There Is Something May & June 2022

There is something of beauty in a gray sky, all shades and billows and whisps.

There is something of beauty in worn out snow, its edges icy, mixed with gravel.

There is something of beauty in bird silence, but for their rustle and tweet in bushes offering safety and shelter.

There is something of beauty in the repetitious reports of late winter weather, of snow and blowing snow and of high wind warnings, and driving, and slick in spots.

There is something of beauty in the final closing of the interstate and the arduous but giddy plowing of county roads.

There is something of beauty in the stale, furnace-heated air of the tiny bookstore & coffee shop. Of the patrons in winter coats needful of a good dry cleaning or a washer's sloshing.

There is something of beauty in the soggy brown grass, not long ago mere blades of frost.

There is something of beauty in the heavy layers of brown-black leaves pushing down on the little round heads of spring bulb flowers, whispering "Not yet."

There is something of beauty in Mother Nature's humor, raising the temperature ten degrees, for just three days, no more. "Not yet. Not yet," she teases.

There is something of beauty in the heavy, cozy sweater, tired from use, but loyal.

There is something of beauty in blankets, cocoons of our winter night's slumber.

There is something of beauty in the too-familiar rooms that have served us well during the long winter, kept us warm, kept us busy, kept us safe.

There is something of beauty in heavy winter meals and their breads.

There is something of beauty in the prayers we utter for those who suffered winter's harshness.

There is something of beauty in the first robin, wide-eyed and full of song, in spite of the snowfall swirling round.

There is something of beauty in the first small field of crocus, which freed itself overnight from its dirt tomb.

There is something of beauty in raising one's face to the higher and brighter sun, whose warmth gives notice of hope.