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

Hurley, UK

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Authors</td>
<td>Hurley, UK</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Type</td>
<td>Book Section</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>URL</td>
<td>This version is available at: <a href="http://usir.salford.ac.uk/18427/">http://usir.salford.ac.uk/18427/</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Published Date</td>
<td>2010</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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in her sun porch

palm upturned  hallucinogen

tap the flaming flare  brugmansia sanguinea

petal  angel(\:')s trumpet

skirt  flesh filled potential

a living cylinder  scentless

xylem and phloem  static (breeze-glazed)

veins and cells and  behind cracked glass

mitochondria conspire  salt-pricked

to yield not one  roots reaching through

drop  dust

purely folded  the dander of decades

empty handed  bound by stone borders

endured  in bone china corsets:

nectar sweetened  so neatly bandaged

space and lack
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
preternaturlly 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

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