

M.T.C. Cronin

## how does your garden grow?

For ten days in a row  
I have written love poems  
and not one contains,  
let alone the universe,  
itself ...  
through the smallest  
of imperfections,  
which may as well  
be the size of grief,  
the heart falls out —  
the sort of thing  
which could be mistaken  
for something from the butcher  
if it was in a plastic bag

Ten days ago  
I filled a pot with flowers —  
three were the same colour  
as your eyes, one  
had the smell  
of a crushed petal, all  
have died in a quite  
expected way  
and like the vase  
my love poem  
has a green ring around  
its interior where life bled  
through the transparency  
of what was given

In ten days time  
I will have written nothing  
only blue  
flower  
eyes

crushed  
butchered  
heart  
grief  
mistake  
love  
died and a poem  
swallowing everything  
like a black hole