

What the front tells, the back knows differently...

**Perfectly edged & gardened a house sheens
secure behind fences & a wire- mesh screen.**

My flowers, front door, windows & walls.

I stand before you perfected, clean.

Overseen by hills, golden-headed children play.

Too soon for lost desire, only the urge to hide or be seen.

**Behind my back, unguessed at, the detritus
of wreckage, clue to a dishevelled realm.**

**My mantra: lure the viewer's eye, subdue
judgement to decades of disarray & fracture.**

Jaggedness. Discarded junk. Forgotten gardens.

Scrape threadbare boards forward & back.

Renew old confusion with swathes of colour.

Tripping over the edge, neighbours pass, stare.

Mouths swell & grasp at word shapes.

They slip & tell of risk that painting creates.