

## MAY IN THE MARSH IN THE MIDST

In lanes, where singing silence is of gold  
That glimmers through the blue and shimmering air,  
May warms old wood's cold bones to take new leaf,  
New lease of life; and every hawthorn there  
Rustles with secrets of the whispering birds  
That fly the fragrant years in migrant thrall;  
And deep in dykes the souging rushes breathe  
Time's slow, unbroken rhythm of rise and fall;  
For life and death are but a breath apart,  
Between the green and grey, a summer's sigh  
Inspires to life and then expires to death;  
Between two nights, the lightsome butterfly  
Journeys with joy his livelong, lifelong day  
To die, like me; but, meanwhile, there is May!

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