

Selling Geraniums

Saturday's unique melancholy
Is the dead weight of rain
As we hoist tarpaulin.
It holds. The tubular poles
Have slithered and clanked
To an upright stiffness,
And sheltered under this
We shall sell geraniums.

At least what we offer
Is a concentration of light,
A dream of window-boxes
To take home from market
For tomorrow. Illusion
Clings to its stem, is bedded
In earth like this, eloquent
And profuse. It holds.

TLS JULY 19 2013

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