

Porch

by jane *Monday, Nov 25 2019, 8:03am*

international / poetry / post

faded tiles adorn the
unsettled ground outside
the studio
which has become too familiar
like a stale lover devoid of that
life that pushes a tile from its cement mooring
until it becomes discernable

weeks pass, it takes a spiral shape that is
strangely familiar, it's a fern tree
unfurling itself like a frozen green-brown
galaxy tho its spin is too slow for the eye
to see

as such it appears dead like the bronze
lions that guard the gateway to the high
court

they do not roar, cast in their liquid death throes
to solidify mute and oxidise green but not
the sparkling green of a fern, a profoundly mute
dead green, as man is unable to breathe life
into his creations
yet my tiny fern has broken thru the paved
faded tiles into the air, sun, sky and rain

a neighbour remarks, watch that fern before
it destroys your tiled porch,
I am watching it, I reply,
the neighbour satisfied that I will remove it
and replace the tile

months pass and my fern is a small tree
enjoying its life lifting more tiles effortlessly,
its strength derived from its deliberate
imperceptible rate of growth

my neighbour catches me exiting the
studio and glances at the fern with a
contemptuous scowl

u needn't worry, I remark,

I am watching it smiling

Inverse Times Open Publishing. <http://inversetimes.lingama.net/news/story-915.html>