

Breaking Ground

by Lynn Unger

Living in the violence of spring
Living in a time where shells are cracking
And shapes alter
Who can afford to risk
Forgetting the danger
Forgetting the moment
The crocus bulb breaks ground
Never knowing whether snow or sun or ice
Awaits in warm or jagged welcome.
There is no safety in this restless season
Even the sheltering ground rejects its own,
Thrusting the life it held
Into the untrustworthy
And insufficient care of air and weather
There are no choices here
No careful path or reasoned way
No holding in reserve for some more settled,
More propitious time
But only the unconsidered
Faith of the crocus
Whose saffron petals echo or demand the sun.

Second Reading

As we celebrate the life that comes- the love that comes-even out of death....here is an ancient poet's vision of rebirth.

By Rumi

I lived for hundreds of thousands of years as a mineral,
And then I died and was reborn as a plant.

I lived for hundreds of thousands of years as a plant,
And then I died and was reborn as an animal.

I lived for hundreds of thousands of years as an animal,
And then I died and was reborn as a human being.

What have I ever lost by dying?