

Spring

Muse Watson

I felt spring today after a fall I'd seen many times before.
The fall of emotional depression which colors a leaf or two
occasionally had continued until i was not just colored, but bare.
i fought the winter until frustration showed signs of despair.
The cold winds of selfishness and superficial gratification stung my
mind helpless of it's will to work for a truly satisfying life.
Beneath mounds of snow i asked God for help-
He replied with strength to ask again.
i disciplined the windows and doors shut, confining myself to the
prison the winter had made impossible to warm.
Then with doors shut and curtains pulled,
i grew tired of the cold inside me and struck a match.
The match went out and i struck another to prove the fruitlessness of
fighting to my mind.
It became a game of failure and match after match sacrificed it's glimmer.
Seeing the pile of half burned matches, i lit them ...and they burned big and bright.
The room grew warmer and the cold seemed to leave.
The triumph in my mind brought a smile to my face and i built the fire bigger and
brighter.
The room was now warm, so warm that i felt i could fight the cold.
I opened the windows and walked out the door....
There was no cold wind blowing---
The flowers were blooming and the sun was booming bright.
i raised my head to look about the green and said,
"Lord, how long has it been spring?"