

THE ROSE HEDGE

I've never bought a weeding fork
Nor a spade or shovel,
Not even a rake on a cinnamon-scented day.
No. I've never invested in them
There's never been any need.
For the weeds in my grass,
The clovers and yellow lions and white fairy tutus;
I see them at dawn, tinted all blue, from withered morning
And again each evening,
When it's too cold to look very long.

I've never plucked one to admire their hollow stems,
For the weeds in the grass, have a space in my heart.

I've never clipped the roses out front,
Or the
Their petals fell and the wind
But I never spared them a thought
Their thorns and pollen would sting my skin.
But the weeds
They sing something softly,
whispering to those persisting in the bricks,
A hushed encouragement on the breeze.

The roses have grown wild, bruising their own stems,
The lilies lying limp and the tree marked with oil,
But the weeds in my grass.
The
Are reaching longingly for the house;
cardboard boxes, all labelled and neat.
I hope they are at a home,
Filled with weeds.