

Broken Sonnets

You have painted my pewter sky shades of amber
as if the world could be distilled to a tree's teardrop

frozen in time and made all the more valuable
by the tiny antwoman held inside it

I look up and outwards through a golden haze
sheltered enough to stare down the sun

**This poem by Anne Welsh formed part of an installation with
Hermione Allsopp at the Albert, 23-27 May 2013, as part of the
Pistols and Pollinators Project organized by Accident and
Emergence.**