

## **Instead**

let us be blessed by each spring day  
with vast unblemished blue above,  
near-distant drumming woodpeckers,  
loud and unrelenting yet unseen,  
with blossomed branches overhead  
full of singing bees where you could  
pause in all your thoughts and hold  
the sounds and colours of the moment,  
the deep aromas of the dew-laced grass  
and dampened earth, and make them  
yours forever, every freely given gift

let us make green our gold, hold every tree  
that shares this air with us in forest, park  
or garden, as a friend, all life that  
shares this breath, and let us  
recognise our end is firmly  
linked with theirs, all  
recirculating every  
starburst atom  
start to finish,  
birth to  
death

Denni Turp