

Broken Sonnets

You have told me of all your past loves,
red-headed women, William Blake, music

with a hip-hop beat. I'm strangely silent,
indicating my desk clutter, book cases, bed,

as if naming the things I loved long ago
will break their material selves. Or us.

**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.**