

# POETRY

## OdeH Park

In the evening of the year  
children break away on the lawns  
and up the hill  
(big steps over small tufts)  
through cold grass  
impassable in summer because of  
burdocks  
clinging waist high

I walk on leaves  
curled sunwards  
their ribs hesitating  
lightly  
on wet earth:  
this park is always damp

Feet keep sinking into streams  
on this trail  
trickling  
where in spring  
boys break ice on their bicycles  
legs high

Low stone walls  
laid with Loyalist pride  
course wide  
and moss green  
through these woods with crumbling gaps -  
caused by the weight of wet leaves  
in the night  
or by something with bright eyes  
hurrying over them

Saddled horses pass  
and eye me - sideways  
thudding through churned mud  
I move behind trees each time  
for fear they'll charge  
I am in red  
and dream about it

One day in the open it will happen

PAMELA FULTON



## BEGGING

There he stoops all day  
Wrinkled, Grey - haired and Senile  
With his stained beard, and his pavement bowl  
Hand hopefully out stretched  
Entreating, Entreating with eyes  
Entreating with his tongue  
Entreating with his hands

Yet we saunter by  
Eyes earthwards rivetted  
Sometimes a knurled stick  
Sometime none, Always the filthy jeans  
The tattered jean  
We have seen him piteously hopping  
Hobbling and crawling  
Still we ignore the gnarled palm  
Still we ignore over the drab pavement

Perhaps he is blind, pitiful.  
Yet he misses not every proffered coins  
Though the gesture is silent  
Perhaps he can see  
So we stalk past, so we ignore old age  
So we condemn bare poverty;  
Issit drinking coffee having given a begger a penny  
Now I am worried on a subtler score,  
Is my shudder a mark  
Did I bribe him to vanish  
Is my shudder of mark of compassion as  
I order another coffee  
Or do I feel suffering valid provided it's in  
next street.

Deogratias Mugo

## SWEET HEART

Sweet thoughts fill my mind  
As I watch her descending the stairs  
With assurance and a smile that unending

I think of her dearness  
When she was a little girl  
Transferred in a wink  
To this lovely young lady.

I think of her future  
So radiantly glowing  
And hope against hope  
That my feelings aren't showing

For my sweetest of thoughts  
The most heartfelt and true ones  
Today she gets my new car

And I get a old one

Deogratias Mugo