

Lemons

I don't know where you started out
but you're so welcome to remain here

in my bowl on this table,
in this temporary place, nestled in

amongst these English apples
like the best of friends.

Beyond the window three plump sheep,
a blackbird sings its afternoon sleep-well

as if it cares about you, and me,
what goes on in this dead end little street.

There's the mini-bottle from last night
with its optimistic label – *Vino Spumante Italia*

– I shall fill it with water,
pick a sprig of winter Hellebore,

place it like a little palm
to remind you of home.

1st published in The New European