

Circadian rhythm

The bean plant's leaves rise for the dawn.
The scent of cloves fades from the catchfly
As the last hawk moth
Curls back its thin proboscis
And with swollen night eyes
Flies blindly into the light.

The badger returns on its trail,
Ambling across the sand.
It leaves some litter: smashed gulls eggs,
A line of severed rabbit heads.
The pasque flower unfolds to the sun
And reveals a sleeping bee.

I wake to the sound of your grief.
We watch the long day together.
At night I work as you sink
Back into a numb oblivion.
I begin to sleep when your hearing
Is at its most acute.

At daybreak the pyramid orchid
Exchanges its foxy smell
For a sweet vanilla scent.
The bee comes to bite the honeysuckle
Promptly at noon. At three twenty-two
A star explodes.

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