My Mother's Sleep Is Deep

My mother's sleep is deep as drifts of snow.
Snow-white the moon which plays with rays like fingers,
Smoothes and lingers on her white sheet. The slow
Touch and flow is magic, stirring earth from night
Towards day, from sleep to life. A tide sheering, soaking.
Currents below stroke, tug. Atoms disunite
In dark earth floating free; grains that sleep unseen
Conjoin. My mother's bones are green blades rising
With the light. They will be snowdrops soon, snow-green

by Margaret Wilmot

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