

# 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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