

My 5km of Hope

By Seamus Kavanagh

Hedge parsley formed "A Guard of Honour"
On each side of the road,
As cocooning chains were loosened,
On my 5km of hope.
Each hedgerow was a pageant,
Of flowers I'd long forgot,
As I recalled the childhood story,
Of how God named the "forget-me-not"
Gorse, like golden jigsaw pieces,
Dotted a landscape serene,
While every field was smartly dressed,
In a coat of sparkling green.
Somewhere in the "Hollow"
I heard the cuckoo call,
And though summers chase each other,
It doesn't change at all.
From a leafy branch of a chestnut tree
Came music, pure, sublime
As a blackbird sang for all to hear,
A song as old as time.
I heard the sound of tractors,
And children at their play,
And realised how much I'd missed
The sounds of every day.
With a lighter heart I turned for home,
My spirits much relieved,
For now I knew there's always hope,
For those that still believe.