

## The Coming

And God held in his hand  
A small globe. Look, he said.  
The son looked. Far off,  
As through water, he saw  
A scorched land of fierce  
Colour. The light burned  
There; crusted buildings  
Cast their shadows; a bright  
Serpent, a river  
Uncoiled itself, radiant  
With slime.

On a bare  
Hill a bare tree saddened  
The sky. Many people  
Held out their thin arms  
To it, as though waiting  
For a vanished April  
To return to its crossed  
Boughs. The son watched  
Them. Let me go there, he said.<sup>1</sup>

## Coming

To be crucified  
Again? To be made friends  
With for his jeans and beard?  
Gods are not put to death

any more. Their lot now  
is with the ignored.  
I think he still comes  
stealthily as of old.

invisible as a mutation,  
an echo of what the light  
said, when nobody  
attended: an impression

of eyes, quicker than  
to be caught looking, but taken  
on trust like flowers in the  
dark country towards which we go.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> R.S. Thomas, *The Coming* in *R.S. Thomas Collected Poems 1945-1990*, (London: Phoenix Press, 1995), 234.

<sup>2</sup> R.S. Thomas, *Coming* in *R.S. Thomas Collected Poems 1945-1990*, (London: Phoenix Press, 1995), 480.