

(2) Jeno
The Orchard
Falkland Palace
in exchange for olives
almonds, peaches, Sonia
found this northern view
as at home in her garden
as every gardener
high on Lomond
pointing out hills to come
Ken's in a patch of sun
I'm cupped in the hollow
of Falkland's secret bowl
hidden in the socket
the peak slots into
at the centre of it all
reminded that we're this little
neglecting the manicure of a mow
she never forgets to prune
in winter with ladders
shaping a cropped canopy of Ys
branching so low they're dwarves
— can I say that? —
today the empty orchard's
flecked and filled with blossom
letting fall pinches of petals
grey stub trunks
raised from uncut grasses
where soon she'll sow yarrow
button-headed scabious
lady's smock
lilac with a liking
for the Maspie's damp
and moonraged oxeye
where I'll come back
to look for escondido windfalls
rolling their weight in my hand
holding the bruise
away from me
by Gardeners Cottage
4 grey wash poles go unused
waiting to become more orchard
added to the commercials
here's some natives
to mark the millennium
Forfar, Early Julyan,
White Paradise
and the Bloody Ploughman
smallest malus there is
stunted and Scottish
nary a petal on this one
and it niver will be
till an orange grows
on an aipil tree