Our *Gratitude - Spring has sprung - "flick!"*

(A Reflection Circle's collaborative poem,
based on Mary Oliver's "Gratitude")

What did you notice?
a sweet smell
that my nose
hadn't smelled in a long time;
the pond still sleeps
under the ice.

bright blue cloudless sky,
yellow peaked house;
debris.

a flood of tiny stars
flying as the wind carries them
up from the marshy hollow

the sun is assertive, direct,
all-encompassing; clouds were on their day
off.

a bug crawled on me
she is Earth's creature
but not mine – *flick*!

sixty nine degree sunshine!

What did you hear?
birds love to gossip
the rushing water under a frozen lake
the buzzing of one single bee

rushing, rumbling, crunching

human noise;
our machinery
assaulting and subduing.

ice melting,
a newly roused bird.

When did you admire?
waters are constant
flow and fight
to whisk and wander

while leaf blowers
demand attention.

lovers embracing

from my back
to the clear sky

when I stopped thinking about
what I could plant
or change

stepping back and watching
all the hearts unfurling in the warm sun

What astonished you?
no one basks in the same way
how lovely

a moment I thought I'd miss

the forgotten solstice candle
waiting for spring

arrival of the first hummingbird

the first groggy fly (*flick!*)

a spider climbs up my kitchen wall
welcome here – she does kill flies;
but I gently remind her to go & hide.

What would you like to see again?
god's creativity
working through children's hands

the first flakes
of the first snow

my writing in music and melody
I have so much to say

my distant friend
exploring with me

good memories
rising from the solstice walk

sprouts

a mossy spot
deeply connected

the milky way in the mountains

community in the warmth.

What was most tender?

the warm sun, and warm arms

the gentle final steps
in the final stubborn snow

joyful open faces

my thoughts are with Maine
where this all started

the honey bee
with pockets full of pollen

nostalgia.

What was most wonderful?
the simple joy
of tossing a stick

I'm deliciously tired
effortlessly resting

the warm sun on my cheeks

my daughter joyfully singing
at top volume
and my dog
patiently waiting to run

longer days

feeling the oneness, waking up

a peek of light at sunrise
onto a spot I never expected to shine

the beginning
of disrobing

What did you think was happening?

I stand here
watching and feeling
but I am not really here
the water pulls me away

I receive the blessing
of another spring

my heartbeat is fast
it's so hard to go
from one feeling to another
the body remembers
but I crave presence

change in every step

I realize now that *these*
are the days I'll one day
look back on
and remember with love

faith in cycles
the rebirth of nature
from its icy slumber.