

## XV Easter Dawn by Malcolm Guite

He blesses every love which weeps and grieves  
And now he blesses hers who stood and wept  
And would not be consoled, or leave her love's  
Last touching place, but watched as low light crept  
Up from the east. A sound behind her stirs  
A scatter of bright birdsong through the air.  
She turns, but cannot focus through her tears,  
Or recognise the Gardener standing there.  
She hardly hears his gentle question 'Why,  
Why are you weeping?', or sees the play of light  
That brightens as she chokes out her reply  
'They took my love away, my day is night'  
And then she hears her name, she hears Love say  
The Word that turns her night, and ours, to Day.

