

River Roses

At Newport's Glebelands

HC grows graffiti around her door:
river roses with a petrol scent

burgeoning in audacious sprays,
shouted shapes. 'HC' – insignia

of an intersection
imagist, stealthy as the Usk evening

between motorway lights,
caught in the drift, the uprising mud,

the rattle of half-empty canisters,
the rumble of HGVs

crossing concrete bridges overhead.
HC, I'm sorry. This mural is mine.

Your school-book blooms and neon-pink stars
tag patterns in my head

when it is day, the sun too fierce
for April.

I know nothing
in this place is as it seems;

these lush fields
are airbrushed too

their stories metres
deep.