

Poetry Thursday - Rising Five by Norman Nicholson



"We never see the flower / but only the fruit in the flower"
(watercolour by Katrina Small, [via](#))

Rising Five

I'm rising five" he said
"Not four" and the little coils of hair
Un-clicked themselves upon his head.
His spectacles, brimful of eyes to stare
At me and the meadow, reflected cones of light
Above his toffee-buckled cheeks. He'd been alive
Fifty-six months or perhaps a week more;
_____ Not four
But rising five.

Around him in the field, the cells of spring
Bubbled and doubled; buds unbuttoned; shoot
And stem shook out the creases from their frills,
And every tree was swilled with green.
It was the season after blossoming,
Before the forming of the fruit:
_____ Not May
But rising June. _____

And in the sky
The dust dissected the tangential light:
_____ Not day
But rising night;
_____ Not now