



Callings of Spring by Jodi Girouard

Softly I whisper to the land, the planned escape from the long cold winter.

Oh, I am old but can fold my beliefs into happenings of hope like the beautiful beginnings of spring.

I bring my courage outside, reside in the shine, the finding of features new, the exploration barefoot in dew, the ensuing chase for the grace to continue.

And a Robin redbreast, its chest filled with the breath of a moment spent focused on me. Head tilted, instead of running, she peruses the allusive truth, we are neither in our youth but oh so much to soothe, to move, to attain still remains.

I touch a budding branch before my ranch, the green life willfully expressing the will to still live.

I give it a gentle touch, a nod, the space to grow so much. Crows know life is afoot as they perch high above, governing the landscape and the movement that traipse through the grassy fields.

I no longer yield to the tremors, the murmurs, the stirring of anger, the danger of becoming a void in the world for I am no longer curled into a compact corner, I am no longer a mourner but renewed here beside the grand wood and grass.

I pass through the green carpet yet to be mowed, I owe myself the chance to learn once more how to dance, to prance, to happenstance into this exact second, no longer beckoned by the darkness, the sadness, the madness that used to mitigate my fate.

I hold onto the spark of wisdom, the humming of a bird heard, the rough bark against my cheek, the way the world can speak to me freely. I navigate my own ways; I stay without to shout instead of the soft whisper of before.

I am in love with the brightness of hope, the clarity of success found nesting in the assured peace of nature. I am mature with the white streaks peeking from my hair, but I am aware there is so much worth pursuing, doing, singing out to my own delights.

I fight the disease but release my hope, cast out the shame named doubt, and I learn to express myself in the wonders that I can plunder, even blunder as I go forth to find my true worth.