

For Peter

A little boy who plays in the garden and cries in the night,
Night's fearful images and a child cries. The Sound over backyard fences lingers.

In the thoughtless happiness of the morning sun
a curious little boy fills tulip blossoms full of sand
circumnavigating his backyard world
he studies a dozen desperately empty tulips beyond the fence.

But Jesus says, Suffer the children to come unto me,
Forbid them only to fill the neighbour's blossoms full of sand,
For of such are the gardens of heaven.

He rightly wonders what God could possibly want with empty tulips.

So many rules for a little boy to remember and forget.

Into the unknown, frightened. Into the known, forbidden.
Which is the greater affliction?

Nightmares dissolve and quiet recaptures the darkness.
Empty tulips are forgotten.

Affliction?
Habits overwhelm and command them.
A little boy perishes into manhood,
Frustrated and well behaved.

CMC

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