



TRUSTING WINTER

Who speaks of the future?

Who qualifies it

to say:

'It will be'?

Jean Gebser

(trans. Aaron Cheek)

We have to learn to trust Winter,
its cold, wet ground we slip on
that holds seeds and shoots
so they can feed on soil.

Then we have to trust Spring.
The cherry tree's pink blossoms
say they already do just that.
The trust is worth the risk.

Our hands, once covered,
now tingle and ache,
remain fixed, insecure
with faster circulation.

There's a hint of ice
remaining in the breeze
though we know Summer
will come again soon

with the cherries ripening
because they trust each season.
Yet still we hesitate
because that too will pass.

Trusting Autumn will be harder
despite its harvests.
After it we fall back to Winters
we want to leap from.

Graham Mummery