

# The Lion and the Lamb

by Allison Thorpe

The wind has blown down a small fir tree on the Rock that terminates John's path—I suppose the wind of Wednesday night.

—Dorothy Wordsworth, *The Grasmere Journals*

The old house has finally fallen.  
I knew it was coming.

The windows were first to go,  
random targets of nomadic boys.

The door went next, taken possibly  
by someone who needed a door, or firewood.

Then the roof, caving sharply like  
some giant foot had stomped in anger.

Now, today, after raw winds and rain,  
it lies, a shriveled mound of jagged lumber,

splinter and nail concoction  
amidst the first breath of spring,

eerie March contrast  
to the joyous yard, a blaze

of divine yellow and white,  
daffodils, jonquils, forsythia,

crocus purpling the new-sprung grass,  
the blooms a colorful hallelujah

for what has gone, for those  
who lovingly gave them birth.