

Keep Dancing

Look at it this way,
a crystal bud vase presents
seven stems of bluebell,
each one arced and heavy-ended,
like the branches of a hand-crafted Blue Peter newspaper tree.
Its well of water long since vanished,
all that's really left is a fragrant purple bunting
of shredded paper fairy skirts,
swishing softly by the open window.
Swelling within each skirt is a pod the size of a dried pea,
though fleshy and tri-segmented, like
magical little green carriages
waiting to take tiny Cinderellas to the ball.
Now ask yourself, is there really no hope?