.

the 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.



Birtherd on black
silver
tears
shimmer
in feathery fog.