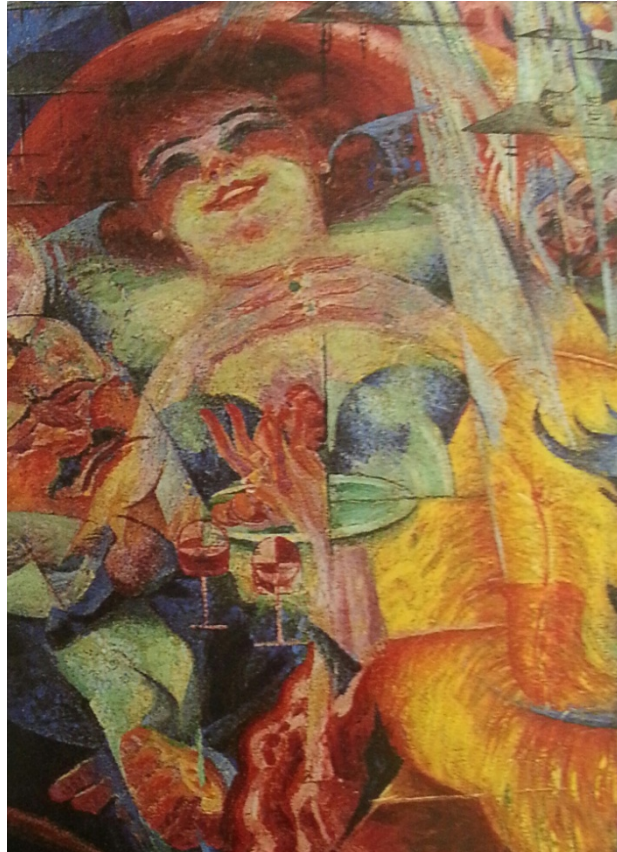


Eastertide



And so we rise –
We scraps of hope and bone
Are gathered,
Aligned by sinew and desire
To cry for, to breathe our All,
Our Abba.

In this truth we stay,
Over the bare soul's flesh,
And rocks the crib of our content.

The sky is cavernous
And creation sighs,
Its clay also, a bed
For cherishing.