

River Plum

In the mouth sits a Brythonic tongue,
meanders around meaning,
where Plym is ploumenn; ploumenn is plum,
and a plum mouth seems rather outlandish, doesn't it?

High classes taste fruits from the trees upon its banks,
high classes hiring hands to pick the fruit for them,
they will not taste it though, for hands have no mouths
because... they are hands.

Imagine, if you want, never knowing the juice or piquant of flesh,
to be baptised in waters named after a fruit so out of reach
yet told to stretch anyway,

they've all gone away now. A wide space stares catatonic,
you can sit and watch the faded stories of plum stones
turn to sound and travel outwards,

I can show you in another poem, if you'd like?
Or maybe
when this is all over
and the world returns to the plum mouthed, I can show you.

Thom Boulton