

My Present

How I hate tomatoes
hate their inevitable squashiness
like biting into
dead sheep's eyeballs.
Hate their impure colour
What other fruit could
look and taste as foul?

I'd prefer a different present.
to waken passions spent
in black silk sheets
my decadent nightgown steaming
and views of old cafés in Paris streets.

Instead I get this dreadful trinity
Three plants in pots
tied up with string - for me!

I thanked you with sincere
aplomb
but not to waste my time
on arbitrary nurturing
I stuck them in the yard outside
to bow and wither
by the outhouse
out of sight.

But then,

Eureka,
What are these? A miracle,
sweet, smooth tiny pale green globes
sprout along each stem.
as if by magic.
Baby tomatoes!
Well, I didn't expect cucumbers but still
they were - somehow
unexpectedly
beautiful.

My green fingers are aching,
aching like crazy
for more.

Not Quite a Love Story

He's wild about me.
I look so good; he wants to
show me off.
He's smitten,
phones before nine,
sends emails daily,
Introduces me with pride
to all his mates.

Sighing,
he squeezes my hand,
stares at me with
abject, little-boy longing.

Anything I want?

Anything I'd like?

Anything at all?

A party?

Paris?

The theatre?

A walk?

Stay over?

Bed?

He just can't get enough.

I'm caring, tender, attractive,
even unique.

I'm delightful company,
sweet, charming and clever.

He's never met anyone like me.

And would I like to move in
and help him take care of his
Ancient Mother?

Perfect

Today is perfect
perfect in the beautiful now
of its being
perfect in its undoubted potential
and as a celebration of all that is
good

I shall find my truth
sometime – today –

a truth that passes all understanding
no need
to understand what is already
perfect.

Janet Cameron has an MA in Modern Poetry and has been published in *Acumen*, *Equinox*, *Logos* (Open University) *Connections* and a few other lit mags. Mostly she has earned her living writing on history and philosophy as well as teaching, but now retired, she wants to devote herself to her first love - and try to be as good a poet as she can.



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