

honey suckle

hardly a plant

in a small pot

my birthday present last year

with you not knowing

much about gardens

though everything about the wild

a random Oxfam buy

I thought

a spindly cutting

a homemade label

it would have needed to be cheap

nothing this year

but you'll sense I now dread

the sound of your key

in the door

in honey-

scented lanes

it binds bonds climbs clings

you said you'd chosen it

because of summer holidays

in Devon where

I'd shown you

and your sister and Kate and Dan

how to suck

a drop of nectar from

a honeysuckle flower

it grows slowly

I'm helping it twine

I'm looking out for it