

## Rite Of Spring

Upon the verdant vesture of the Spring,  
A goddess walks where new life unfurls its wings,  
Bare and unabashed, with steps serene,  
Nature's own craft, a nymph, a waking dream.

Her hands enclasp a bounty wild and rare,  
A clutch of roses, pink as dawn's first flare,  
Each petal soft as the breath of morning light,  
And fragrant as the dew-kissed air of night.

The thorns she holds, but feels no prick nor pain,  
For she, in Spring's rite, transcends the mundane,  
Her skin, the canvas of creation's hue,  
Bears testament to life that cycles anew.

Bold and gentle, her very stance invokes  
The pulse of earth, the essence that provokes  
The seed to sprout, the bud to break and bloom,  
The beating heart of Spring's eternal womb.

Arrayed in nothing but the blush of life,  
She is the calm amidst the seasons' strife,  
A visage of the peace that nature grants,  
In every bough, and every verdant plant.

As she strolls through the linen reborn,  
She is the harbinger, the maiden morn,  
Rejoicing in the cacophony of the birds,  
With no need for barriers, thoughts or words.

Behold this rite of Spring's own sacred muse,  
In silken light, the world she does infuse  
With warming breeze, and with her tender grip,  
Life's fleeting beauty she brings to our lips.

Her form, it sways akin to willow trees,  
With grace she wanders through the waking leas,  
The roses whisper 'gainst her beating heart,  
Of life's embrace, of Spring's renewing start.

Exult in this, the rite of Spring's bright quest,  
For in her hands, the very soul's caressed,  
In that one figure, draped in nought but blooms,  
Behold the cycle, where all life resumes.