

## **Galanthus**

*Galanthus.*

The letter G. Glossy, milky, voluptuous on my tongue.  
Yet each year it is your graceful frame that emerges from the gloom,  
seemingly fractured in the Artic winds that blow yet  
you still grow and glow. Akoya pearl.  
Once a sleeping kingdom, you announce your awakening with  
smooth, round bells resonating sun-kissed tones deep within my heart.  
Gallant Galanthus, peeping your head above the sterile monotony,  
your lyricism never fading, never failing in the frost that  
hardens sod and bone; rather you stretch your roots deep  
through humus and mineral, extending  
hours, months,  
                  years of breeding, seeding and....Gleaming, the letter G.

Yet even you, despite resilience and perfection, could not  
prevent the gnarling jaws of infection, like  
shattered ice, a veil of black smog, lungs brimming  
with thick tar, gasping, spluttering, oil pervading  
veins, velvet fungus  
Smothering  
Corrupting  
Fermenting  
within fragile tissue -  
No island, however pure, could save you. I knew that.

Each year I waited for that solitary shape to return, knew that it would not.

The letter G...

Ghost.

Katie Schutte, Wicklewood