

## thresholds

I'm at another threshold  
spring is emerging  
impatient to begin

purple crocus  
demand my attention  
green shoots  
wave to me  
calling me outside  
before I'm ready

I've been busy  
these winter months  
doing nothing fast

waking gentle  
to slow mornings  
finding comfort in calm  
relishing winter's  
precious pause  
delighting in nights  
dark and long

learning this winter  
to let myself land  
soft like falling snow

naked like trees  
stripped bare  
with only myself to please

space to breathe  
recover myself  
letting superfluous layers  
slip away

trusting in resilience  
deep rooted like trees  
quietly harvesting  
the wisdom of my years

who knows what fruits  
may yet emerge  
as I cross this threshold  
honouring as I must  
the pull of spring

the more thresholds I cross  
the less I know

the less I know  
the greater the opportunity  
to learn afresh  
no wonder the crocus calls