

## A Litter Herbal

On your left is the nest  
of a secret drinker: a collection of glass  
like a box of jewels.

Tourmaline, garnet shine  
through the scrub. No matter

how often the obsessive litter  
picker plunders the bower, overnight  
bottles – perfect as eggs – and fragrant  
with malt reappear, so resilient  
is pain and the instinct

to hide it. We could set watch,  
to observe this creature  
and approach. But no. Anguish  
deserves its privacy.

Gwyneth Lewis