



POEM

May by Jehanne Mehta

We wander in the lacy lanes
And cannot cease from wondering,
How all the blossom comes at once
But the swifts have not returned again.

The loveliness is only the skin
Of a world of wild we do not see,
That longs for us to curb our need
For speed and electricity.

The wild is the domain of spirits,
And the green of the life of field and fallow.
They live in the swirl of air and wind,
In the unseen currents that guide the swallow.

But we swim in a sea of microwaves
Forgetting what we could become,
Working with the invisible wild
To call wild nature back to its home.

We have senses five but more than five
That hiddenly we have carried long,
To unravel the secrets of the Earth
And recognize the harm we've done.

Now the wind blows cold out of the place
Where mind runs on a single track,
Controlling all we think and do
With no way out or turning back.

But with intuition from the heart
To guide us on this difficult path,
Let our intent be strong enough
To build a future for the Earth.

Jehanne Mehta, Stroud, 12–27 May 2019