

## Resurrection Morning

Beyond open windows, behind trees,  
He stands, feeling the green wind  
Touch the fine-etched leaves.

Sun flings new-day shadows,  
Moving the dim lake to sing  
Psalms with hands stroking the joy-wood.

A blind worm lifts its head,  
And a lily proffers a petal  
From its leafy bed to the sky's warmth.

Energy pulses in his wrists  
Like air beating the clouds  
Where thunder cracks and lingers

At the bend of earth and sky.  
In his hand the lily is lamb-soft  
As a sigh before he ascends.

—Cara Bullinger