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I never had much luck with games of chance
(the one-armed bandit stole my ice-cream cash)
but here I dawn-wake, stumble into scented light
before the sun's hold wrestles earth into submission.

A heavy-headed dog pads past - protects
this hidden night in all the year when cactus,
tall and branching as a tree, is starred into a galaxy
of flowers, each large as hand-span, busy with bees.

Waxy water-lilies nestle between spines,
like babies held in henchmen's arms.
Birds brim the air. The thorny, tangled stems
dressed by fairy godmother for the ball.

By morning all have closed and dropped,
shrivelled balloons after a party, littering
the dusty earth. But I have chanced on glory
and the world vibrates with possibility.