

From cut flowers

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Published version

TARLO, Harriet (2018). From cut flowers. Seedings, 5, 116-121.

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HARRIET TARLO

FROM CUT FLOWERS

cut flowers why would they when

it came to it lasting longer long days before dawn sees

a fair light crows & robins upright on the wall look out, learn to travel in deep time blood fish & bone, find new ventures prepare, parse, prey for

vegetables

offering a night's accommodation

only one understanding, staying there while dog eats breakfast neurotic we may not enjoy this maybe checking all the time still here really we made her

she ate it apparently

empty

I thought it was on the cover, on cover

shredding quilt imprisoned access

to silk, to skin not an amazing machine

give yourself a little lift, lovely
listening to nothing, not radio
waves listening to loud
in the night thudding doors

wild

waiting for the percentage to cut out

access to screen stage
writing in wood frame
hostile hacking against
running a temperature, then
out night-gathering
nuts & fruits, moulden

berries

lowly land, we lost years of it (in this country)

when all came

sliding, side-fall in all of

all quietside too early before spring dives draws out dawn

grows colder enlightens earlier everyday too late for address

redress some kind of

season

slept at all the wrong tones, tines

slower than warmer, the train four-square seats facing, make

light of legs look - between people - look

tessellation oblong out at weather

who actually comes around any more stuck for single

words