

## JOANM DAVIS

Could I  
by force of thought alone  
summon your sudden voice –  
the clangour of the phone  
and blind communication,  
lit by the lilt, the tone,  
the soft confines, the choice  
of word to hand to ear  
and private now;

I hear  
the urban blend of grinding  
engines, fettered children,  
birds in flight unwinding  
round this failing hour –

## ROBERT C. BOYCE

### OVER DINNER

said he  
sang like the wind

like the legendary fish  
that got away  
vigorously  
hailed it in

except the story didn't  
end there

eventually  
the legendary fish  
took its place at table

like the sauterne  
the wind settled  
uncomfortably

when the sunstruck eyes  
winked back