## **Tom Houlton**

## yew needs dried blood in spring

blood ancestry phantoms

graveyard cadavers spicing the soil

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iron rusted pump valves

good for scattering from plastic tubs

> feeding yew crooked elbow

no gravestones poor yew transplanted

> wide-lipped pots ornamental

shape clipped wind curves

moles tubers worm roots wait

for spring when dried blood scatters

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