

On Stopping the Anti-Depressants

A rare plant has flowered
after fifteen years. I thought
I was dead or, at least,
infertile but look!
I'm blossoming tears

in a fountain of fuschia blooms,
known in Irish as *deora dé*, God's
tears. While I cry, I *am* him. So, come
closer

and drink while you may, before they
turn brittle again and shatter like glass,
scattered around to protect me.

Gwyneth Lewis