

Broken Sonnets

You have planted sunflowers in my garden,
dropping the seeds in a random fashion,

as is the way of birds. Yellow heads unfurl
slowly from bishops' crooks, like the ferns

whose numbers I still count in sequence:
 $1+1=2$; $1+2=3$; $2+3=5$... and so on.

*Like us, $1+1=2$, I say. You tell me, No.
Like us, nature starts $0+1$, and makes 1.*

**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.**