



glasshouse

Mary Frances

glasshouse
is the seventy-eighth
in a series of texts and chapbooks
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over sodden lawns
beyond the kitchen garden
a clandestine place

shadows flickering
secrets and lies create their
own closed atmosphere

a sense of distance
conversations echoing
faint and out of reach

almost forgotten



waiting quietly
trapped behind steamed-up windows
watching slow time pass

through whisper and wave
hot and cold and damp collide
in physical space

dust and spores scatter
barely visible traces
sunlit reflections

hanging in thin air



debris underfoot
earth from broken flowerpots
crush of insect wings

dreams re-emerging
printing their drowning landscapes
onto murky glass

frozen memories
familiar views obscured
shadows lost voices

hints of other worlds



caught in random draughts
dried leaves dead petals spinning
feathers of songbirds

seed pods and paint-rust
dissolving in spider webs
things falling apart

crane flies fluttering
all soundless unexpected
frail appearances

disappearances



hidden from pale clouds
a shelter and a refuge
weak daylight fading

invisible now
and lost to this stolen time
to this secret place

deep condensation
hot and cold in a rain haze
inside the outside

outside the inside



sharp-edged prickliness
deep-rooted and unbending
forbidding access

sifting the topsoil
for some token hidden here
perhaps by mistake

buried memories
of deception and silence
meetings evasions

missed assignments



humid heat rising
a heady scent of deep greens
hanging heavily

the moist air febrile
and disorientating
like another land

warm twisted lushness
season of the green lily
spilling its vapour

thrilling poisonous



towards the day's end
between sun-fall and light-fade
shadows and footsteps

breath on the window
a light to a moth with some
vague hope of burning

we could fall right here
in heat we have made ourselves
but just a dreaming

imaginary



light and time splitting
the threads we try to spin here
through close-strangled fronds

trapped in the net of
our search for quiet and our
instinct for trouble

anticipation
edgy minutes stuttering
and unhappening

sinking through clear space



punchdrunk on rich scent
amplifying the tension
of all our lost days

acts of remembrance
the fierce tug of time wasted
leaving in the rain

in a ruined dress
stepping lightly over such
glorious wreckage

warm bruises seeping



in darkening light
only snail-slime abstractions
decaying flowers

muddy tracks of lost
signals oblique messages
unheeded warnings



random crunches of
dry wasp corpse and empty shell
trodden underfoot

leaving their death scent



cloud-mirrored spirits
drift in and out of focus
belonging nowhere

curious patterns
caught spark of a dragonfly
trapped in the mind's eye

searching for movement
curves arabesques grey ghost-air
untranslatable

a chorus of dust



at the turn of year
from solstice to equinox
magic comes undone

sap like pale lipstick
staining through the wedding lace
windows sharp with ice

scattering cold light
our own wasted breath misting
dissolving as if

released from a spell



returning later
wondering what now remains
and what happened here

the last of the blooms
lying softly on stained slate
in streaks of sunlight

perhaps just fallen
perhaps left here as a sign
or a final gift

uninterpreted



strange to recall now
that expectation of peace
quiet time alone

dreamlike encounters
lost and evaporating
invisible skies

meanings mistaken
shadow-chasing then vanished
as apparitions

into the greyness

images by Mary Frances

text cut-up and rearranged
from out-of-date home and garden
magazines found outside a newsagent's shop

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