

Lunch with Parkinsons

for Jim

The left hand
is a cloud
 bearing
storms

hovers
over the cutlery
emits
 a buzz

the right hand
has forgotten
how to get across
the soup

the left hand
 tries to say
drive the spoon forwards
 bursts

into thunder
 zig zags
over
the bowl

the right hand rows out on the lake

the left
trembles
is the wing
of a giant insect

itches
to fly
or fall
shudders

to a halt.

Years
communing
at the same
table

and now
a coracle out deep

a plague
of locusts
in the wind

the garbled
rattle
of crockery.

Shake your fists
shake
your
fists

shake

Bouquet

POEM

The fixed smile on these gerberas!
Orthodontically wired, orthopaedically tubed,
olfactorally neutered. That day on my knees
pulling out forget-me-nots, urging amnesia
into the soil – hydrangea skulls on sticks,
astringent odours, tannins in the trees –
the word I was digging for was *fallow*.

Let winter roses in slow light ferment: *hellebores* –
mud-brewed, complex. No wires. No tricks.
Petals like efflorescing bruises. Brilliant.

Sue Wootton, a former physiotherapist, is a poet and fiction writer who lives in Dunedin. Her work appears in literary journals, newspapers, magazines and anthologies, and has been broadcast by Radio NZ. Her first collection of poetry is *Hourglass* (Steele Roberts, 2005).