

I Forgive

I forgive you dawn combustions
setting the world alight, fire spreading
over the fields, consuming
tree bark and gorse, mounting
glory of the daily conflagration;

I forgive you the sodden edge
of a grey east, smudge of despairing
light, cloud massing its sorrow,
lending tears to the bringing forth
of issue from the split seed;

but stand aggrieved at the rising
of wind, your mocking voice forever
declaiming the passing of all things,
naming by implication love,
passion, your own flame's leaping.

JOHN V. HICKS