

Dorothy's Ode

memento vivere

She it was who raised the blinds of morning,
threw the casements wide
and showed him where to look,
how to see the sun blinking in the trees,
diamonds on the water, the splash of the tern.

Bade him hear the lark rise, ascending silver,
birdsong
celebrate the dawning day,
let its chorus wake him from his slumber
that he should know the poetry there is in life.

It was she who struck the match that lit the candle
that made the shadows dance,
who took his hand in hers
and led him gently
out of the philosopher's cave into the poet's dawn.

And he, the dappled beauty of a mackerel sky,
her legacy too prized to let lie fallow,
knew to foster,
nurse, those long latent primal sympathies,
she held so dear,
and wake the child

to hear the echo of that chorus court the dawn,
for him to go,
nature's priest and follow the sun out of the east.

To go by waters that fathom piety,
through days when gulls would crowd a trawler,
ripples lap the shore,
know the sweet scent of summer rain
a wind that sighs through an autumn tree.

And in the darkening dusk,
stare,
a tall ship sailor through the eye of a sextant,
at the scattered splendour of the stars.

Then, come the fading light, hair grey in palsied age,
the chill of mortality's cold draft
and eternity's rising mists,
seek solace,
steal time in thoughts too sweet for tears
and know, as she once did,
that no sun-kissed hours have been wasted along the way.