

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.