

## The Artist

Part of the local scene,  
he'd walk the streets,  
filling a bag with  
discarded wrappings.  
Sat in the pub,  
arranging a length  
of string to acute angles,  
or a pear shape,  
sometimes an egg.  
He'd watch me intently,  
gauging the probability  
of a pint,  
nodding his thanks -  
then ignoring me.  
At home one morning,  
sounds draw me out  
to the garden,  
to find him there,  
digging a triangular hole.  
I bring him coffee, some toast,  
then leave him to his trimming.  
Later, he's at the window;  
I follow him, and see shaped  
pieces of red, yellow, and blue foil  
laid on the hole's base.  
More coffee.  
He adjusts, then, with a stick,  
a wayward blue shape,  
backfills the soil  
and marks the angle-points  
with three small stones.  
It is done – he goes.  
That day haunted me,  
and in early spring,  
I sowed the triangle with  
a blending of flower seeds:  
then waited through the months,  
for the coming of his art.