

## **Cabinet of curiosity**

You pay your fee, departing to make yourself briskly busy,  
Depositing your curiosity in the cabinet,  
Locked in safe, labelled.

You return, burned, to be informed your curiosity has died  
(Smothered in inventories of numbered plunder,  
Card-pinned, classified.)

Bereft, you bear your curiosity away, along unclassified paths  
Far from civic hedges and polite notices,  
To the place of butterfly bushes.

There you chew on spiny plants, spitting out bitter mouthfuls  
For a caterpillar shroud, wintering your curiosity,  
Loose-bound, readied to rise.