

*Stumbling on a Poem by Edward Thomas in a Church in Steep, Hampshire*

Caught in glass, it was, the poem -  
silver-etched against the pale grey light  
of an afternoon in bare-branched winter.

I had to bow to see it,  
adjust my eyes to the shape and angle  
of each word,  
look sideways for the meaning  
where, light reflecting light,  
each curve, each line, each sharpened edge  
shone with the bright fragility and strength  
of new formed ice.

Some years ago I read his words,  
marvelled at their tense simplicity:  
*Like the touch of rain she was  
on a man's face and hair and eyes  
when the joy of walking thus  
has taken him by surprise.*

Twenty words, and in each one  
the sweet, exalted tenderness  
of melting hearts and meeting eyes  
and all the spinning glory  
that is love.

Now here, some other words of his -  
chiselled to transparency,  
glass cut with disciplined precision  
by another artist  
who formed his hand and eye and craft  
to the beauty of the poet's song,  
letting light, itself, invade, transform,  
refract the truth,  
reveal the landscape far beyond  
from which we come,  
bringing to birth in every one of us  
a way of looking  
that opens hearts and eyes  
to endless possibility.