

## Thyme

Where the stream is a path  
up the sandstone boulders  
and the path is a stream,  
there are shell-pink buds  
of dog rose, sowbread, cranesbill,  
one lone orchid, mysterious  
blue flowers I can't name,  
and wild thyme.

'Look!' I call to the dogs  
as they rear and plunge  
through drenching grasses,  
'I've found us thyme!'  
But they do not heed me, knowing  
full well they have time in abundance,  
full well they'll be granted to live again  
twitching tonight in their dreams  
this beautiful afternoon.