

Glitch

Bamboo, a backcombed explosion
of jade green blades slicing
the warm Summer air in a race
to cram the corner of our back yard
shoot higher than the wall, catch
a breath of breeze to tremble.
It forms a dense curtain –
the start of a forest where a tiger
squats guarding the black path
that leads to The Palace of Endings,
it's amber eyes watch as I hang out
the washing with crocodile pegs,
I tell myself they're just snail shells,
the low, rumble-purr is a plane
circling in to land, the black path
is nothing but the soil stack,
and The Palace of Endings
deep in that bamboo forest
can wait till I'm ready to visit.