

Broken Sonnets

You have uncovered my collection of snowflakes
at the back of the fridge. You are not surprise

that each is labeled and catalogued by place,
time and coded with the memory it represents.

You do not need the science of the microscope to know
I love them for their off-white water-logged geometry.

**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.**