

bramble

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Bramble is on the march again,
Rolling and arching along the hedges,
into parks on the city edges.
All streets are suddenly thick with briar:
cars snarled fast, business over.
Moths have come in their millions,
drawn to the thorns. The air flutters.
Bramble has reached each house now,
looped it in wire. People lock doors,
close shutters.
Little shoots steal through keyholes,
to leave – in quiet halls,
Empy stairwells – bowls of bright
blackberries where the light falls.

