



Red Poppies for Ruth

*[Red poppies have black centres
producing seed as small as grains of dust]*

Dust to dust; dust of seeds;
Dust to dust; seeds to earth.
A pinch of poppy dust
to sprinkle on the soil;
reluctantly released,
with watching, faithful faith.
Still clear in thought and heart -
not dark decaying seed -
red flowers of memory -
lost in the cold darkness;
beneath the rain of tears,
seeming decay and loss
of nature's agony.
To mark the place, a cross
of sticks - our sign of faith.
We wait, we watch, we hope,
we picture memories -
both cruel and tender views -

And so we loose our hold,
trusting for transition,
until green shoots appear -
first signs to stir our hope:
Then come bowed heads - dew-touched -
exposed to cruel winds -
shaped like a question mark
dividing faith from doubt -
till open to the sun,
beauty blood red with black
at heart - more seeds to come -
The glory will not cease.
This is God's way for life -
life sown in the dark earth
yields to his transition
in the environment
of faith and hope and love;
Green shoots - Creator changed -
to beauty beyond words;
as death and life entwine,
joy and sorrow combine,
in his resurrection.
Red poppies stain the world:
Rich blood red, they witness
To God's undying love;
Promise of transition:
Death to resurrection.