

ALMOST

Philip Higson

Strange how that day, although long used by then
To flounder listless in defeat's abyss
Mocked by the flimsy ghost of former bliss,
We made for verdant paradise again.

Hope slowly dawned that we might leave behind,
Through speed and distance, every withering breath
Of venom that desired love's writhing death,
Each pang of anguish wreckers had refined.

The innocence of field and tree and mere
Gathered around us, brought our spirits ease,
And our maimed hearts renewed old harmonies
In a serene domain that bred no fear.

But even while past glories stirred our ken
We turned back, trembling, to the world of men.

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Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 3 No. 3 2006