

Terminal

By Robin Young

For Fiona and Maggie

What delight we have had
From your magnificent
Marguerites.

Their sinuous stems
Firmly resisted
Arrangement.

The best we could do was
An unruly tangle
Of freshness.

Such single-mindedness,
That stubborn disorder,
We admired.

At our kitchen window
Grey clouds grazed slowly
Behind them

But soon, like ours, their heads
Turned to peer through the window,
Seeking light.

Now, in the darkening storm,
The kitchen is filled with
Their lucent glow

So we bow to them
Yearning for more light
And some hope.