

Green-fingers

Rowan Bradshaw

In quiet longing, I yearn to delve
beneath my flesh, unearth the bones.
Pure, gleaming ivory ribs unbound
like cigars in a row, unwound

sharp needling, a rib from whence we came,
from which we all will come –

a remedy to folly, autonomy and defiance
if his rib held wisdom, beauty and compliance –
What of mine?
If unhindered by my soul's reliance?

My twenty-four silent scouts stand
protecting lungs a pulsing,
and heart convulsing.
How silly, to defy them with this restless chase
of fleeting euphoria, in a frantic race

so should I reach beneath my skin,
nestling in terracotta, a new tale
hidden between cactus and kale.

What blooms of beauty would arise?
If untainted, free from inner cries
undefined by my moans, groans and sighs.