



Song of the stones

We linger, as the rays turn into rain,
the cooling shade within the verdant space
is the only constant; we walk in grace
between uneven stones, the past remains
just out of reach, inscribed as messages,
poems of love and loss, that history
of a transient, growing London; glory
in all its majesty; the passages
are like walking through time; we stop to read,
to decode the meaning of family,
buried in the bower; yearning to see
each personal cipher; a secret code
to show respect, deference and longing,
as we tarry we feel a bond forming.