

Poem for Tom by Ann Marie Foley

On this week of all weeks

When there are no answers.

Sentences in this lesson

Are just word after word

That cannot touch us

for now.

As the days grow

and darkness recedes

A new shoot

Spring singing bird

Will touch

And we will know once again

These words and their meaning

And live better

Truer.

Ann Marie Foley © 18/1/14