

ELEVATION

THE LOVE OF CHRIST, AND SPRING

Christmas past and the advent of
small birds come,
Delighting in nothing but dried seeds
With paper wings wind-torn beyond
flight,

Sad King David finds new love:
maiden mistresses,
To lend his old flesh heat,
Make ruddy flowers blossom in his
cheek.

No more backing up to fires; the
king will burn within
Though winter sheet the earth in ice
And fill the wind with sleet.

Whatever dead Chaldeans say
Who read Egyptian books and
struggled with the universe
To number years and days,

Whatever the precise angle light
defines at noon
Above the southern ridge,
Or whatever stands of pine may
shield

The entrances and exits of the sun
and moon,
Or through whatever track of night
The Swan flies north by darkened
ways,

Whether rising moon or setting sun
Make pale our vision of her grace,
To bring her gifts to wise men, fools
beyond hope,

That lady follows star-winds
Although they be so cold
Her breath streams back a mist of
ice, among the stars a road.

STEVEN O. TAYLOR

