

Winter

for Basil Rose

Life! oh so old,
My heart is cold,
My vision dark with sleep;
The winter's snow I long to fall,
Entomb me deep!

But still I see
Through leafless tree
Dying the sun's red light,
And still the wish burns deep within:
Let there be light!

Hush, hush! no more!
I'll close the door,
The curtain I'll draw to;
Then I'll lie down and face the wall,
And come to you.

Reuben Thomas

28th November 2012