

Nosegay

*Peter J. King*

there is, between,  
a freezing of the eyes -  
nevertheless they  
bloom, petals rather  
(say) angular, somewhat  
(well) brittle;  
you've touched them.

\*

nothing strains, nothing  
screams to take root,  
live on sunlight and  
dead worms. nothing  
even tries, even thinks  
of attempted (of  
peril) or succeeds  
priest-like...  
incense of night-blossoms.

\*

gloves, bells, rods,  
cups; contraptions,  
wind-moved, silent and  
the sky racing,  
rolling over here a  
yellow there a blue one.  
just stroke this down -  
now try these dock-leaves.  
it's a different world.

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