

Planted in neat, straight lines,
designed to keep divinity in
or the world at bay?
they are thick & intricately tangled,
exquisitely manicured
by God's officials
who have had long training
in the finer arts of hedging.

Snipping this way & that,
they mould the bushy green growth
Into ever more ingenious designs;
Flying fish, glamorous dragons,
Motherly pelicans, tender lions,
Meek lambs & impressive eagles.
So engrossed are they
In their tending of theological topiary,
They fail to notice
God popping on her walking gear
& slipping out the back garden gate,
Heading for the hills,
Gently whispering.

[Ecclesiastical hedges ; Nicola Slee]