

Blessing for Molly

Jo Bell

Yes, there will be times when you will have to fight.
We cannot spare you that. But then, there might
be times when you can hardly breathe for laughing.
There might be frogs in ponds to wonder at, and bumblebees
and opportunities to disappear your toes in sinking sands.
Later on, there might be days when chestnut trees are still and fat
beside a river, or the motorway. There might be beer
in paper cups, and people throwing frisbees in the park.
You might come cold and tired from work, to find
that someone's run a bath. You might see hawthorn
in an English hedgerow; catch an urban dawn
or go to bed quite drunk, with arms around you;
might feed a private hedgehog by the door one night.
There might be snowfall, bonfires, dragonflies: a hug.
And yes, there will be rain but then, there might
be rainbows. We'll be with you. You will be alright.