

This season of fire

Easter means resurrection,
a fulfilment of the prophetic.
Renewed hope in what is possible,
an end to forty days of wilderness.

What prophecy might we fulfil this Sunday?
We all seek our own metaphorical tombs,
hoping to find them empty. A sign that
we've begun to forgive ourselves.

But we have become a detached world -
distancing ourselves from each other.
We've lost our way to unearthing a
common tomb to unite us, whatever our faiths.

Eastre was a Teutonic goddess of fertility,
Ostara the Norse season of a growing sun.
Whatever we call this season now, it's time
to light a radiant new bonfire.

Flames we light to raze any remnants
of wintertime from the North, or bring
warmth to a slowly wintering South.
Who will light that unifying blaze?

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