

'LILIES OF THE FIELD'

Like luscious flowers, oft compared,
these hills from which you speak;
spill out the greatest sounds, you see
- spring springs forth from this leak.

As with God's creatures on this earth,
you flourish when unnoticed;
yet, when your movement scrutinised,
shall recede out of focus.

And when sleep flows, you ebb and weave
as if faint winds do guide you.
you practice whispered, soulful songs
- to a Lord we share a glance to.

To belt and blare in hushed tones
your heart's thoughts – in the subtext –
safe. You, poor creature; oft betrayed,
treat each word as a suspect.

Those luscious flowers, oft compared
to Danish growths – though sentient,
to bloom or die in sweeping waves
like ocean moods; so poignant.

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