

## *Returning Signs*

To distract you from the too familiar,  
these gnarled trees of a winter garden  
have branches entangled, intertwined,  
almost strangled by wisteria.

This latticework of growing points  
crazily reaches in every direction,  
is shot through with the distances  
to shut out too much information.

When one blue roof, a struggling bus,  
passes beyond meshed boundary fences  
and even a tooth mug or door ajar  
has an air of being looked at, there you are

suddenly conscious of pushed-aside wants  
lost down cracks: in terrace back entries,  
between flagstones, or a Play Street sign's  
red faded by decades of sunshine and rain.

Through the cat's cradle on anonymous wall  
that street sign starts to gain momentum,  
picks up bits of life, is dropping them,  
and leaves you here like lateral moraine.