

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