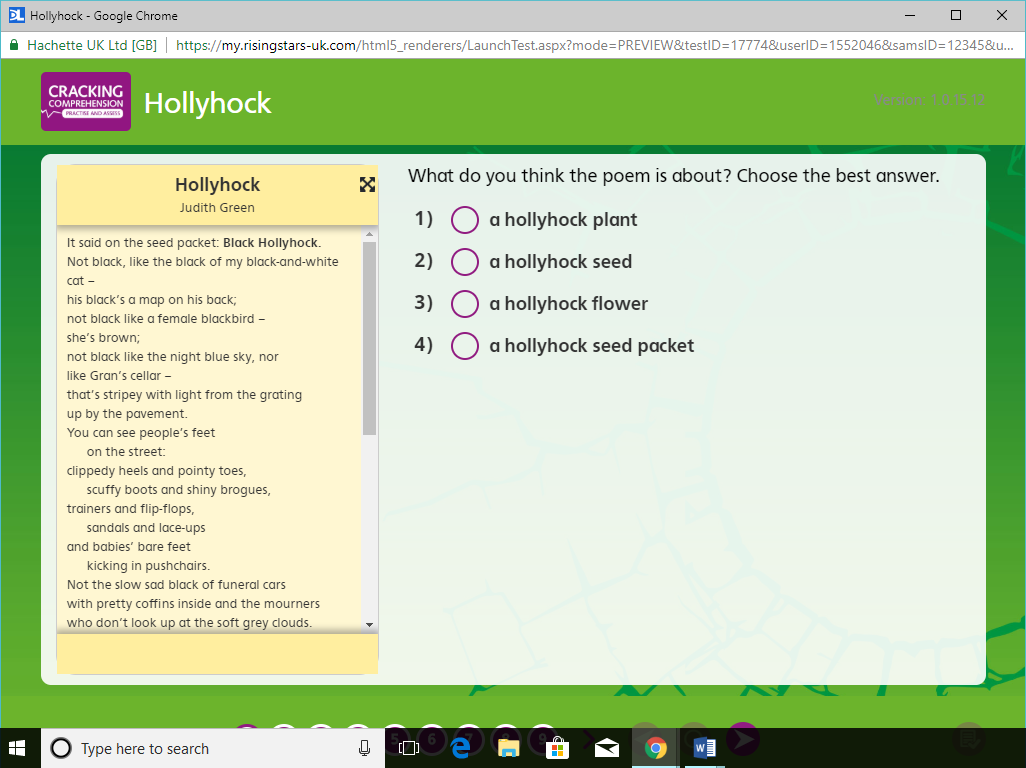
**Hollyhock**

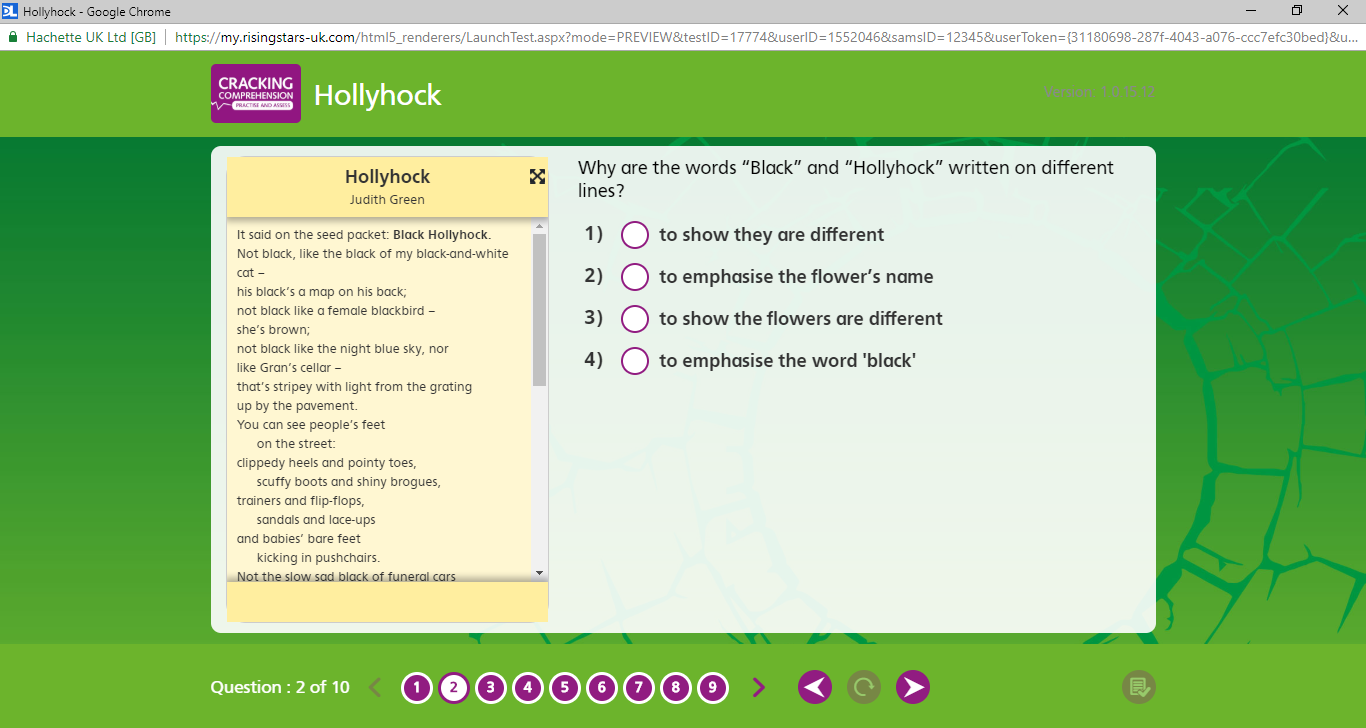
Judith Green

It said on the seed packet: **Black Hollyhock.**  
Not black, like the black of my black-and-white cat –   
his black’s a map on his back;   
not black like a female blackbird –   
she’s brown;  
not black like the night blue sky, nor   
like Gran’s cellar –  
that’s stripey with light from the grating  
up by the pavement.  
You can see people’s feet   
      on the street:   
clippedy heels and pointy toes,   
      scuffy boots and shiny brogues,   
trainers and flip-flops,  
      sandals and lace-ups   
and babies’ bare feet   
      kicking in pushchairs.  
Not the slow sad black of funeral cars   
with pretty coffins inside and the mourners   
who don’t look up at the soft grey clouds.   
Not windows with no light on,   
not the switched-off tv,   
not panthers,  
but something like blackberries, it is.

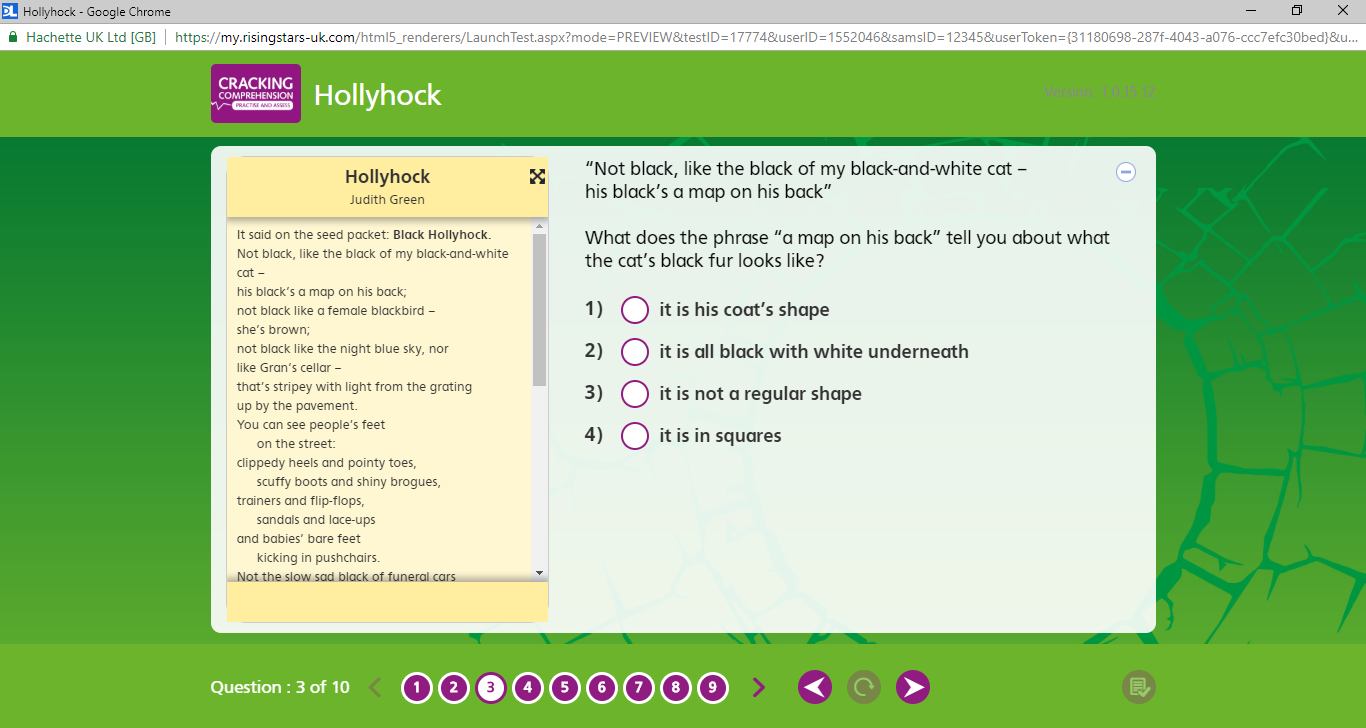
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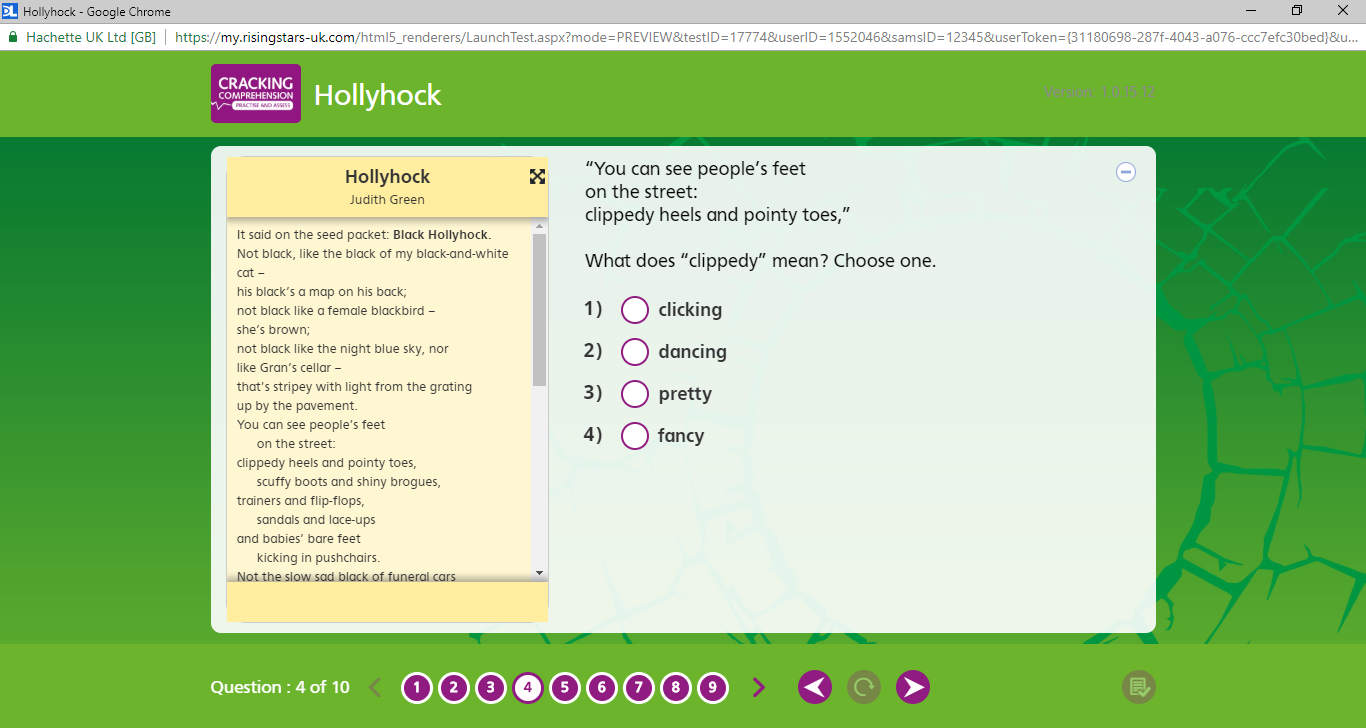
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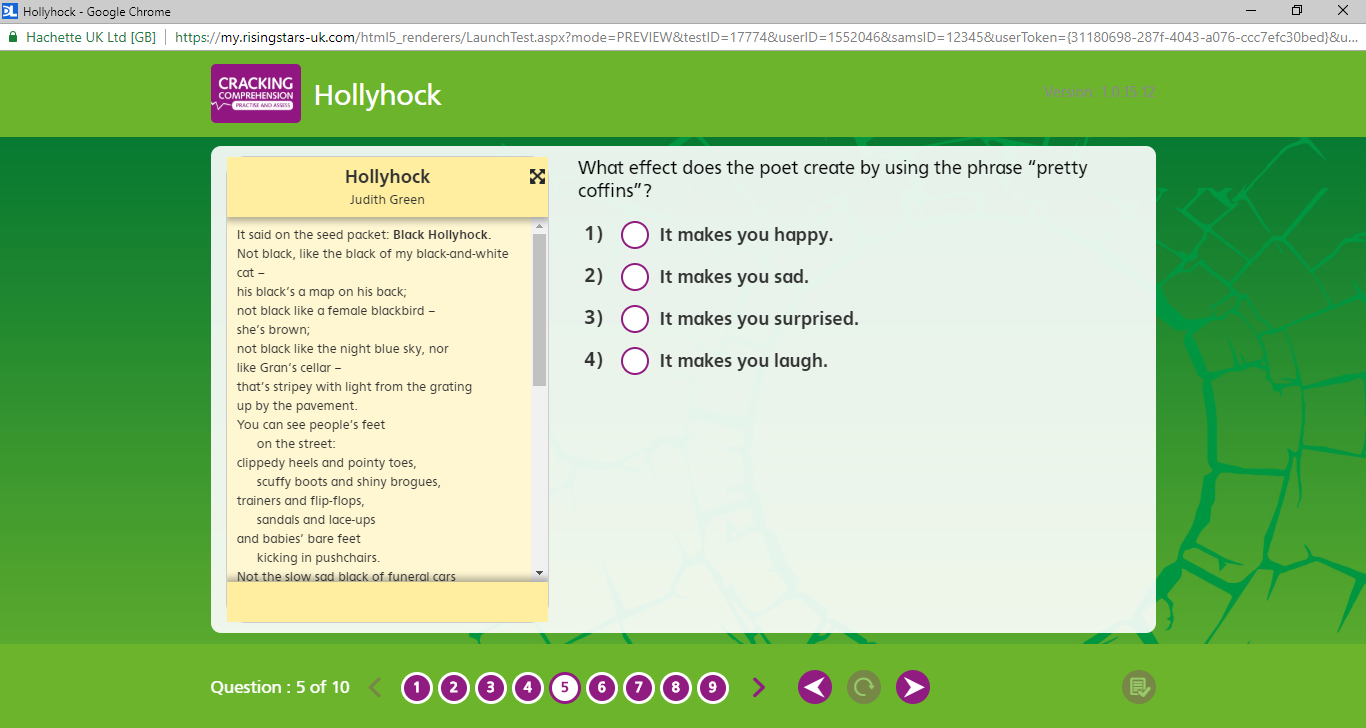
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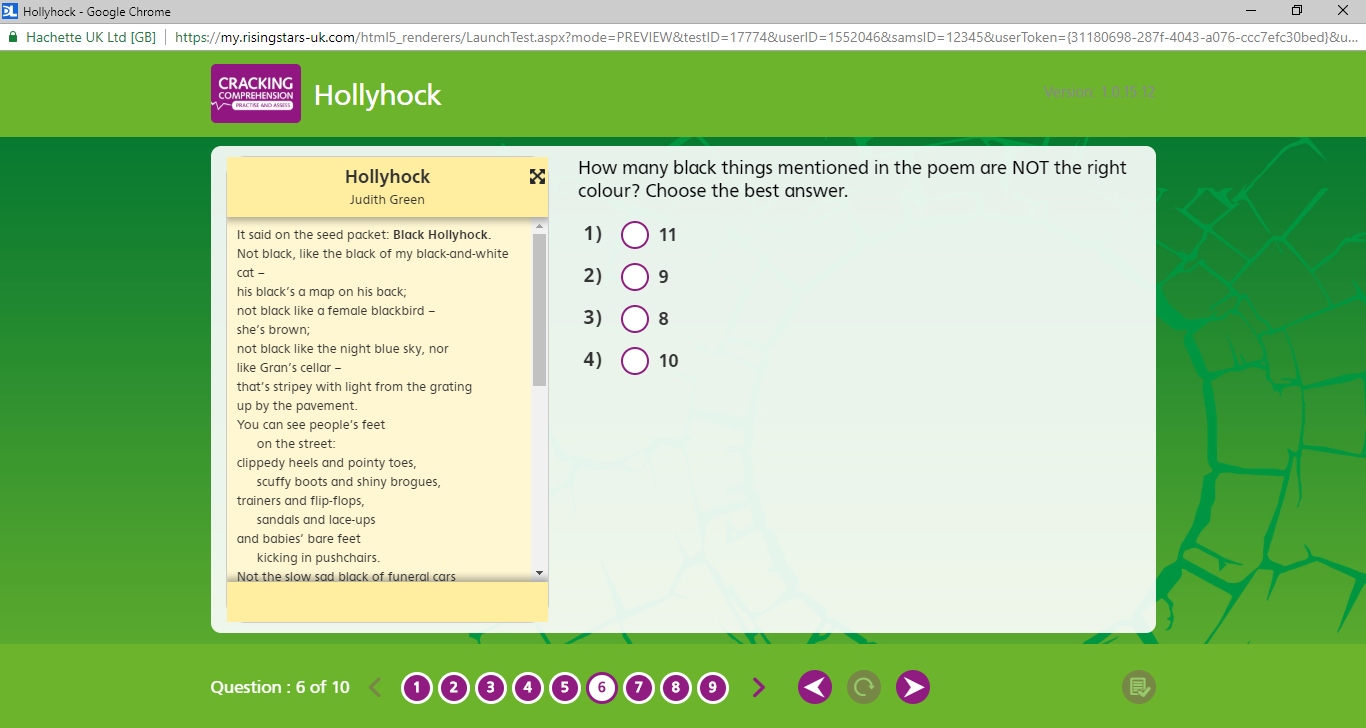
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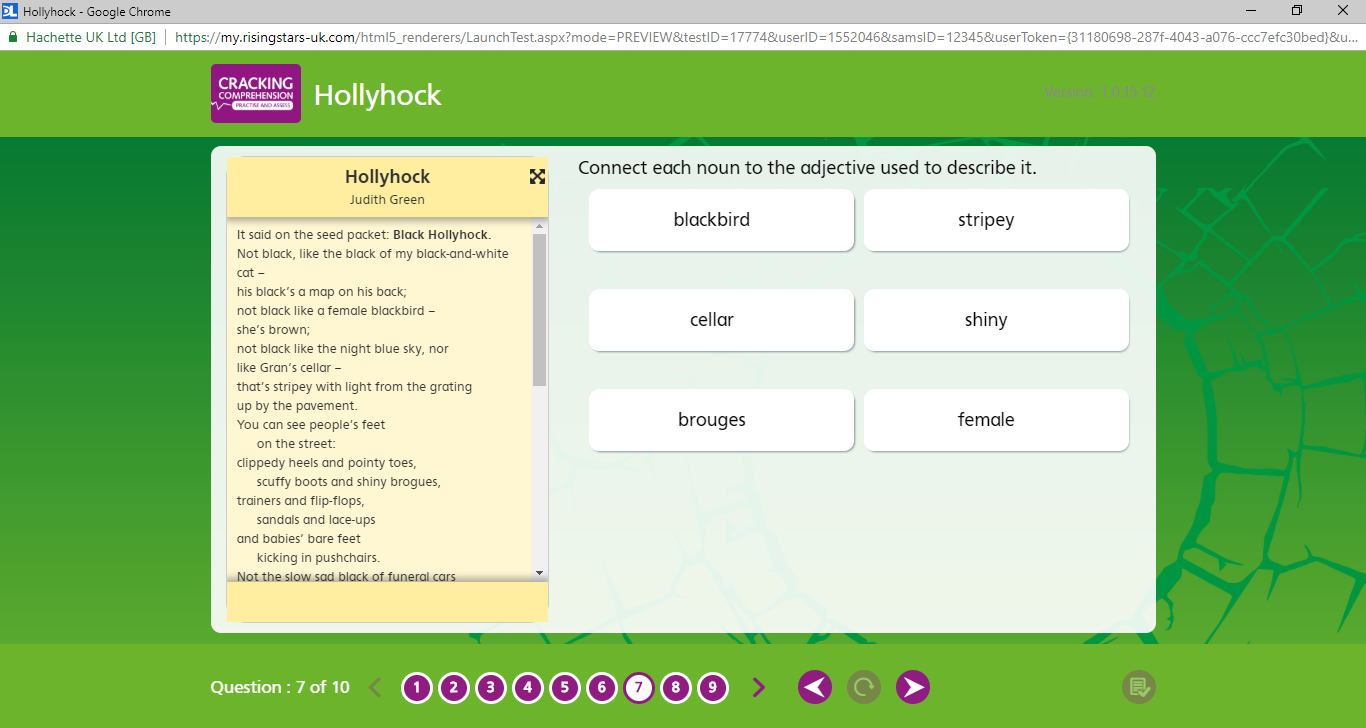
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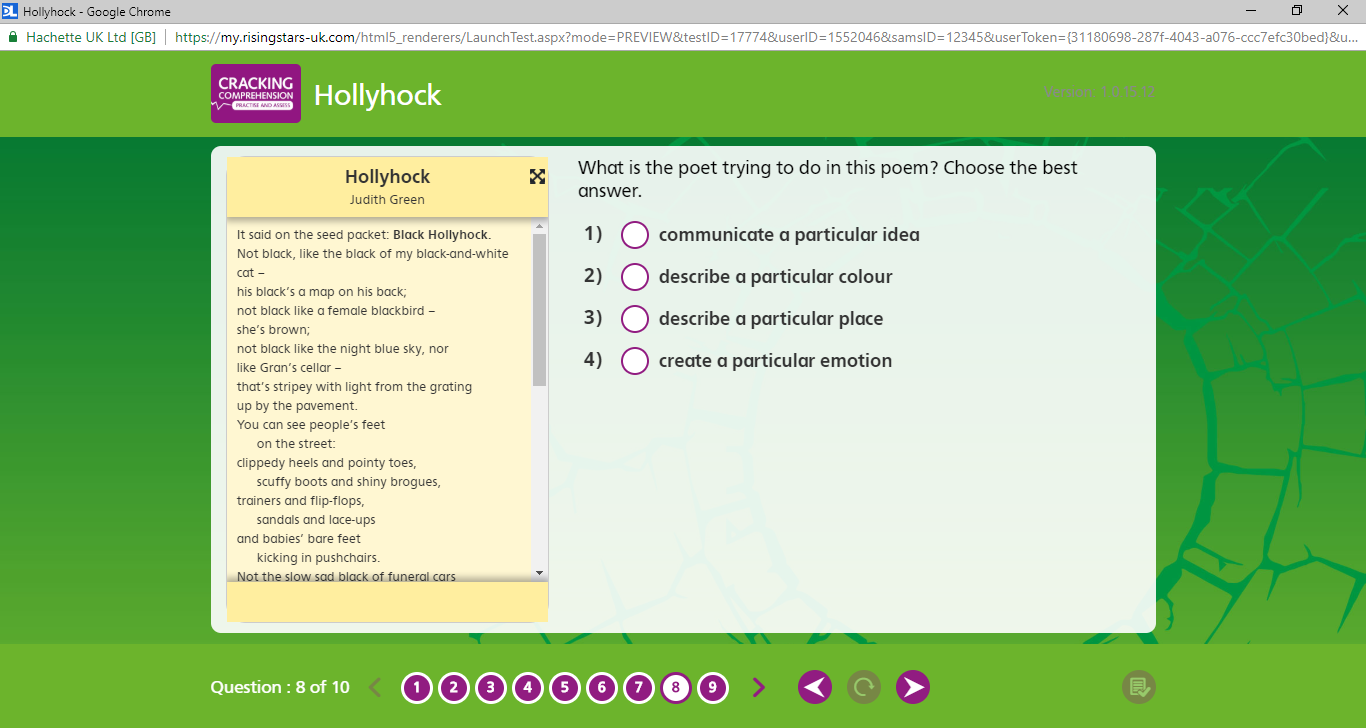
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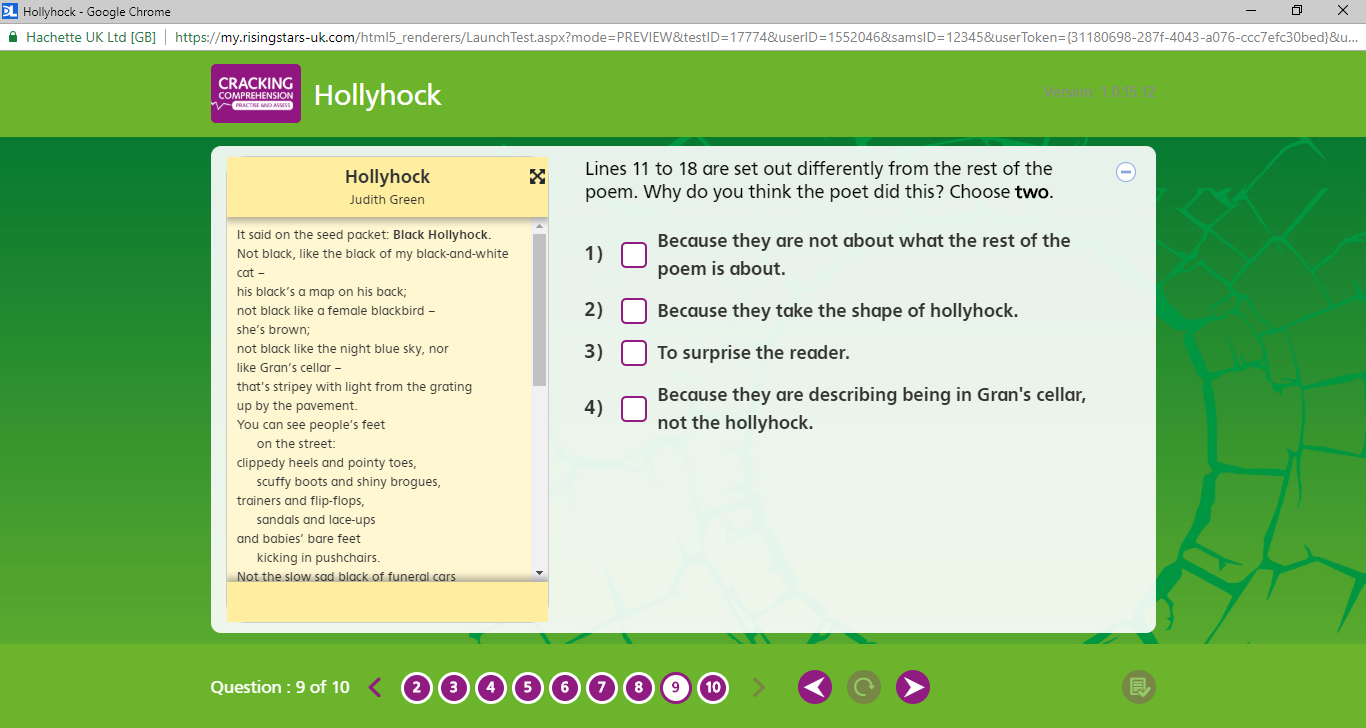
7.



8.



9.



10.

