

I'd rather you read my stories, but here are four short poems, that I think
I've constructed well

harmony

harmony is carpentry, the way sounds fit
like joints, where protrusions sit, held
in a perfect gap, so the pieces meld, as two
people as different as me and you, a dove
tailed chord, as close as love permits.

(in Greek, the word for harmony "αρμονια" originally meant carpentry/joinery .)

For Irene, April 98

In mother compost's kitchen
Garden, fresh-picked vegetables lie
On fresh formica surfaces till
The dunged and mouldy leaves are
Washed, peeled, cut away to leave
Sharp coloured flesh for cooking while
Outer leaves and roots are dropped
To turn from green to
Mould-threaded grey to
Brown to life-rich black.

**you
with whom
boom**

the play of light
through a new window
on things you thought you knew