

## a portrait of you in a garden, now

a single leaf among many shifts as you approach. an invitation to cross the threshold into this breathing place. to encounter the strange ragged green that forms a boundary. gestures with the wind. separates plant from human mover. here for the taking. reading. forgetting. yours to do with what you need. fingerprint the soil. celebrate touch. take pieces of this with you as you go.

take pieces of this with you as you go. this means new memories. candid shots of the ones you hold close. hot meals on cold plates. you learned to cope with the smallest delights. sucking the sunlight from the sky like a green tomato. you kept it growing. every step was a statement of belief in future summers. you sat with screens til they turned into windows.

look at these words til they're a window. hush. listen to the silence of the scaffolding. like the bones inside your body. the things which hold us up are often quiet. secret. we sustain in the spaces between chaos. the breath before the next dawn. the silence is a gift. an opportunity. a reminder. you have the power to break something.

you have the power to break something. a common truth but still. it comes to you like ice water gulped at 3am. joy that streams freely from the tap and cupped hands to catch it in. the air around your body. all the london beyond. beyond that. another truth. home is the thing that settles round your most beloved person when they're still.

your most beloved person is still. frozen. their corner of time has stuck inside the computer. in winter you gathered in your separate rooms to make shapes and noises with your mouths. a flood came out. a garden. a symphony. blooming in stale air. bouquets of vowels. succulent consonants. it felt so good to talk. you did it again. sculpting a chorus. a music that never existed before.

around the corner an orchestra is preparing to make a music that never existed before. their mission. to rewild these streets with sound. they're tuning to an unknown octave. pneumatic drills are itching to join. the traffic hums in solidarity. beneath the soil roots dance awkwardly to the vibration. you've brought your instrument. bravo. a distant hush. upbeat.

a distant hush is an opportunity for abundance. so is a pigeon. a seed. a baby animal. a stranger biking to the office. the sound of a drill. a city fox. a decision to attend. a steady beat. a gentle nudge. a pavement. new shoes. the future. therapy. a crush. printer paper. wandering. the climate crisis. your inhale. your exhale. this.

inhale. exhale. resilience is a circle. a thread that never ends. later. you'll savour this encounter with delight as fresh as aloe. its audacity. beating green in the grey heart of your city. feral moment in your familiar day. it will remind you of the parts of yourself that are also a garden. a poem. a breath. a single leaf among many.