

III

My garden's growing back

this 1st of March.

Weather's changing.

Today, two dew drops hang

like fangs, dangling from roses

round my rented door, sliding in

to frame – sharp prick coming –

The Royal Hallamshire and Weston Cancer Care.

But slowly, glinting inside, shrinking under

a new month's white crocus sun,

those odd globules swim,

turn round into water.

Like a yellow Spring rose,

mouth comfortably closed,

petals folded,

I'm taking my time.