



My Mother'S Sleep Is Deep

My mother's sleep is deep as
drifts of snow,
Snow-white the moon which
plays with rays like fingers,
Smooths and lingers on her
white sheet. The slow
Touch and flow is magic, stirring
earth from night
Towards day, from sleep to life.
A tide sheering,
Soaking currents below stroke,
tug. Atoms disunite
In dark earth floating free; grains
that sleep unseen
Conjoin. My mother's bones are
green blades rising
With the light. They will be
snowdrops soon, snow-green.



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