



# Outside

You take off your gloves, spread your fingers  
to the air. Anonymous for a moment,  
let yourself be turned into a bay tree.

Recover it all : the courtyard's lease of light,  
the bracketing warmth of the brick,  
and something subtler, something like

the invisible punch of a tuning fork  
that keys you into oxygen pulses,  
sucklings of honey, the aroma's climb

from the rose. Slip through the chemistry  
of the leaves, become the eye of the uprush,  
A quickness in the air that seems alive

to itself. You push the gloves aside,  
lean forward over the table, one foot braced  
against the other, gathering pace.

*Roger Garfitt*