

Rising

She rises from the earth,
shaking dirt from her curls,
blinking dust from her eyes,
emerging like a great flower.
The petals of her fingers open slowly,
reaching up towards the sun.
She stretches and strains,
loosening clods of dirt
that tumble down her lengthening body,
Each year she forges a new path
from that world to this.
No one ever knows where she will burst forth,
and none see how she struggles to bring herself home.
Yet the place where she emerges,
no matter how barren and crusty,
grows fertile ever after,
and host to the narcissus,
the red poppies,
the sweet golden daffodils of Spring.
They are glories of the moment,
great splashes of color,
to be loved - like Persephone -
before they go back into darkness.

Maya Spector 3/97