

Holy Well By Rachel Burns

Spring water seeps
through green-black
cochlear wet stone,
trickles down into dirt
the colour of dried blood.

Cellophaned flowers
are laid at the entrance.
I wonder if people
found hope
in their own special God.
Did he listen to their prayers?

My brother tells me
he keeps my grandmother's holy water
by his side like a talisman.

I remember holding
water to her dry lips
as she lay in her hospital bed.
She told me, she had lost her faith
that she feared death.
I held her hand.

The spring bubbles in the sun,
the rock shiny and wet. I touch it.
Maybe hope can be found in water,
something as simple
as an underground spring.