

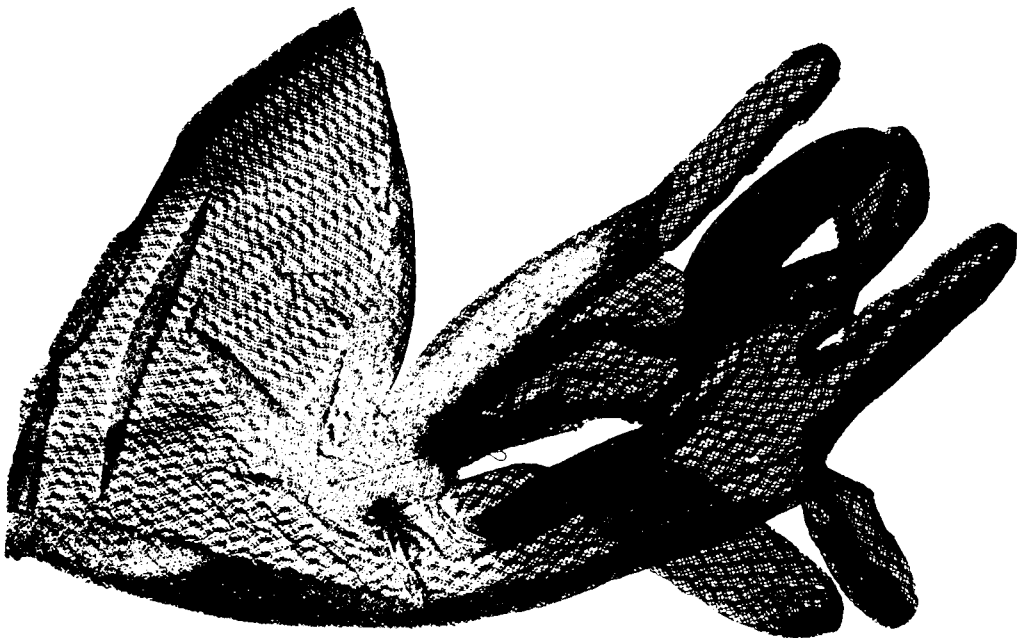
Peony

At dinner one red peony lit the space between us
set up images: maturity repose satisfaction
As we ate a few petals slipped silent from the ripe blossom

In the morning a swatch of red silk
glowed beside our coffee cups
'Finished' he said touching the last clinging petals
which fell leaving naked the flower's double centre
twin green seed cases with red tips

'Breasts' he said equation of woman and flower
a smile offering complicity
a hint of meaning that flew past me
A woman's breasts are not green

Alison Hopwood



Love Glove - 9/17 - ©84