

THE HIGHEST HOPE

Philip Higson

If when I cross the frontier you are there,
Lovely as always, and as great of soul,
With kindly powers at last resolved to spare
Our suffering passion, make the wounded whole;

If we can smile into each other's smiles
And find no pain or poison in our gaze,
All trace gone of the envier who defiles
Rare ardour until hearts and reasons craze:

If the long trial of ever-challenged bliss,
Battling to mend itself then smashed again
As frail arms fought relentless Nemesis,
May pass from thought and peace resume its reign;

If beyond time we hand in hand could fly,
"Ah, what a Heaven they have!" the Host would cry.

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