

Her loving kindness

In spite of illness she tended and reminded
The constant detail of a life together
Its small mishaps its larger truths,
And love which strangely flowers
That only death can try its patience
Can time reward such separation
Of indivisibility
There must be another variation.

As courtly angels round a manger
Whose humble task and simple help
Admonish all our passions
The hope "fair, kind and true"
Is now lived out in all its splendour,
And if these things no longer count
Among the stars his peerless eyes
Will let the whole creation die
To mindless numbers,
But we will change our place
To a universe as of old.