

7-24 September 2011

## **Garden Consecration**

Izzy Roberts-Orr

I  
Burrowed down deep,  
Safely nestled in grey,  
You were almost camouflaged.

No wind to ruffle your fur,  
No rain to wet your nose  
Or sun to warm you.

It is peaceful and plain,  
A simple home;  
Sparse stretch but yours alone.

The feline racket broke  
The muffled solitude  
Of your sealed sanctuary.

I found you curled up,  
As if sleeping  
Under the couch.

## II

They wanted so badly to hold him,  
To keep him and cradle, enfold him,  
And marvel at preserved perfection.

No longer too fragile to hold  
Or lob across a room,  
Hardened, smooth and placidly caged.

Immortalised and encased in a bubble  
The last breath kept forever,  
I can almost see him breathing,  
Still.

## III

The afterlife is not often characterised as half-life,  
Although the sweetness of its bloom  
Is hard to grasp when you are cocooned.  
The elevation to this state is palpable,  
Not only because your new habitat  
Is lush, green and alive  
But also because you float above it,  
As if suspended in chlorophyll contemplation.  
The shock of the new is nothing,  
Once you accustom yourself to the idea  
That this is how much better life gets,  
When someone is prepared to tend to it.  
Eden has nothing on this verdant box,  
At least from where you are sitting;  
As centrepiece, as icon,  
A crumb of life canonised;  
Still half alive.