

Sanguine of the Spring

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This article was originally published in the ROTH online magazine. Since their link has been removed many members have asked us to re-print these articles here. We will have these posted until their link is functional again.

The sanguine spring awakens, stretches her vining arms, leggy roots and heady blooms and reminds us of the power all living things have to rejuvenate, renew and reinvent. For although she may have been flaming in summer, wilting in autumn and hiding in winter we all know that she will

once again come around to the peak of her magnificence with fresh growth and surprises each time. It might be the fluffy down of a newborn chick, the aroma of a pink rose or a trellis full of clematis. We never know for certain – all we know for sure is that she will be a pioneer, she will amaze us at her ability to break through the ice and snow, she will astonish and delight us and there will always be something new.

To fully appreciate the sanguine spring one must share the sorrow of her rainstorms that feed the soil, hear the passion within the anger of her thunder and drift with her as she watches the clouds form pictures in the sky.

Yet, no matter how much one knows about and understands the sanguine spring one rarely has the opportunity to explore beneath the surface. For sanguine spring has better things to focus on and loves to distract with her artistic prowess. She is wise and aware of her deep roots, nutrient rich soil and hidden treasures but she doesn't want to show those off. She wants to display her symphonies of chirping birds, masterpieces of painted gardens and ballets of leaping wildlife.

Overwhelmed? Don't expect her to notice. The sanguine spring will not be told she has limits or how to do things. Nothing can hold her in but the coming of summer. She loves to wrap her vines around the tallest structures and the branches of her trees try to touch the heavens while the roots of her herbs reach to the center of the earth. She follows her own inspiration and will grow as she pleases poking thistles between sidewalk cracks, filling lawns with buttery dandelions, and placing newly born rabbits right into the middle of your garden.

But for all her butterflies and brilliance, the sanguine spring is greatly affected by those that nurture her. Her new growth and life depends on the sun that shines on her, the soil she grows in and the gardener that nurtures her. The sanguine spring needs regular sunshine (positive energy and words), adequate watering (praise, love and nurturing), and gentle weeding (a gardener to guide their growth). But most of all the sanguine spring needs someone to appreciate and understand the diverse processes and seasons that lead to her growth. To fully appreciate the sanguine spring one must remember that the new buds of spring were only possible because of the winter blanket that covered them before, that the bright green leaves emerging only have a place because the old ones were allowed to wilt and fade in autumn and that it is she that generously gives her color to the summer months while she steps into the background once again.

The sanguine spring dislikes being defined as much as it is difficult to define her. She can flutter like the butterflies that fill her sunlit prairies but she can also cling like the mushrooms that grow in the dark, wet corners of the forest. Walking along the forest trails one might imagine they will never know her for at one turn there is a towering moss-covered oak and the next there is a dainty violet. Hidden in the brush is a tawny cougar waiting to pounce but sitting on the branch above his head is a cherry-colored robin with a sweet song. And downstream from the rushing waterfalls and rough rapids is a frog reclining peacefully on a lily pad. Yet the sanguine spring continues with confidence. She knows that it is her ability to learn, create, change, grow, share and adapt to the world and the needs of those around her that define her and there is only one word to describe her – spring.