

May's Awakening

The earth stirs beneath the gentle rain,
And whispers through the growing grain.
Each leaf, each bud, begins to rise,
Stretching toward the sunlit skies.

In colors bright, the flowers bloom,
Brushing away the winter's gloom.
The air is fresh, the world reborn,
As light spills out with every dawn.

The birds return with songs to sing,
Their notes a welcome sign of spring.
The winds, once cold, now soft and sweet,
Guide the world with steady beat.

For in this month, the earth awakes,
And with it, every spirit shakes.
In May, we find our second start—
A time to heal, a time for art.