

Flower in the Wind, a poem
Toby Üpson

Thinking about blossom
Fire
Filtered through
Bus windows
And
About dainty pigeon feet
Cherry feet
Scrabbling on dabbled
Walkways
Grounded
These dancing feet flutter
Escape
Into soft sugared skies
Ascending
No-wheres in particular
Just
Still
*
Trudging along
Between blocks and lights
And
Little people scurrying
Bags filled with somethings
Little people on precise paths
Somewheres
No-wheres in particular
Still
*
See
New pages filled
With chequered mind wanderings
Bubbled
Graphite
Rough
Sketched
Ground
*
Evening ground
As sky
As thumbprint pulses
Light
Like
Dreamy fig flesh
Light
Like
Dabbled
Touching clouds,
Held all juice and dewy
Sky pink
Light
Like
Linen on skin
All sunset
Eyes
Honeysuckle wafts
So sweet
So bare, so more
All rubbed
Ground
*
Still
All a blaze through liquid
pains
Glassed sweat
Refracting light into its
particulate colours
Red blue to
Violet through
Indigo
All tingles of sweet perfume
Fig flesh
Seeds in flesh
Juicy
Red blue
Violet and indigo
Pink
All pink
*
It is strange how
Sugar pains
Bare lines
Light up my mind
Raw
Not as fire
But as and in soft lulls
Like soundless petal falls
All pink noise
Fleshy
Fine grained
Escapes
As
Sun-sky clouds blossom
Bloom
All soundless