

## WIDE BLACK WINGS

The wide black wings  
Of the crow returning  
To the tall hickory being rocked  
By the winter wind caught my eye  
In this land of the Arctic vortex.  
There have been four or five nor'easters  
Here, with thunder snow  
And a couple of them classified as blizzards  
With more to come again this weekend  
And the subzero temps  
To go on for another week after that...  
Tonight another unfurling  
Of the flurries that band together  
Burying villages and hopes  
In the frigid air forcing  
Us inward to come to terms  
With who we are and how we got here  
And what is the way forward  
As we enter the Lenten season.  
Spring sounds like a dream,  
An impossible phantom of hope,  
And yet the crows have returned.  
Have they more faith than we  
Who have experienced the knowledge  
That snow and cold kills?  
But there is something stirring  
Deep inside of us...  
It's not a hope so much  
As something alive within us  
That is Life itself.  
There is a knowledge,  
I think, that we have long forgotten.  
It comes on dark wings  
But full of joy  
As the world becomes new again  
In the power of our Almighty GOD,  
The power of the LIVING GOD.

- Merrill Ann Gonzales 2-16-15 The last few days of Epiphany