

The Body of the world

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [March 27, 2019](#) issue

When spring comes,
The Body wakes,
Flesh of our flesh
Without whom nothing
Would exist.

Mother to all,
Raccoon, fish, flower,
No need neglected,
Food, warmth, water.

The Body stirs,
Buds quicken, sprout,
Green softens hills,
Trees blossom, fruit.

The womb in which
We have our being,
The dearest freshness
Deep down things.

Each spring reborn,
The Body rises,
The source of life,
Praise Her. Praise Him.