

Sue Standing

THE HORIZON OF INEXHAUSTIBLE IDEALITY

Why don't places remember people?
The images leak through

a crack in the dark,
with a fetch of southerly wind.

Small bronze butterflies
light on the fallen plums.

*We were driven out of paradise,
but paradise remained intact.*

You wanted a waterfall so here
is this cool and delicious runnel.

Hölderlin's pollen could not
be more yellow or more fine.

The names are so perfect
the flowers are unnecessary.