

THOMAS SHAPCOTT

A TWIG OF LEPTOSPERMUM

1.

Such thick-yellow leaves – and not even leaves but tiny spurs, bantamcock spurs from the brittle thrust of the full shrub.

Green is not given, it is a conquest.

Spurs strut out of the shrub like a conquest.

There will be a time of flowering.

No: only this young growth, the cockerels of foliage are anonymous, they are youth scented, almost too sweet. From a distance they are smooth as down. The bush itself does not willingly yield if you try to pass through.

2.

Thigh-yellow leaves. I did not think of leaves in such grandiose terms. Me? They keep asking. You? You? Yes, your own thighs.

3.

If you don't believe the ti-tree listen to us (yes, us) then stop right now it is no use. No use believing in yellow gamuts, no use the tang of – what was that tang anyway? Forget it. Forget what we were saying. Or was it only me thinking it, willing it upon you as well?

4.

Green is not green, it is a conquest.

The bush itself does not yield.

You pass through

you are not thinking, you are feeling the cockerel-spike leaves as you try to pass through. Yes, you pass.