

# LUCY'S POEM

Trie Hall

Suns rise and set in outlines  
Of a single day, hot in form  
and function  
Moons come to follow  
Eye winking slowly, a lazy cat  
peering down

Watching brush and grass and us  
Together we whisper as one  
out of tune  
We stand still, alone  
Millions of years, together at once  
all the same

We work hard to survive them -  
Each frightening day and gentle night  
and evening  
But not the morning  
The creeping heat wakes up our bodies  
Gently, like lovers' hands  
and teeth

But here, are we not alone?  
Our bodies house us, are our own  
a comfort  
In a world where death  
Reaches out; Our only guarantee  
waits to bite

Or are we known and loved?  
Our bones we have left behind us  
hidden gifts  
Our deaths a blessing  
To make way for you and your children  
Are you loved?

I can stand beneath the stars  
And watch the lights far above me  
tamed fires  
Trapped in place and time  
As me, and my kind, will surely be  
all too soon

Perhaps I don't want to go  
I am not ready to leave this  
sacred place  
With the snakes and cats  
And the beasts who lie in wait for me  
And my kind

I can imagine my body  
Buried down in the earth below  
slowly rotting  
While my bones settle  
In loving hands, tender and in awe  
and full of wonder.