

ROBERT HANDICOTT

HODEL STREET

Four halves of the moon
ascend my neighbour's window,
plump as bare buttocks

VERSE FOR THE TIMES

A son is blown in two,
A father lost at sea,
A husband riddled through.
Ally or enemy,

Each cancels leave to dance
Prim verses down a page.
We lash a raft of sense;
Or drown in grief and rage.

May 1982