

## **POLASEK’S “AWAKENING SPRING”**

Still chilly blue from sheets of snowy death,  
Spring rises from her winter slumber bed,  
Half leaning upward, draws in vital breath  
And, meeting startled artist, tilts her head.

Awake anew, as by her sculptor’s hand,  
Fresh life exudes, this time before a brush.  
Unfettered form, still rousing, takes command,  
Instills creative awe without a blush.

With those same powers blessing nearby flowers,  
She aids observant strokes of varied hue,  
While her flesh-sister, unaware of hours,  
Paints on with fervent care until she’s through.

Then artist, as Spring’s Maker did before,  
Says, “Very good!” and sculpture smiles once more.

— *David L. Hatton, 4/26/2018*