

The colour of the shadow
Is the death of all the green
There's ever been.

But what is green to you and I
And what are we to green?

The shadow lives.

We built it in our garden
And watered it with blood
Until it grew
Surprisingly
And one day burst in majesty
Before our eyes
Upon our television screens.

We love it still.

It grows within our bowels.
And in our hearts and minds.
Loves and cherishes
And has and holds.
Is with us always.

The green was nice.

But who are we to sit and grieve
For something history
Has rendered obsolete?

Who indeed?

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