## **Helen Holmes**

## Jane

A crown gall,
they found it indide her body.
I imagined its cross section like a burr,
or like cork—
all suberised.
It could look like
a section of spalted trunk—
blackstrap coaly seams
making the wood marbled.
Or maybe
it could sort of peel away in papery layers,
and probably seep amber.

She's shedding her leaves for the winter now, but she'll be blooming, and she'll be spiralling back in spring.

This poem is reprinted from Not Averse, the Girton Poetry Group website, at http://poetry.girton.cam.ac.uk