

Surprised by joy

By Helen Mosley

That morning, I slipped away early

from the memorial

greyed and heavy-hearted

stumbling across the cathedral ruins

seeking out light

In my car, I followed the road

heading away from the city

a blur of signs, waypoints and directions

until I came across a highway

draped with a verdant dress of flowers

unexpected with the sudden burst of colour

and was surprised by joy

a soothing balm to the soul

this endless summer meadow of wildflowers

verging the grey, tumbling, unrepentant

blossoming and blooming in the day,

Yellow, blues, rich lilac, buttercup, bluebells, foxgloves

Bird's Foot Trefoil, Knapweed blooms

Oxeye Daisies turning their face to the sun

(*Leucanthemum vulgare*) sunflowers and sage

Heartsease shining bright

accented with blazing flashes of copper,

oranges, reds and bronze

red campion, herb Robert and forget me not

Whites, creams and lime greens

cowslips and wild orchids slipped past

impossibly beautiful

and my heart breathes and rises
and at that moment I think of those unsung heroes
those who labour to plant and sow,
who spread joy and delight
with the city Meadows
bee rich and glorious,
those unknown souls
who have laid down this carpet of bright hopes
painting with bright colours,
tending and planting for our future
with this perennial gift for the city
and the scarlet red poppies woven through the green
stand honour guard throughout.