

CHILDREN AND MILKWEED

There is a time when April
follows April, beads of dew
form bubbles little clutches
of children in milkweed pods
held in a ring, a green band,
the safe circle of warm arms.

We can hear them play and sing
all the living hours away,
the young the immortal ones.

But in time their world expands,
our radius of simple care
loses its powers of constraint,
they pass to another season.

Milkweeds explode! explode!
Pods scatter their crystals of silk.

Where are you, my children
my children?

Paddy Webb