

An enchanted garden

by Carl Leddy

As shades of night prepare to leave
in the shuffled minutes before the dawn,
there is a delicious, thrilling quiet,
a poignant air that hangs above
the sweeping rows of vines,
while I wait for the sun to come,
as it always does.

My softest steps have still created
silvery tracks of magic,
through the shining grass,
as the dew drops gather,
wrap around the goodness
then roll as gentle rivulets
across the toughened leather,
and I reflect on truth.

The sun's first watery rays
reach into the valley,
creeping by horizon's door
to warm again,
the place,
the vines,
my life,
and continues exploration
of the schemes of deeper meaning
that paper walls to shield the freshest hope,
which is the currency of each newest day.

The sun's caress
begins to slowly move the dew
that glistening,
clings to grapes all bunched along the vines.
and from that lightest touch,
trickling patterns of spills and shapes emerge,
to reveal, that these grapes that wait,
are not all the same
some are rich and full,
while others,
injured or diseased,
are stunted or confined,
some we see are already dead,
and well before their time.

Is this a symbol of our world?
There sun and rain are part of every life,
and where
like grapes
some people reach their full potential,
others are denied the chance
to embrace the pleasures of a fuller cup of joy,
and are removed at random
to be early laid to rest
without apparent reason,
defying all rational attempts to justify
or understand,
this bewildering, cold conclusion

Then those who are left behind
call upon an even greater inspiration
for their challenges of time and purpose,
drawing from
a special pool of love
that at first may hide
in teasing manner,
behind dark and brooding clouds of sorrow
which billow up
when tragedies occur,
either unexpected or anticipated.
The hurt is still the same.

Shock,
realisation,
readjustment and newer plans,
leading to fulfilment of richer dreams.
There is though time for calm reflection,
on the added joys, now in the past.
Then the fondest recollections surge back,
to stir the vigour once again,
for these vivid pictures
of the happiest times
will never be obscured.
Our loved ones go from sight,
but they are blessed with everlasting life
in the private peaceful fields,
of memory's enchanted garden.

This poem was written after a friend told me of impending grief in her life.
Subsequently, I have found that many people, who have been bereaved, have found these
words a comfort.