

A Love tonic in the church

Forgotten is an old lady,
Sitting in a church.
Her back is a rod
And her eyes are those of the dead.

Indeed, is she there?

Her grey hair –
Stretched in a bun,
Mirrors her ashen face.
The dust swirls around the pew.

It is still.

Then Love enters through the oaken doors
(they creak of a heavy load:
Expectation is hanging on the hinges).
She is a mother,
Silky haired and smiling.

Joy is cradled in her arms.

She glides down the aisle,
(Elegance holds her skirts)
And sits in the row,
In front of the old lady.

And oh that Joyous child she bears,

Turns and laughs,
The laugh of Delight.

And in one move
Forgotten flees from the church;
The draught she creates
Flings wide the doors,
And lets in the light...

Discovery is a young man.
His eyes are bleary from sleep,
He turns his head
Left and right,
Up and down,
In the wooden row

And then he rises:
He must start his journey
Into The New World.

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