

# THE ROSE HEDGE

I've never bought a weeding fork  
Nor a spade or shovel,  
Not even a rake on a cinnamon-scented day.  
No. I've never invested in them  
There's never been any need,  
For the weeds in my grass;  
The clovers and yellow lions and white fairy tutus;  
I see them at dawn, tinted all blue, from withered morning dew,  
And again each evening,  
When it's too cold to look very long.

I've never plucked one to admire their hollow stems,  
For the weeds in the grass, have a space in my heart.

I've never clipped the roses out front,  
Or the lilies in the pot, or the tree by the powerline,  
Their petals fell and the wires sparked,  
But I never spared them a thought.  
Their thorns and pollen would sting my skin.  
But the weeds in my grass;  
They sing something softly,  
Whispering to those persisting in the bricks,  
A hushed encouragement on the breeze.

The roses have grown wild, bruising their own stems,  
The lilies lying limp and the tree marked with an 'x',  
But the weeds in my grass.  
The weeds in the grass,  
Are reaching longingly for the house;  
cardboard boxes, all labelled and neat.  
I hope they arrive at a home,  
Filled with weeds.