

Epithalamium  
(A poem for a bride)

This is your new garden,  
a whole wide world of it,  
so green and songbird fresh,  
All yours  
to map and fill with luminous  
Constellations of fruit and berry blossoms

This is your new garden, tend it as if  
All the young shoots that promise  
A succulent harvest of root and ear  
Will be young and tender for all time

This is your garden, there will always be  
Much hoeing and raking, the clearing  
Of weeds and sowing of seeds will ask  
Patience, attention, forgiving laughter

This is the garden you want to live in, it's not  
All sunshine – there's moonshine too, all earth  
needs storms, but when dark clouds peel back,  
See your garden bloom into a universe of stars

*Aonghas MacNeacail*