

THESE FULL RIVERS

I have come to associate
These walks,
These ripe trees, these full rivers

With you mother
Now more so as I watch you dying.
I watch the water rising

And hear spirits
In the guise of robins,
Yellow wagtails

Small annointings from the world beyond
Like the bells of St Joseph
As they chime across Hartham,

Holding echoes of laughter,
Fishing and summer picnics
In their pause;

Moments of surrender,
Of peace, of timelessness
Where we all belong

Between the flight of flesh to go on living.
These walks sooth me, sustain me,
Anchor me through the changing tides of guilt,

Of loss, unease, of fear,
Of the imagined grave.
The threat to a love so great

It formed my soul.
So I look to these full rivers,
These lush leafy paths

To hold my faith open
To a love limitless and beyond
And the grace to truly believe

When you leave this world.