

On the death of my grandmother

Life is a miser's fire, jealous of fuel,
Its slightest motes with chosen purpose burn;
Its constant silent flame doth not consume
The wood, it only shrivels leaf and bloom;
And so the tree lives its dying return
To dust; most tender anguish proves most cruel.
For once the spark is fled no alchemy
Can coax the rosy tongue to reignite;
A novel transmutation must begin
As a cold wind shakes them that stand around,
Sift memory's ash the golden seed to win
Now for the season that renews the ground:
A time when death is not hope's enemy,
The winter turned with memories of light.

Reuben Thomas

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