

Spring Lament / or Celebration

People die
They go mad
They stagger through
The Maze
Of muddle
And tragedy
And yet the snowdrops come.
The frilled aconite, the frail crocuses suddenly appear
Are there.
The daffodils still bud
Holding their yellow glory secret for a time.
The hyacinths push up large and fat and full
And sap surges in everything.

Nothing,
Not anything
Not the greatest pain known to the human heart
Can stop the waters of Nature
Flowing into fulfilment
Of a kind.

But oh what kind?
What kind
If we blast into her warfs of wisdom
With the falsely gathered powers of man?
If we blunder into her unspeakable mysteries
With the inventions of our brilliance and fear?
If we interrupt and sever with our mean devices
Her sure balance
Which blends
A trillion trillion diversities
Into one great pattern of life.

It is the woven magic of our universe
That alone has size enough to tend our broken hearts
As we and our loved ones die
Or go mad
Or get lost
In the mazes
Of our muddle and our tragedy.
It is only the woven magic of our whole world
That is fitted to hold us
Through all these human happenings
Enfolding us in the generous arms
Of her entirety.

Jill Hall