

a little to one side of what he loves;
earn a clear view
through delicate adjustments,
steady care;
meet solitude and setbacks, just enough,
to fine out his desires
and assess them with keen eyes.
May his mind reach, tactile as fingertips
to the sharp braille of the skies.

Robert Lumsden

A GALLERY IS A COLLECTION OF DISPARATE THINGS

Lilies like lilies, twilight like moonlight,
Two sempiternal peaches and the last of the Tasmanians.

A pewter tankard on a green beige ground,
A fug of rigging, a smirking Marlborough,
Two more peach-patches and a slice of watermelon.

Or: a turkey with a thickened tongue and eye of glass
By a phalanx of Norwegian schoolchildren

Smiling at a steeple of skulls, whispering
To please an attendant, as they pass,

Olé, towards the exits.

