HARRIET TARLO

FROM CUT FLOWERS
cut flowers why would they when
it came to   it lasting longer
long days   before dawn sees
a fair light  crows & robins upright
on the wall   look out, learn to travel in
deep time   blood fish & bone, find new
ventures   prepare, parse, prey for
vegetables
offering a night's accommodation
only one understanding, staying
there while dog eats breakfast
neurotic we may not enjoy this
maybe checking all the time
still here really we made her
she ate it apparently
empty
I thought it was on the cover, on cover
shredding quilt  imprisoned access
to silk, to skin  not an amazing machine
give yourself  a little lift, lovely
listening to  nothing, not radio
waves  listening to loud
in the night  thudding doors
wild
waiting for the percentage to cut out
access to screen stage
writing in wood frame
hostile hacking against
running a temperature, then
out night-gathering
nuts & fruits, moulden
berries
lowly land, we lost years of it (in this country)
when all came sliding, side-fall in all of
all quietside before spring dives
too early draws out dawn
grows colder enlightens earlier
everyday too late for address
redress some kind of
season
slept at all the wrong tones, tines
slower than warmer, the train
four-square seats facing, make
light of legs look - between people - look
tessellation oblong out at weather
\textit{who actually} comes around
\textit{any more} stuck for single
words