

The first moment

"The first moment"

In the instant of first awareness
Just as the alarm-bells of the senses have roused
and mobilised the brain to start
all systems needed for life,
making this allotted time my day
and not just another arbitrary date in someone's calendar.

Then, before the eyelids have taken in
the blossoming morning
my skin already knows
that the sun is shining
rolling over the horizon of jagged woods
like someone rolling out of a water-bed.

Then, before the ears have heard any other human sound
than my own breathing
The heart already knew about the singing thrush
And that the blackbird was preening himself on the eaves.
Singing as if their first day out of school.

But now the fragile dawn has already
Been layered over with the noise of machines
And more bad news
as if the world today was coming to an end.
But in my mind remains
That first moment
Like the touch of a loved hand lingering in mine
Saying 'hello, and welcome home.'

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