***In the Storms of April – Plunge***

 *by Lynda McKinney Lambert*

We wait together beneath the surface

Of frozen waters in February

Dormant, settled, calm

We have already survived January

Of frozen waters in February

Winter’s sharp sun sears the surface

We have already survived January

Beneath heavy, urgent stillness

Winter’s sharp sun sears the surface

We begin to remember our faces

Beneath heavy, urgent stillness

Our names were carved in the ice

We begin to remember our faces

In the perfect snowfield of March

Our names were carved in the ice

Surrendering our identity to the sky

In the perfect snowfields of March

We lie prone, between vellum sheets

Surrendering our identity to the sky

Waiting to hold our ancient purpose

We lie prone, between vellum sheets

Submerged dragon-flies

Waiting to hold our ancient purpose

Beneath waters of shuffling script

Submerged dragon-flies

Forget the present happiness

Beneath waters of shuffling script

Anguish takes the future tense

Forget the present happiness

Heavy rains in the depths of night

Anguish takes the future tense

We are waiting to plunge deeper

Heavy rains in the depths of night

Our bodies purged in forgetfulness

We are waiting to plunge deeper

When birds awaken us at dawn

Our bodies purged in forgetfulness

Uneven breathing subsides

When birds awaken us at dawn

March is a dangerous month

Uneven breathing subsides

No distraction from the moment

March is a dangerous month

Note it in our journal

No distraction from the moment

Waiting beneath the surface

Note it in our journal

Slowly

Waiting beneath the surface

Shooting stars breed disquiet

Slowly

Isolated inactivity becomes justified

Shooting stars breed disquiet

Bursts of frenetic activity is noted

Isolated inactivity becomes justified

Pleasure is worth writing down

Our skins will shed in April