

**Bourne**  
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creative writing  
workshops

## A Green Thought

by Steve Brown

Within the green shade of the garden,  
the hanging sun is your personal lamp.  
Everything has been arranged:

the thrush drips out its liquid song;  
apples plump to earth;  
the fox-gloves wave their baby-dragon teeth.

From far distance, a train idly whistles,  
calling out all the lost horizons;  
smoke whispers above another  
timber warehouse fire.

The house, blank-eyed  
and eyebrows raised,  
is contemplating your futures.  
Inside, the rain falls silently.