

The Strangest Gift

Sister Mary Teresa gave me a wasp's nest from the convent garden -
 Just the startings, the first leaves, a cocoon of whisperings -
 Made out of thousands of buzzings.
 To think that these yellow-black thugs
 Could make such finery, such parchment,
 A whole home telling the story of their days,
 Written and wrought so perfect,
 Stung me, remembering how I'd thumped them
 With thick books, reduced them to squashes on walls,
 Nothing more than broken bits on carpets.
 This little bowl, this bit of beginning
 Rooted out by the gardener, reminds me
 Of something bigger I keep choosing to forget,
 About what beauty is, and where that beauty's found.

Catching the Light

Sometimes it's about running to stand
 In sunlight splayed through the forest;
 To drink upwards the light, pure
 Until you are filled. But you know as well as I do
 There are days it is dark always;
 You wander hopeless through storms of branches, lost,
 Weary for rest. Yet this is faith -
 Not burying the little light that is left
 Inside, but firing the heart onwards
 To the morning that lies hidden
 Under the whole of the hills.

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