

Spring's End

My flesh unfolds no more
Once the huge luxury of eggs
I harboured were like

thousands of clematis buds
flawless
chaste pincers
pink and white pledges
that draped languid
along the garden fence
in spring and

wavered on crinkly edges
in summer

They are spent petals now
grey skin melting
into the garden walk

The plant dismembered

Once
a silent hand unhinged and
opened wide my hips
The seed flowered into

perfect bloom
once
briefly

Margo Button