

Violets

Found on hedge-banks
they were Keats' favourite flower,
straggling stems in April and May
prized with a depth of style.

Inhabitants of landscape,
insiders of nature designed
to preserve the pure value of attention,
working their own capable way.

Near summer's doorstep,
bleeding like arterial blood
a variety of purple and blue shades
watching the sudden daylight.

Who cares for this plant?
A poet's indolence
dreams of love's futility
with small petals cupped in a mortal palm.



***Byron Beynon** lives in Swansea, Wales. His work has appeared in several publications including Agenda, The London Magazine, Cyphers, Wasafiri, Poetry Wales and the human rights anthology In Protest (University of London and Keats House Poets). Collections include The Echoing Coastline (Agenda Editions) and Cuffs (Rack Press).*

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