

## Orchard In Frost

Who is this  
who comes barefoot  
over the shining  
grass over  
the clover and grass  
each shining stem  
and leaf is white  
with frost it is  
morning is it  
the first morning  
who comes walking  
barefoot on the grass  
that bends and bends  
under his feet  
this is the rhythm  
of prayer this  
is how we always  
knew it would be  
bare feet in the bare  
orchard  
feet in the ginnels  
of the grass  
is this how  
it must be walking  
through the frost  
under the bare trees

*Fiona Sampson*