

glasshouse

Mary Frances

glasshouse

is the seventy-eighth in a series of texts and chapbooks published by Metambesen

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Metambesen

Annandale-on-Hudson

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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



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 flittering all soundless unexpected frail appearances



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



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



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



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

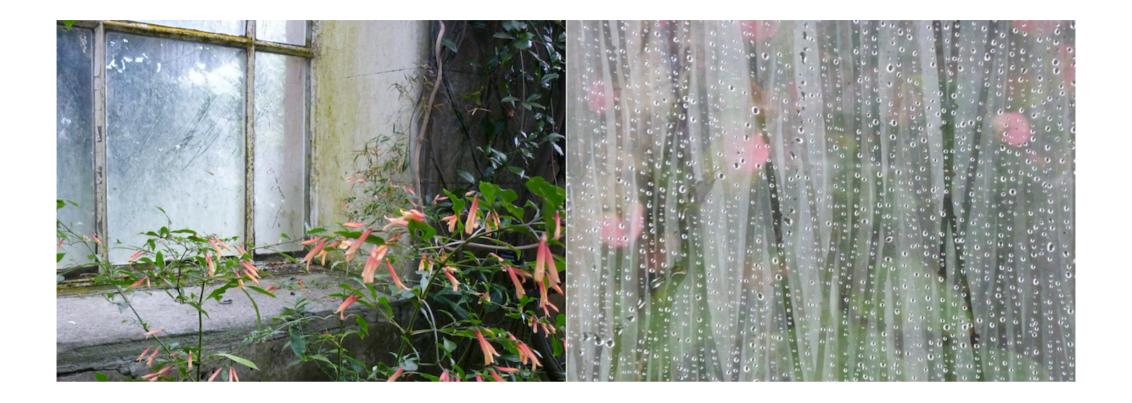


cloud-mirrored spirits drift in and out of focus belonging nowhere

> 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



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



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

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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