

BASIL BUNTING POETRY AWARD 2017
Second Prize: Lisa Higgs

WILD HONEY HAS THE SCENT OF FREEDOM

After reading Akhmatova

Winter sun against pavement
sprouts flowers – chalk a dust
of plum blossoms, and afternoon
a quiver of water less its iceform.
So fluid the green waft of wingsong;
the burred coat so canine it stands
en pointe. Mark the scent – blood
of the backyard thawed in the glare.
Underleaves smell of news. The limp
grass, of morals. We either care
too much or too little. Twigs collected
sprout their ashes. Damp flame,
acrid and hungry. A man's arms
across the ribs, aroma of midnight.
Breath at the neck, the steaming pot
before its cup. So love anticipates
its fears, rounds its back to press
into wombcurl. So love floods
its lemongrass, its bergamot.
So love, its teaspoon of wild honey.