

Hope

I sometimes vision you with thought
And ask myself: but are you
The one in whom the dreams I wrought
Grew whole as in me yours grew?

With double mind and single heart
Creation is perfected
And mind's desires and joyful art
In souls' mirror reflected.

The question which I cannot ask
And only Time can answer
You know. Yet Life's a heavy task
And Death more weighty after.

All I can do is bare myself
And hope that as you see me
I am to you as you yourself
Are to me, and you love me.

Reuben Thomas

Winchester, 25th November 1989