

St Brigid's Day Trelawney

Bride, Bride, Come in; thy bed is ready
With a rush and a pushchair, *Brídeóg*
born forth by wrenboys, strawboys, bunting and
belief. They pray for health, walk sunwise round
the well; to deity or demagogue - split
milk for Imbolc. A day for divination.
You have found home, bridged the long division
where the heart-nut cracked, where the hearth-fire burns,
the warmth returns with this libation.

Get you to your arrival, my long lost
days begin. Too soon to spring, to sweep webs
and leave our union. This bed of snow-
drops, of maid's blood, hides the root-rot beneath borders.
For Bride's bloom may yet meet Beira's frost.
The darkest night's not over.