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## Two poems: 'In her sunporch' and 'Her garden, my lure'

Hurley, UK

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## **in her sun porch**

palm upturned  
tap the flaming flare  
petal                      skirt  
a living cylinder  
xylem and phloem  
veins and cells and  
mitochondria conspire  
to yield not one  
drop  
purely folded  
empty handed  
endured  
nectar sweetened  
space and lack

hallucinogen  
brugmansia sanguinea  
angel('s trumpet  
flesh filled potential  
scentless  
static (breeze-glazed)  
behind cracked glass  
salt-pricked  
roots reaching through  
dust  
the dander of decades  
bound by stone borders  
in bone china corsets:  
so neatly bandaged

**her garden my lure**

absences hole  
her your intent

green metal curves  
grey stone hulks  
incidental  
within

your  
own burgeoning  
gaps

look through  
suffer vertigo depth  
intoxication  
sweet tangling in hedged  
corners

bitter salt winds rime  
leathered leaves

scent musk-sodden

nostrils sting flare  
wide delighted

cold cannot speak  
fingers ram  
pockets. Neoprene hems

discomfort too  
to touch

high still space  
lofty presence  
preternaturally thickened  
eddying dance  
strength gnarled limbs:  
fire not extinguished

wet stone and salt-sheared grass  
beyond the boundary gate

rain  
did not fall

filled with potential  
desire  
such torque gains traction  
in structures' sustenance