

**Uction**  
**By Georgie Lorimer, Aberystwyth University**

i

how could you take umbrage  
with my choice of herbs my pestled spices  
  
lying in the worn oak mortar ?

ii

purge him by an enema  
mallow, honey, salt & soap  
administered  
with the bladder of a pig  
rinse the system clean  
detox

iii

evening sunlight  
soaked over whitewash  
  
lit the tawnied grass  
bright against a rain-grey sky

iv

some say  
the skies and stars  
dictate  
  
                  a place  
                  for  
                  malady  
          astrological  
                  melody

some say  
that someday soon  
the science  
  
                  delusion  
                  shall  
  
be separated from  
my God

only fools say we are not the same

v

virtue leaves you vertiginous  
as the soaring body-seeking vulture

vi

go into the garden      gather me  
agrimony alexanders betony beet  
chervil caraway columbine dandelion  
dittander dropwort daisy dill  
hartstongue good king henry hyssop lupin  
lettuce langdebeef marjoram mint  
mallow marigold red nettle nepp  
parsley pepperwort patience rape  
safflower sage milk thistle thyme  
valerian violet wood sorrel rue

vii

come brothers  
touch oil to your loved ones'  
foreheads

this is not the remembrance  
of the dead

i felt your fever-sodden hand  
clasped  
in mine

viii

in the winter  
take this diaclementis  
it is as effective by far  
as any well jewelled remedy  
hot with oriental spice and pearl

don't you feel the lovage bite  
fyre bright ?

ix

keep your humours constant  
lest we all fall into cholera

check the balanced biles  
phlegm and blood

man grows sanguine

x

go out into the woodlands  
fetch me these :

febrifuges for the fever  
for his urine's red as blood

and to cool this inflammation  
fresh stems of heartsease

xi

they say to ward off The King's Evil  
take blind puppies cut away  
viscera & extremities

boil the miserable whelps in water  
and let the patient bathe

yet if in doubt I'll call upon the king

xii

chew aniseed and liquorice  
keep fresh and pure your scents

when saints die  
the odours rise

in the smashing of crystal  
perfume phials

our virgin womb lingers  
on diamond white-rose tones