Different snowdrops
Different snowdrops, different lives
Outside my window, a snowdrop is singing.
It is brave, so I am brave.
You say
—
let's go down to the woods
And see the snowdrops, the bluebells.
I don't even know where the woods are, except
The ones I've been living through all my life.
For you, the woods are just somewhere you visit
With picnic laughter and bright star feet.
For me, the woods are what I wake into each day
And try and crawl out of, make my way home.
But, just this snowdrop has come today
—

One day, for you, there will be no more woods.
I could not explain this to you
—
how myself and this
White guardian sing out our hearts under the snow
That would bury us, crush us.
Just to stay alive. This is our aim.
And this cannot be explained.

Maybe, one day, in the lives between lives
(which lie like leaves or wounded soldiers)
They will bring me to a place of rest.
And they will bring Indigo to me
—

in a pot
Of cool balm
—
and anoint me
—
My head, my feet
—
and I will be whole, well again.
Maybe. And, maybe they will say
—
rest little one
Rest sister. For nothing can harm you now.

I have done my best.
Of you, we say, welcome.
To you, we say, welcome.

And they will say —
And they will say —
And they will say —
And they will say —
And they will say —
And they will say —
And they will say —
And they will say —
And they will say —
And they will say —

And they will bring Indigo to me —
in a pot
Of cool balm
—
and anoint me
—
My head, my feet
—
and I will be whole, well again.

Oh dear! For you, there will be no more woods.
But, just this snowdrop has come today
—
Say, but it's that snowdrop that
The waters had cast a spell. Of truth, of hope.
And two pools there were —
And I was dipped in the first —
Then jumped myself, into the second pool
Without a thought of harm or capture.
And, like the snowdrops, the bluebells,
You say —
But I do not know where the woods are.
I have no memory of leaving, or being asked to leave.
Only a voice saying “Later my dear, later.”

And when I woke —

The Healing Pool

Yesterday, was not a good day.
But, last night, I dreamed I was dipped in water.
In such a pool as I have never seen.
It was glorious – the water silver and deep
And luscious flowers growing all around.
And people balanced in the water, like acrobats
Or dolphins, leaping higher as they gained strength.
(And I said, let me walk here forever.)

And around the edges of the pool were all manner
Of creatures, living side by side – because over them
The waters had cast a spell. Of truth, of hope.
And two pools there were — and I was dipped in the first — then jumped myself, into the second pool
Without a thought of harm or capture.
And the water washed over me, and was warm and rich on the body.
And seemed like an old friend.
And I wanted to stay and be beside this pool for ever.
Never to leave its warmth, its beauty.
And even now, I have no memory of leaving, or being asked to leave.
Only a voice saying “Later my dear, later.”

And when I woke — sure, the world was turned around.