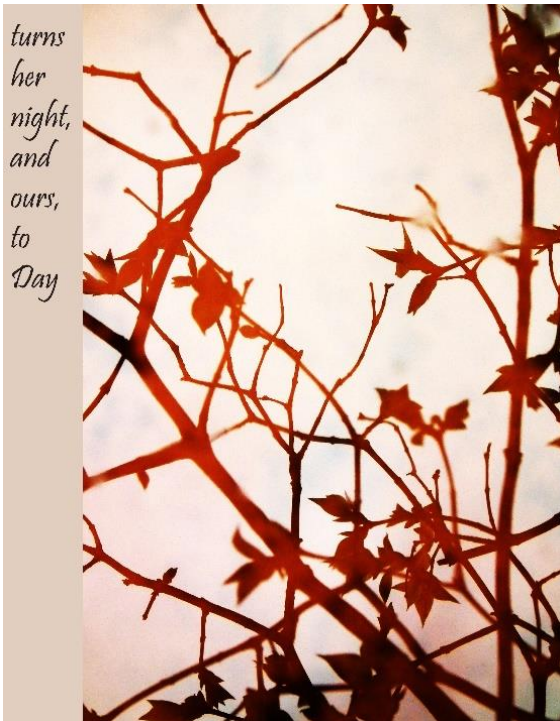


XV Easter Dawn - Malcolm Guite

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.