

## Floral Tribute

Evening will come, however determined the late afternoon,  
Limes and oaks in their last green flush, pearled in September mist.  
I have conjured a lily to light these hours, a token of thanks,  
Zones and auras of soft glare framing the brilliant globes.  
A promise made and kept for life - that was your gift -  
Because of which, here is a gift in return, glovewort to some,  
Each shining bonnet guarded by stern lance-like leaves.  
The country loaded its whole self into your slender hands,  
Hands that can rest, now, relieved of a century's weight.

Evening has come. Rain on the black lochs and dark Munros.  
Lily of the Valley, a namesake almost, a favourite flower  
Interlaced with your famous bouquets, the restrained  
Zeal and forceful grace of its lanterns, each inflorescence  
A silent bell disguising a singular voice. A blurred new day  
Breaks uncrowned on remote peaks and public parks, and  
Everything turns on these luminous petals and deep roots,  
This lily that thrives between spire and tree, whose brightness  
Holds and glows beyond the life and border of its bloom.

Poet Laureate Simon Armitage marks the death of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II with a new poem.

13 September 2022