



Nature

HARRIS

The greenhouse

In the greenhouse,
Life is suspended in the palpable heat.
Within its boundaries of glass, the heat
Palpitates with slow, dull measure.
The flowers
Sleep in a haze, drugged with heat.
They stand motionless
In the oppressive, shimmering air.
The sunlight
Trapped by the glass
And forced upon the flowers, unwilling,
Bakes them, and they take form,
Maturing slowly in their incubator.
The air
Sweltering in the glass oven
Solidifies and chokes the observer.
The dust hangs torpidly in the still air.
The flowers lie dormant.
Not a breeze
Or chewing bug
Despoils their beds.
Not a storm
Or careless step
Disturbs their sleep.
Life under glass.

Robert Harris '82