

Alpha and Omega

We have met somewhere before,
You, who read this, and I:
It may have been on the shore
Or under some tropic sky.
I was a leaf that rustled
And you were a mouse that stirred,
But no-one was by to see us
And never a creature heard.
Perhaps we dwelt in silence,
In some far desert land
And you were a drop of water
And I was a grain of sand.

The light of that far moment
Still lingers out in space
And the sounds that echoed round us
Are heard in another place.
But often, when I awaken
To the song of a lonely bird,
I am fearful and sad and shaken
And I cannot speak a word,
For the days that lie behind us
Are full of the yearning pain
That we shall know for ever,
Till we are together again.

The daffodils will open
And the fish will leap in the sea,
The stars will shine in Heaven,
And the wind will blow in the tree.
The fox will cry on the hillside,
The cock will crow in the sun
And the traveller on the mountain
Will return when day is done;
The travail of the city
Will fade in the evening sky,
But God will have no pity
And we shall never die.

PORTIA.

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