

Consolation

The trees of Eden have laid down their leaves,
our flowers browned and shrivelled months ago.
The air is cold, the ground covered in snow.
Adam and I shelter with sheep in caves.
The days are short, the nights are ages dark
and pricked with stars. We hunger, lacking fruit
which grew in warmth. We gnaw at bark and roots.
I weep, my tears turn to ice on my cheek.

An angel with calm eyes and bird-like song
conveys a message this won't last too long
and where his garment touches on the ground
green shoots begin and thrust up through the snow;
a ring of milk-white flowers starts to grow.
their heads are bowed but hope is where they're found.

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