

## R. S. Thomas "Comparisons"

To all light things

I compared her; to

a snowflake, a feather.

I remember she rested

at the dance on my

arm, as a bird

on its nest lest

the eggs break, lest

she lean too heavily

on our love. Snow

melts, feathers

are blown away;

I have let

her ashes down

in me like an anchor.

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