

Wild Roses

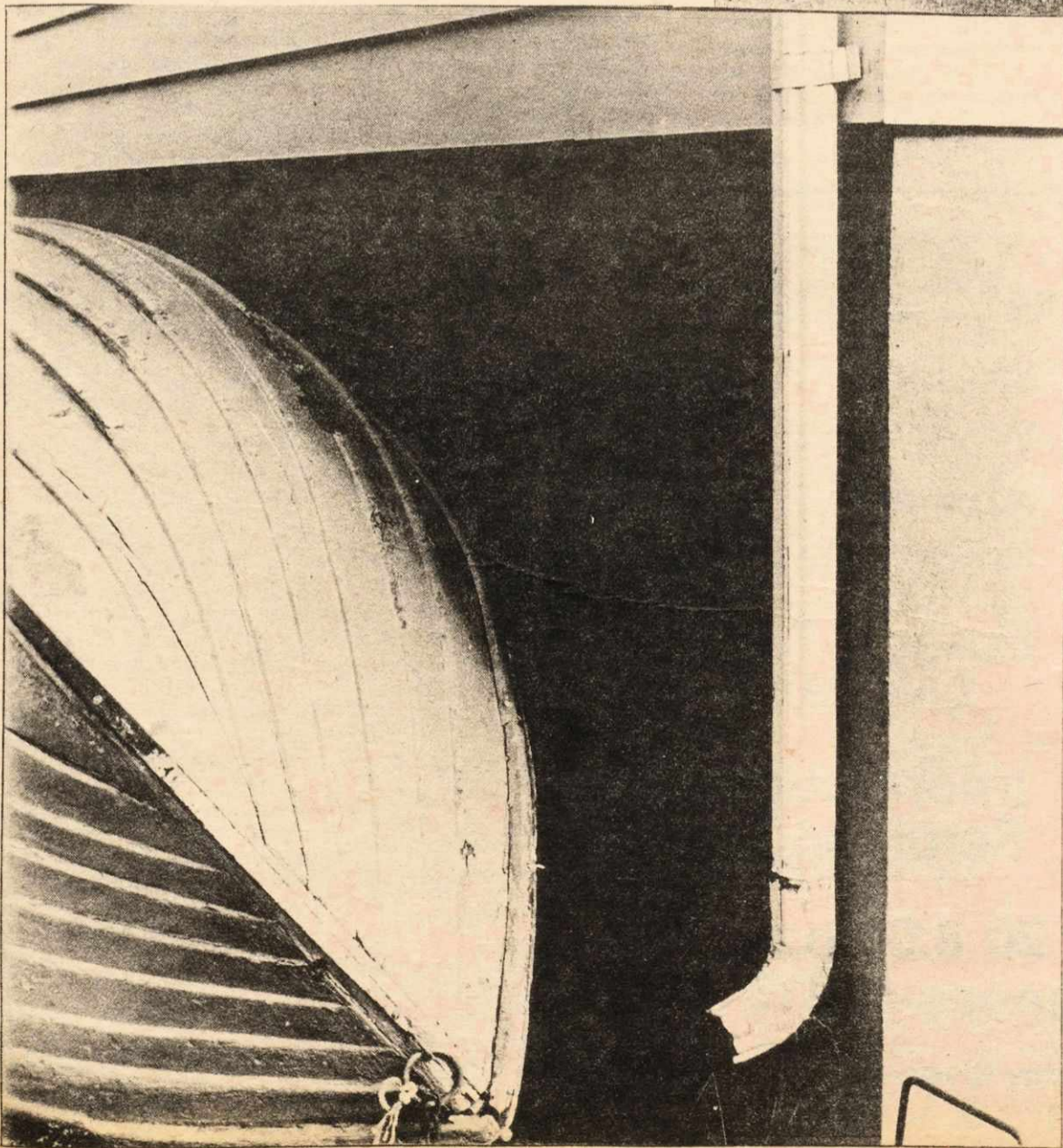
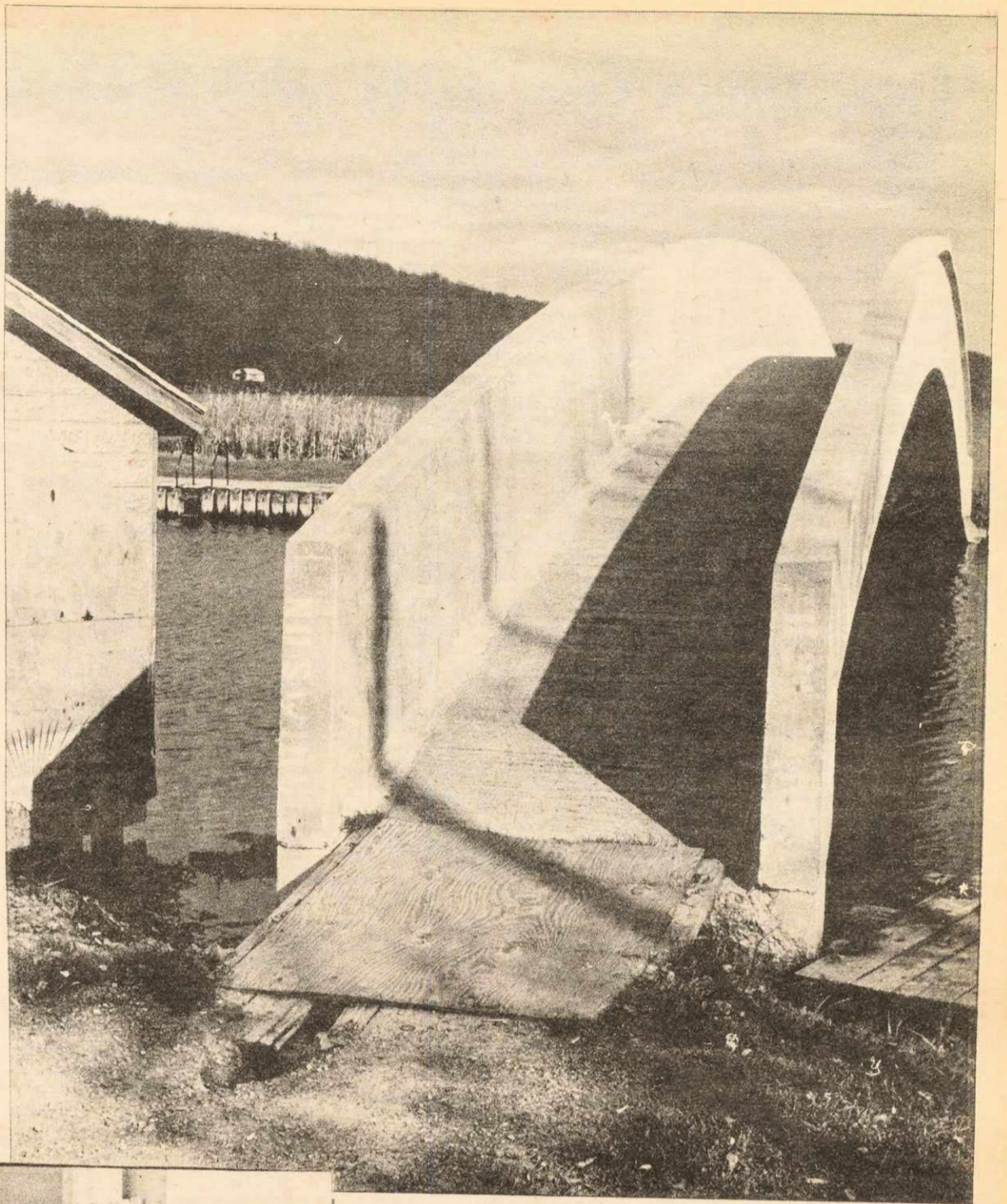
wild roses burned pink on wax green bushes  
burning pink in the hot sweet sun  
and the sea was blue and bright

we lay among the tall grass  
brown and sun-hot skin  
beneath my fingers  
I heard the drone of insects in the heavy air  
and the wash of waves upon the shore

sun and sea, sky and summer  
seemed to last forever  
steeped in well-remembered colours  
washed in sound and sight and touching  
of that brown-skinned boy  
that August sun

replaying in my mind like endless movies  
boy and girl and a summer love  
that lasted forty years

Joyce Ronkin



Tabula Rasa

Some would consider it  
an insult  
if their mother'd  
read Proust  
while giving birth,  
others a challenge  
to be noticed:  
the opportunity  
to begin a literary career,  
training in  
attracting attention  
begun at once,  
the tasteful withdrawal  
inevitable  
from the very first  
moment:  
the whole thing recorded  
as it passed by the metaphysician  
who wondered who could be alive  
in this mess as the child  
sought the other seeking  
the author searching the past  
to find  
the present so  
slapped the kid  
and gave him "something to remember".

Doug Watters