

It's April

Here at Gradbach,
the unseasonal snowflakes fall..
We're glad to play with words
and gather flecks of knowledge,
nestling close together
cradled by the chapel.

We're waiting for new spring-
for signals of new growth
as leaves begin to burgeon
and fresh hopes start to shoot
their daring emerald tendrils
deep inside our trembling hearts

The chapel holds our whispers

Sue Gaukroger