## **Porch**

by jane via claire - Inverse Times Tuesday, Nov~26~2019, 7:47am international / poetry / post

faded tiles adorn the
unsettled ground outside
the studio
which has become too familiar
like a stale lover devoid of that
life that pushes a tile from its cement mooring
until it becomes discernable

weeks pass, it takes a spiral shape that is strangely familiar, it's a fern tree unfurling itself like a frozen green-brown galaxy tho its spin is too slow for the eye to see

as such it appears dead like the bronze lions that guard the gateway to the high court

they do not roar, cast in their liquid death throes to solidify mute and oxidise green but not the sparkling green of a fern, a profoundly mute dead green, as man is unable to breathe life into his creations yet my tiny fern has broken thru the paved faded tiles into the air, sun, sky and rain

a neighbour remarks, watch that fern before it destroys your tiled porch, I am watching it, I reply, the neighbour satisfied that I will remove it and replace the tile

months pass and my fern is a small tree enjoying its life lifting more tiles effortlessly, its strength derived from its deliberate imperceptible rate of growth

my neighbour catches me exiting the studio and glances at the fern with a contemptuous scowl

u needn't worry, I remark,

## I am watching it smiling

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-985.html