

A Litter Herbal

On your left is the nest
of a secret drinker: a collection of glass
like a box of jewels.

Tourmaline, garnet shine
through the scrub. No matter

how often the obsessive litter
picker plunders the bower, overnight
bottles – perfect as eggs – and fragrant
with malt reappear, so resilient
is pain and the instinct

to hide it. We could set watch,
to observe this creature and
approach. But no. Anguish
deserves its privacy.

Gwyneth Lewis