

Steve Cartwright

Thistle

Knifelike they stab
Their underbelly a velcron of razor
Sharp shoots burst by the trunk of stem
Spearclad guards, they thrust a myriad of shadows dark and green
That form the hilt and shaft of blade.
Their downy seed heads spew mockery and taunt a gentleness softer still than velvet
A shaving brush of whispers turning tickles into vespers,
throbbing like the strands of spiders' webs as humming hits them.
Wilder than the mother Maw that spawned these floating seed heads
and raised them razor sharp beneath her purple daub.
The thistle bristles on the heath
And snake like stands erect and bares her teeth.