

# Bluebells – July 2014

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Catherine Heath

**July 2014**

No matter how hard we keep trying,  
Embroiled in this dance we call life,  
The fine line between living and dying  
Is crossed by the sweep of a knife.  
The sound of your voice, and the laughter,  
Treasured memories glow bright in the dusk,  
A struggle to hear, then much harder,  
Fade slowly - then death comes for us.

We know that we won't live forever,  
'You're away with the fairies,' they'd say,  
But we hide all our fears in the heather,  
And hope death is a long way away.  
Two worlds that used to be cleaved  
Are finally stitched into one  
With threads that are skilfully weaved--  
At last, though delayed, it has come.  
It seems the capricious weather  
Has been blown away with the years,  
And the days that we spent together  
Have suddenly ceased to be here.

In the aftermath of drama  
Vignettes still play upon the stage,  
The casts of ageing actors clamour  
For applause, to earn a wage.  
No sound greets the faded glamour--  
The funeral called them all to grieve.  
No audience fills the seats to listen  
To the rustles from the eaves--

Though wisps of lingering hope still glisten

In winter's fallen pale brown leaves.

Lilacs whisper over yonder;

The bluebells sway in silent woods--

Waiting for the waifs who wander--

Sentries on the shaded path are stood.

**Credit:** Photo by [James Qualtrough](#) on Unsplash

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