

LIFE SO PRECIOUS

She is lying at the edge of the road.
Fur white and black, body cold.
Little more than a kitten,
Ten months old.
Long legged and lively she was.
She knew no fear.
Which is why she lies here
With a trace of blood on her face.
She was born in a box in the corner.
And we watched, wondering
At the everyday miracle –
New life beginning.
Joyous and comic she was.
Leaping and playing, she knew no pain.
Now she lies still, in spring rain.

She is lying at the edge of the road.
Blouse white, black skirt and jumper.
Part child, part woman.
Thirteen years old.
Long legged and lovely she is.
Happy and trusting, she knows no sin.
Yet she lies, closed eyes,
Not knowing the danger she's in.

She is placed in intensive care
And we watch, wondering,
Wanting a miracle,
Young life continuing.
Quietly competent staff
Reassure with their care and devotion.
She lies, cold and still.
No life, no emotion.

Morning dawns, slowly and quietly.
Grass glimmers in frosty, fading moonlight.
The sky, remote and beautiful.
I gaze into its far, star-studded depths
Held by a moment I will not forget.
Then suddenly from far away, (or is it deep within)
I know she will not go.
Deep gratitude and hope within me rise
As turning back I see the flutter of her eyes!