Spring Song
by Sr. M. Pia, O.P.

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.

Birthed on black
  silver
tears
shimmer
in feathery fog.