

Foxglove

By Jane Austin

I

Fox in socks.
Hand shoes for ladies who lunch.

II

Digitalis purpuria

I should not have ingested you.
Acrid gelatine, with just a hint of cut grass,
pound the petal door.

III

Gyroscopic flags singing in hedgerows.
You laugh, dancing, Gemini rising,
even when it rains.

IV

Purple pas de deux
pirouetting on a turgid green ballast.

V

How did the speckled chest
of a baleen whale squeeze its way
into your delicate folds?

VI

Stages of Foxglove
Stage 1 Viridescent fractals
Stage 2 Mottled boiled lollies
Stage 3 Kitten paw petticoats
Stage 4 Four-and-a-half-leaf foundation garments sporting a pea-cherry hat, and a whisker.
Stage 5 End-of-summer acid burns

VII

You sport classical aesthetics.
Left side - sentinels
Right side - the main act
Or so it seems.

VIII

Ten little fingers find ten little ball gowns.
“Look at me!”
Enough of that slap. Wash your hands.

IX

I could cut off your dinner at the pass, in a snap.
I could cold press your superhighway, if I chose.

X

Summertime in Beara.

Next?

“Can I please have... the first scoop magenta... with a dollop of vellum on top.”

Which cone?

“The sea green one thanks.”