

Good Friday

i.m. GB

A fine spring day, and the prospect of renewal:
gardeners' lore decrees I plant my seed potatoes.
That same afternoon he tells me he is dying.

We cross our fingers, those with religion pray, not
for my Sharpe's Express first earlies but that
there is grace in his escape from darkness into light.

Isn't that what we hope for – something better
than the eyes-closed suspense of grandma's footsteps,
death sneaking up to end the game.

And is it easier for believers – fingers steeped
for the promised re-emergence into that
pain-free glow of clear-skinned youth?

At the end of June, mindful of my friend, I will
harvest new potatoes, lift them into daylight,
firm-fleshed, white and shining.