

Broken Sonnets

You have brushed my hair at bedtime,
like my mother did when I was a child,

one hundred strokes. I do not ask
how you learned to deal with hair

or on whom. I tell you instead of the comb
of St Bertha, which turned out a fake,

not a gift from the Pope at all. *Ivory's*
always worth something, you contradict.

**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.**