

Rosamund Stanhope, *So I Looked
Down to Camelot.* Flood Editions.

The Greenhouse

Seeing December's filicale,
Her nervous woods,
In the red sound of the soil
I plot my trowel,
Looking for round green words.

Plants creep and spire,
Leaves coil and trace
Their potted artifice.
In the red sound of the air
The heart's forced temperature
Heats the induced flower.

Far from the glass house
Constrained and aphyllous
The leaves have shot their songs
With brown and withered tongues.

And here I plot my trowel
Fearing no less
Such orchid skill,
Such anode emptiness.

So I Looked Down to Camelot

So I looked down to Camelot,
Watching all Tuesday up and down the fog.
The strip-mill thumped, the blind man with his dog
Stared February out,
And Jim in his new coat
Whistled his marriage vow.

I heard the hooter blow.
A hearse with wreaths and relatives
And tears and gloves
Went by,
The 'busman and the neighbour's boy,
The fitter on a job.

I tore the page!
The mirror cracked from edge to edge,
I saw the new sky grow
And reached the kerb

And built my boat
And laughed my name, and died.

And quick as life they ran,
The neighbour's boy, the dustbin man
And Jim in his new coat.

The Loud-Leaved Trees

The loud-leaved trees

Having a shape and summer face

Can dogmatise

In virid images.

Using this green prerogative

Of metaphor and may

They have their integrated say

Serrate as elm, entire as love.

But when the whisper of the year,

That paper colloquy,

Poses the fall July

Can hear,

Logic interrogates the bough,

Concept invades the scar,

Abstraction shakes the sycamore

And, colourless as snow,

Winter philosophies concede

What in the thought-shaped twigs the spider mends,
Fragile as filicale and spare as need—

A lace intelligence.