

## OFFICER

Returned from trenches of his living  
uniform stands against the dying sun  
with a last cigarette  
monolithic, totally vulnerable.

Peeping villagers who'd go just to come back  
feel their womenfolk drawn to his  
silhouette impossibly tall,  
his mastery of feelings and of action.

Come closer, wonder at the dead brown of his eyes  
grave steadiness -  
but note the edge of his mouth held taut  
flickers.

You children see a hero not destroyed  
by the War. He does not think your thoughts.  
You are not close to feel what energy he  
pumps into legs to hold against  
the break, the crazy moaning sprint  
from sniper's eye.

Later one asks him, man to man  
What's it really like up there  
at the Front?  
He does not move.  
There is no answer.

Simon  
Leigh



There will be no more  
of being young together

Over the cranes  
(didn't anyone see a bird  
with a long neck like a tap? )  
beside the uncomplaining river

factory spires  
bless  
the spikes of rain  
and poets  
whatever they tell you  
speak only  
to poets

## A WALK

One day my body went out for a walk  
and left me alone with my head.  
I found I could wink and could think and could talk  
but no one could hear what I said.

So I watched my poor body go blundering around  
as if it had something to prove -  
It was too blind to see that it still needed me  
and I, with the brains, couldn't move.

## CITY

When the city is  
inside your head  
parking meters measure out  
anxiety  
No stopwatch ever  
pumped sufficient blood  
to fill a flower

City built on losers' bones  
by night  
gives neon nightmares  
day has lost all dreams  
palaces loves  
and memories strung along a nerve  
numb fingers fumble