Stephen Robertson

South London standoff

An ordinary suburban junction.

Narrow side road curves to join
a bend on a bigger road. The pavements
curl around, leaving two small raised triangles
of city herbage in city clag
—a handful of trees, bulbs
and other plants.

On one a stately ram, great curved horns stands tense, alert and staring. A few feet away, a sheep, cowering

—and a lamb, sensing danger suckling.

On the other the source of danger a wolf crouches his senses tingling, too.

Around them, the flowers bloom and wither and bloom again. They've been there for a decade now.

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