

February to March Reflection

The Coming of Spring

As winter fades with a whispered sigh,
The coyotes howl beneath the sky,
A song of love, wild and free,
Echoing through the awakening trees.

Mom and Dad skunk, with little ones near,
The skunk family forage, without fear,
Scampering by in the evening light,
The family dances, under moonlit night.

Buds awaken on the trees,
New life whispers in the breeze,
A quiet promise of growth to come,
The earth hums softly, welcoming the sun.

Birds return from lands afar,
Their songs like jewels beneath the stars,
Flitting high, in joyous flight,
A symphony of morning's light.

When you stop and witness this unfolding,
A deeper truth is gently holding—
Nature's beauty, bold and pure,
A reminder that we're part of her.

In this precious, sacred dance,
We feel connected, given the chance,
To understand, to feel, to know,
The unfolding of life, as it begins to grow.