

Broken Sonnets

You have replaced my jade amulet
with your dark eyes and open arms.

You smell of primeval forests
but are made of flesh, not wood.

And though no-one else can see them
I feel wings under your football top.

Spread your crow-feathers wider
and carry me away.

**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.**