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

Hurley, UK

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Type</strong></td>
<td>Book Section</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Published Date</strong></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
a living cylinder
flesh filled potential
xylem and phloem
scentless
veins and cells and
static (breeze-glazed)
mitochondria conspire
behind cracked glass
to yield not one
salt-pricked
drop
roots reaching through
purely folded
dust
empty handed
the dander of decades
endured
bound by stone borders
nectar sweetened
in bone china corsets:
space and lack
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