

Limping Fox

The smells are already there
inside the nostrils

like the dampness of a garden flat
— an English garden —
where you're buried to the waist
with a dwarf's eye view
of busy squirrels
birds, a limping fox.

The single, living alone,
easily become single-minded
a way of saying
obsessed by
time-saving time-consuming
routines and customs.

While daily the enemy
pinpricks its attack
on another bit of the body —
Another nick of wormwood.

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inside the nostrils.

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