

'New Beginnings' by Gemma Cusack

A restive expectation unsettles the decay and old memories on cinder streets,  
As tentative feet find purchase on pavements temporarily abandoned,  
Forlorn winter still clinging to the edges of browned leaves in gutters,  
Along roads that once exhaled ash and smoke and drank the sun from the sky;  
A blackened veil draped heavily across the Goddess' face.

Silken mutterings rest in emergent foliage of the first daffodils,  
The air is light and responsive to the touch of sterile skin;  
Its breath exploring the topography of a face freed from bondage,  
Bumblebee mantra serenading the expectant bloom,  
The scent of Spring holding credence; the last lantern in a dark room.

Ghosts pass across sunken faces,  
Hung heavy with the decorations of a difficult year passed,  
But within the vestibules of tired eyes, the smell of Spring coaxes a smile,  
The caverns of pink flesh inhaling deep the perfume of a new era,  
The Goddess' song reflective in sanguine words dared spoken.

Aromatic confetti of snowdrop blossom serenades the dawn,  
Orchestral celebration of the robin heralds the sun,  
A new beginning pushes upwards from deep beneath the earth,  
And the wind rushes in across clover-wreathed cliffs,  
To greet the Goddess with an offering of salt.