

Jenny Penberthy

Hello, Clio in the snow

Take the door
into the unfinished room yellow for
the walls and say white woodwork and bright red
for the curtains quite happy deep burgundy
cerise and gold mixed with old fashioned
Sanderson autumn oak leaves for the
Morris chairs *Savour the space* sacred sites
fall to disrepair and then off fluid
soluble in the mind concretely
realized at will in words and music. Poems
across the city radio stopless
calendar shapes a ghost, slows to gridlock.
Seasons at odds, past handkerchiefs at the
crossroads *Wait there stock still by the*
urn with the geranium into the darkness

into the intricacy of the twigs
that problem of the hedge imperceptible
in the summer air *Bend to the boxwood,*
memory's wastage Trees plus light, prudent
prunings — toss a trilby to the branches and
watch it fall to earth unsnagged — rules of thumb
and the arm's length overview, easy
wisdoms of the manual *Rearrange*
the ochre rose leaves, their dust wreaths heaped and
roses in the old garden life the view
from winter, autumn's another language
a late tartness covered with rue *Why all*
the fuss about endings? Ginko parallel-
ogram overleaf *fast post* not an
important failure *Move upon the figured*
leaves plum ranunculus is all we have out
of the ordinary — hellebores abound
and there the birthday sapling my bare

catalpa gnarled winter candelabra

Michele's calling from the distance no go

with the dark reds yellow hibiscus with a

red throat which I'm not sure I like. I hear

Louis XIV is gorgeous. Jasminum

angolaris dark glossy leaves exquisite

little trumpets of perfume *Take the key*

to the lily now down Curtis Thursday

organ day big sound grand coeur in

nomine three four five parts slow in the

middle movement fretwork plainsong in

opera poetry is the

obedient daughter of music

Ascend to the summer children in the

shrubbery crescent kisses caught in the

orb *Wake to willow boughs* limes in the

jacaranda, limes in the beech, limes

asleep in the catalpa then sudden

limpid heart beats Penelope waits
Penelope blooms, May sees the first, will
you have it and eat it? *You made me wreck
my picture!* Little clumps of wild irises
and orchids and beetle daisies and hundreds
of things Oh and a total eclipse of
the moon Follow the gecko! Smell the sun!
Joseph Banks's Good Success roses, see how
they burn! Rangitoto's late goddess — hope
the view's good from there — cabby's decked out, ferry's in
her finery, queen's in dock for a day
Love's leisure is action's end *Come blow the
moon out please*