

VALEDICTION

(Norma West Linder)

Nursing the ancient ache
of human sorrow
I enter the garden
at twilight
But tulips are closed
against me
Red roses have disappeared
into the shadows
of doubt
Only the arms of the birch tree
reach out in luminous welcome
ghostly white arms
of the birch tree
reach to encircle me
Leaves whisper silver-toned secrets
Sorrow drifts off on the wind
Starlight brings sweet benediction
World without, whirled without end

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