

George Gott

THEN AND NOW

Once I loved a maiden,
cheek to cheek;
as I recall I loved her
for a week;
seven days were lovely,
seven nights were fair;
then I went and left her
standing there;
let the tempest taunt me,
rise and fall;
now I have no lover,
none at all.

Graeme Hetherington

PERON DUNES

The wind has built high walls of sand
And carves out as it blows away
The frescoes of an open tomb,
Where men and women come and go.

In stories older than the hills,
The same as the Egyptians told:
Our only lasting human theme
The long procession of the dead.