

Word-way

Richard Grove

Man who
walks
alone, darksuited
even shabby
with stick and
book
under the many May trees
or soaked
in the rain
down the long road,
reading
in warm and cold
abruptly to
greet and
then to go
on your word-way
all all all
my years
steady as seasons
you carried
Word
in hand sifted and saved
Even my early God quickened and died and lived
in your dry steps
... Now only snow and snowdrops (and tears)
and cold
and yet
your
quiet white sky
fills me slowly
with your chosen
words

Kenelm.

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