A World Concealed

William Green

There is a hidden, secret place
That seldom is revealed,
A place where beauty, known to few,
Lies patiently concealed,

Where soft rainbows of earthy hues
Cast revealing light
On histories of mice and men,
The tracks of former life,

A complex, yet a simple place
Where silent songs are sung
Of ashes, ashes, dust to dust,
And life not yet begun.

Here cold and grey and lifeless rock
Has become fertile ground.
Where once were stones of fiery birth,
A garden now is found.

Where earth meets sky and moist meets dry,
There life caresses earth.
The conjugation of the two
To living soil gives birth.

Here the Master’s hand still paints
A work that stands alone.
His brush is water, warmth and life,
His canvas, lifeless stone.

It’s here the seed lies down to sleep
To wake, a mighty oak.
In this the farmer lays his plow
And sows his seed in hope.

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