

OUR GARDENER

in memoriam Frans Deruyter

That's how quickly it happens.
One minute you're climbing in a tree
Saw in hand, halfway to heaven.
The next you're in eternity.

You leave us looking up at you:
A dancing sun among the branches,
A schoolboy tossing naughty smiles
Like apples down to us below.

In the far gardens to which you go
Ladders are safe and made of gold.
Hearts never fail, or miss a beat
And nobody at all grows old.

Marcus Cumberlege
February 2008.