

## MONKSHOOD

They have their vows: emptiness and clarity  
and disbelief. In all their immigration  
greed is a country  
they never enter. Ancient as chant  
in single lines they hunch  
their small blue heads  
above the garden too rash with yellow  
anthemis. Monkshood never equates envy

with desire. They envy nothing, not  
the sultry peony too rich  
for its own stalk, bent down with the lurid  
possibility of a Chinese screen luminous  
with wings. Enough, they say,  
cut back to shroud.  
Then it's camera quiet. Shady. Deep now  
with other lifetimes, bees  
a sudden narcotic. They glaze the garden.