

## **From cut flowers**

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**HARRIET TARLO**

**FROM CUT FLOWERS**

cut flowers why would they when  
it came to                    it lasting longer  
long days                    before dawn sees  
a fair light                    crows & robins upright  
on the wall                    look out, learn to travel in  
deep time                    blood fish & bone, find new  
ventures                    prepare, parse, prey for  
vegetables

offering a night's accommodation  
only one        understanding, staying  
there        while dog eats breakfast  
neurotic        we may not enjoy this  
maybe        checking all the time  
still here        really we made her  
she ate it        apparently  
empty

I thought it was on the cover, on cover  
shredding quilt          imprisoned access  
to silk, to skin          not an amazing machine  
give yourself          a little lift, lovely  
listening to          nothing, not radio  
waves          listening to loud  
in the night          thudding doors  
wild

waiting for the percentage to cut out  
access to screen stage  
writing in wood frame  
hostile hacking against  
running a temperature , then  
out night-gathering  
nuts & fruits, moulden  
berries

lowly land, we lost years of it (in this country)  
when all came            sliding, side-fall in all of  
all quiet-side            before spring dives  
too early                 draws out dawn  
grows colder             enlightens earlier  
everyday                 too late for address  
redress                    some kind of  
season

slept at all the wrong tones, tines  
slower than warmer, the train  
four-square seats facing, make  
light of legs look - between people - look  
tessellation oblong out at weather  
*who actually comes around*  
*any more* stuck for single  
words