

Fig Tree

After the full flush of the season the ease of warm air
fattened the fruit; the reason wasps staggered,
lost their flair as I picked green figs for you.
The sun rested easy and the jam-kettle
rattled on the hob, distilled dog-days spitting their darts;
dangerous stirring was always my job.

Now we've started our last jar.

They cut off your jeans, your best pair,
remarking how light you are,
cocooned on the stretcher.
Sodium lamps paint the street dark.
Cold-sweat air clings and doors close;
blue lights strobe the silence as you go.

Still in my dressing gown, I gather up
the remnants.

Early dawn. Skeletal fingers reach into the drizzle.
On each tip a pale sharp bud, a fig in embryo,
fragile, vulnerable, needing sun.
They stretch skyward, searching, as if they know.

Holding on, just holding on.