

The Fernery
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Mournful augury creaks
of kokako creep against
the humid ooze acrid flavours
sweated from feathered frond-tips
dripping bitter
into summer sweet lemon balm
and apple blossom tea
as though the very plants were rotting
with each breath.

Yet here
there are tree ferns bandaged
by less than weighted space
bound with sphagnum
and jutting rods of Bromeliads
jewelling bright as dusk
pierce to the core.

In the darkness the pulse
presses even through the manic echo
of a whekau
lost amongst leaves
and a ruru *ninox novaeseelandiae*
crying softly in the kowhai tree

until dawn is sounded
like panpipes playing in a cave
draped with droplets of water.
Korimako ring gently through the chorus
rusted into hinges of a kissing gate
somewhere out in the park.

I kept a leaf from the floor
found
caught against gravel
peered through white framed panes.
Rain fell.
Also silence