

Nasturtium

by Ankh Spice

Her small canopy accepts rain
and makes jewels of it, selling them to our eyes
as diamonds. The tensile cells of water, magic beads
for the rolling, the bursting
tongue – how we eaged up the green-fresh
everything to be tasted
later

In our squat they grew through the walls, unruly collective
of tendrils finding any crack, light – tough
leaves all broad shoulders, hiding flowers
fierce-bright-headed, but so fragile
they bruised themselves gone in a single day
eaten up for their free
vitamins – little lives bit back. Mustard-bitter - the rain
came through the roof often
but not often enough for jewels

Hide those scars - these days
they'll palm over \$15 for
a few petals burning
in a salad – remember the green
umbrella lost somewhere
sheltering
unstrung beads, all perfect
bags of water
waiting to be sold

Ankh Spice is a poet from Aotearoa (New Zealand) who believes that narrative can change the world, especially the bits that hurt. Nothing has changed his mind yet. His work has appeared in a number of international publications, and two of his poems have recently been nominated for the Pushcart Prize. Ankh can be found @SeaGoatScreams on Twitter, or @AnkhSpiceSeaGoatScreamsPoetry on Facebook. Most of his published work is listed at <https://linktr.ee/SeaGoatScreamsPoetry>.

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