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## Awake, O North Wind

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Awake, O north wind

4:16 Awake, O north wind;  
And come, thou South;  
blow upon my garden  
that the spices thereof may flow out.  
Let my beloved come into his garden  
and eat his pleasant fruits.

Shut up closet doors, hurl out  
Shadows of veils black  
And white crosses secret loom  
Over pews and gold wet with wine.  
Virgin heels no noise make.

6:10 Who is she that looketh forth as the morning,  
fair as the moon, clear as the sun,  
and terrible as an army with banners?

As pale as white fear, hands  
Wrinkled with worry and prayers  
Touch smooth wooden beads.

Saint Teresa  
Is in ecstasy, lips  
Of marble parted,  
Panting for a hollow womb.

2:1 I am the Rose of Sharon  
And the lily of the valleys.

/Rebecca Rosso/