

The field of light

We built a wall of stars
around our field of light
to protect it from the darkness

which circles,
constant, hostile,
seething with hunger.

It nuzzles inside
the smallest gaps,
slipping through,

sliding inwards,
liquid, invasive,
infiltrating, like rumour.

We counter
with blazing beacons,
dazzling torches,

shooting beams
to send it shrinking back
wherever it appears.

We must always be ready,
for the darkness
will not stop threatening,

and so much depends
upon our delicate field
and its fragile seeds.

Martin Brown