

## Fern Hill Revisited

*Jonathon Penny*

Time held me green and dying, though I sang,  
And spun me off the whinnied fields and out of praise  
In his big harvest hands 'til horse and hen and place  
Were only memory, then myth, then vacant space  
Implacable as Time's own clockwork face.  
And my worn trap-spring sprang,

And I, Time's time-mocked minion,  
Found Death had no dominion after all,  
And all was Eden, more than Eden—  
A Heaven pastoral, as earthy as that dell,  
As chatty as those ricks, borne as the very farm  
Grown green and golden about Fern Hill.