SUE WOOTTON

Lunch with Parkinsons
for Jim

The left hand
is a cloud
bearing
storms

hovers
over the cutlery
emits
   a buzz

the right hand
has forgotten
how to get across
the soup

the left hand
   tries to say
*drive the spoon forwards*
   bursts

into thunder
   zig   zags
over
the bowl

the right hand   rows out    on the lake

the left
trembles
is the wing
of a giant insect

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itches to fly
or fall shudders to a halt.

Years communing at the same table

and now a coracle out deep

a plague of locusts in the wind

the garbled rattle of crockery.

Shake your fists shake your fists

shake
The fixed smile on these gerberas!
Orthodontically wired, orthopaedically tubed,
olfactorally neutered. That day on my knees
pulling out forget-me-nots, urging amnesia
into the soil – hydrangea skulls on sticks,
astringent odours, tannins in the trees –
the word I was digging for was *fallow*.

Let winter roses in slow light ferment: *hellebores* –
mud-brewed, complex. No wires. No tricks.
Petals like efflorescing bruises. Brilliant.

_Sue Wootton_, a former physiotherapist, is a poet and fiction writer who lives in Dunedin. Her work appears in literary journals, newspapers, magazines and anthologies, and has been broadcast by Radio NZ. Her first collection of poetry is _Hourglass_ (Steele Roberts, 2005).