

## DAVID HOPES

### *A Legend*

Near Canterbury, bombs hurled up seeds  
sifted under twenty reigns ago.  
That spring the townsmen  
saw them, white, purple,  
a small thing delicately found  
when the losses stopped.

Two saints in glass weathered  
that night too, as they had others,  
stormed and starry. They seemed themselves  
some glazier's fancy  
until that April crept down  
craters, touching, giving all

what Anselm, what lady Julian grew  
in deeps of springs  
behind their eyes always.  
Their people saw by light of fires  
in those vivid hands,  
this flower.

A soldier sent the news home.  
Whether she who received it knew  
too much by the years, or nothing,  
she knew what came up  
from the white blast snow white,  
blood purple at the heart.