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Secrets of Creation / Kite

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Secrets Of Creation

— by Olive DeWitt

*Below
cold earth and snow*

*old death waits for new birth;
Life swells, stirring the soggy leaves,
Birth pangs.*

*New life
begins to grow
from tulip embryo;
one shoot reaches for air and light--
Beauty.*

KITE

— by Yvonne Carpenter

*My kite flies on unseen currents.
I soar and dive on holy winds
Anchored by life's thin string as
Gravity vies velocity.
But the cord limits me. I fly
Up and down but tied to the ground
And look, other kites share my sky
With colors to rival mine.
Looking from the wind, I fail
And see the hint of falling
Gave me the energy to fly.*