

On Stopping the Anti-Depressants

A rare plant
has flowered
after fifteen years.
I thought I was dead
or, at least, infertile but look!
I'm blossoming tears

in a fountain of fuschia
blooms, known in Irish
as *deora dé*, God's tears. While I cry, I
am him. So, come closer

and drink while you may, before
they turn brittle again and shatter
like glass, scattered around to protect me.

Gwyneth Lewis