

St Edmunds Fenn 2018

It is story of the of the new born spring
to forget the songs it hopes to sing

the winter steals its pent up force
against these hopes that hold the source

of everything it knows it will soon be
or doesn't know but wants to see

the dewdrop in the glow of dawn
and heavy frost are twins yet to be born,

within this fight to be and not to be,
a flitting back and forth of life it wants to flee

the living in the wet cold mouth of death
the dying in the arms of life, or of its breath

rising from the earth in these warm days
a sudden cold that comes and stays

beyond its due. The frozen song bird,
already on this day was heard

composing springs first half made thought
upon a breeze where this brief song was caught

before it formed, within a passing shower
within the rising of a half formed flower

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