

Gwyneth Lewis
Anti-Elegy

for Michael Murphy

I was going to try an elegy
With Michael unabsent, an experiment
In presence. My palette, I thought, might be

Late Bonnard: colourful tables laid out
For delicious suppers, vases holding sprays
Of mimosa, bowls freighted with fruit, like boats

Sailing on shadow. I have a better idea.
I'll live the garden that Michael made
From bricks in the back – such vines and hostas,

Giving sweet, unexpected shade.
Because of him, I think I dare
Go out in a city in which I'm blind
To smell lilacs blossoming everywhere.