

Hourglass Reservoir

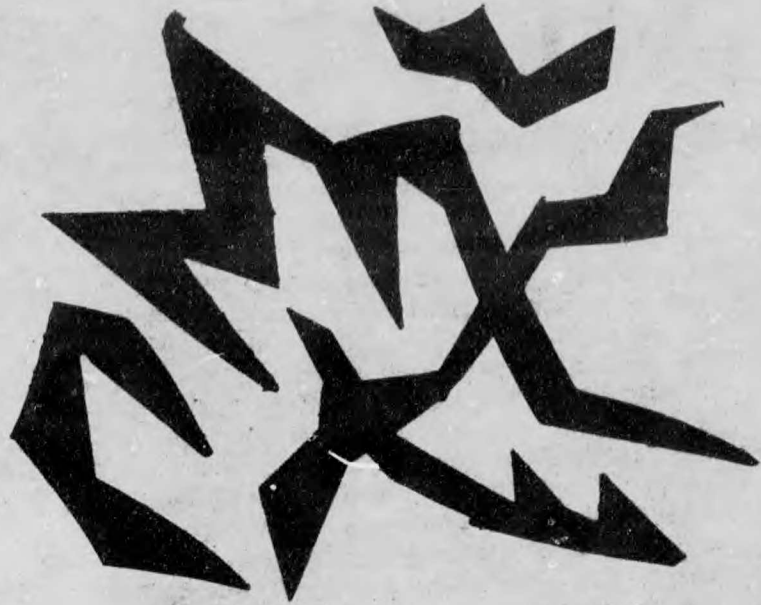
Collapsing on plain white beds
(these should be pools)
felt the falling should be slow
like rising
Perfumed cloth removed from the drawer
as you choose
Something that unfolds;
without fuses, and thirst in her limbs

Where the rite was
the rice and dried cake
are host to pink hands of mice

Bells ringing, fours at orchards
taking tea and honey-cake
on lemon benches
Dove-roosts above
ladies passing beneath the trees
the bees frantic, set against
their calm, cool palms
Bells ringing, ladies passing into trees

Pining away in a room
in the last lunar light
where the mirror cannot question her purse
and echoing gloves
Absent also, the waves
that slapped her face while she slept
led her like wood to a corner of the beach;
her name sealed, and thirsty
for more than miles of sand.

-Michael Pacey



Lovers in Autumn

Hand in hand
lovers walk down the street,
Shuffling among leaves
of red gold and brown,
They laugh and play
secure in the grip of love.

The autumn air
cool crisp and embracing;
And each word they speak
is echoed in a frosty mist
that rises and circles angelically
their bare heads.

The gentle wind
whispers through the trees;
And from branches grey and brittle
it picks the coloured leaves;
Floating them down,
down to the already carpeted ground.

Eyes sparkle
with a deep lasting love
as the lovers turn and face;
And with longing arms reaching
they find an embrace;
Firm with passion, gentle with care;
And the wind whispers and the leaves rustle
as soft warm lips meet
in a kiss that echoes
a love which knows no bounds.

-Wanda McAdam

BIKING IN A PICKPOCKET WIND

I.

Bear down on the pedals
down the falling road,
a funnel of poems
shoved in my pocket.
a blur in the intersection when
pages are grabbed out
by wind, snapping at my back until

scattering. Turn, see poems
shifting, cartwheeling, cupped
around poles. My secrets
& promises out, under
staring faces at steering-wheels.

II.

Emptyarmed girl, smoothly as if
changing grip on a kite-string,
catches one between two fingers
& brings it to me, between

two fingers. Say, 'Thanks for
rescuing my poem.' 'Oh,' she says,
'That's what it was.'

Say, 'A dalmation's pawed one
on the grass, a driver's pointed to
his grill. You're the best yet.'

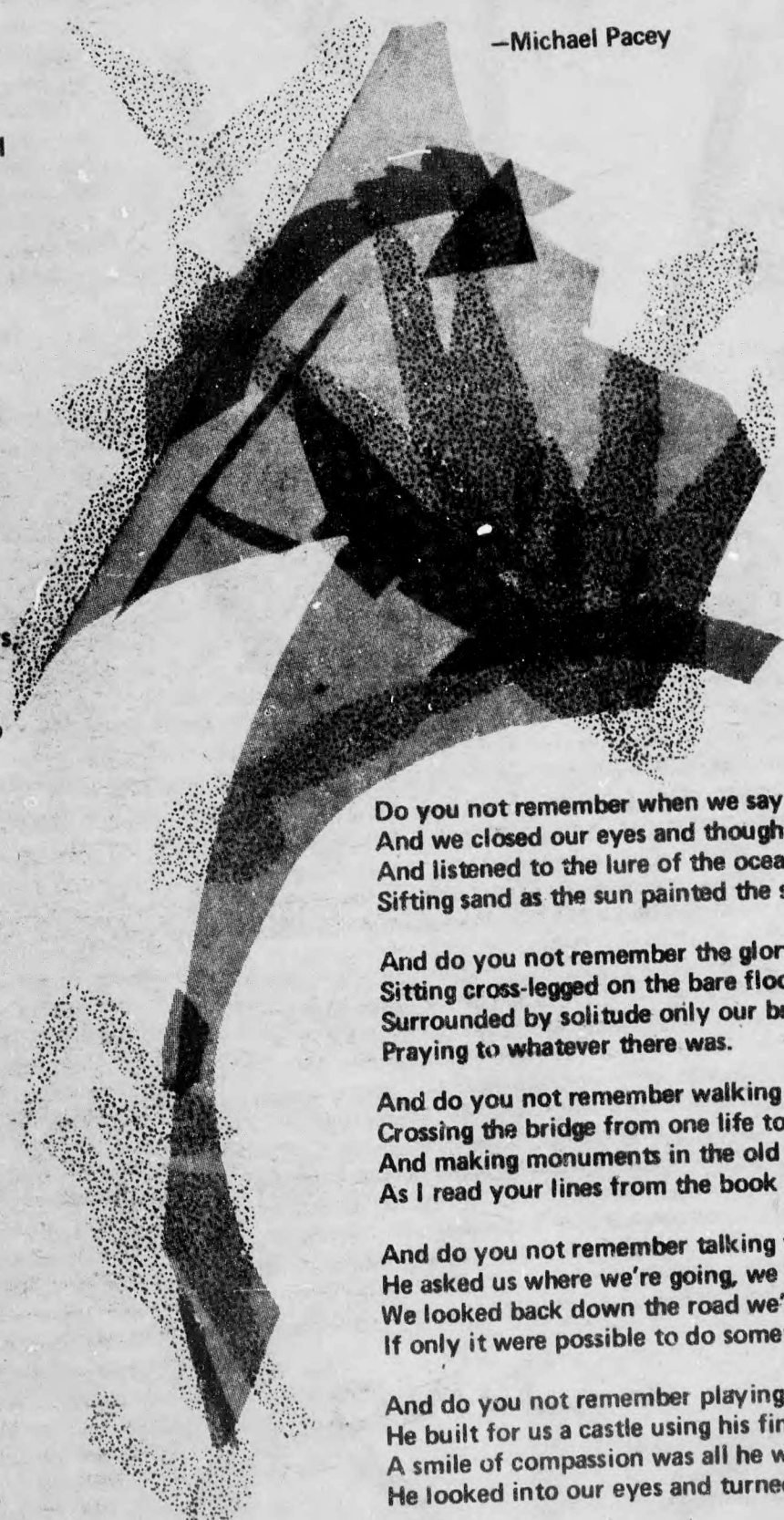
'I've,' she says, 'always
thought of writing poems.'
Say, 'Glad it didn't rain
today.' She laughs. Feel good
as you do after loosing

a beautiful girl's laughter, even
if what you said was
funny as murder &
she was actually
acting or
anxious to get on
to wherever she was going.

III.

Wonder if the lost poem was
pierced by a litter-stick
& cast among cans & wrappers
& carted off to a furnace. Or
if the girl knelt, brushed it
& deciphered something. Or if
an oriole carried it aloft
& cut it into strips
to weave into its intricate nest.

-B.B.



Do you not remember when we say life on the wing as it meandered by,
And we closed our eyes and thought of nothing but each other,
And listened to the lure of the ocean as it came and went,
Sifting sand as the sun painted the sky.

And do you not remember the glory we say in the candle glow,
Sitting cross-legged on the bare floor in that bare room,
Surrounded by solitude only our breathing to hear,
Praying to whatever there was.

And do you not remember walking through the meadow as the sun went down,
Crossing the bridge from one life to another,
And making monuments in the old abandoned church,
As I read your lines from the book of yesterday.

And do you not remember talking to the old man on the village road,
He asked us where we're going, we could only tell him where we'd been,
We looked back down the road we'd never walk again,
If only it were possible to do something again.

And do you not remember playing with the poor boy and his sticks and stones,
He built for us a castle using his fingers as his only tool,
A smile of compassion was all he waited for,
He looked into our eyes and turned and walked away.

-Brian Ashworth