

Mark Houching

THE ESCAPER

Lying on floor
gazing at shadows
under door
a screw's shoes squeak
by to break
the stillness.
OM NAMAH SHIVAYA
they haven't got me

Shadows are images
spirits of our fear
voices scream out.

have you seen my rabbit
i saw the face of jesus
it was in dust on my pillow
i went to brush it away
hey fellas I'm fucking crazy
getting out tomorrow going
to the lockup ward I'm getting
out fellas

I remember the time you
killed me in the tunnel I won't forget
I'll get a shotgun
and blow your guts out
kill you dead. Beat the feet screw
Beat the feet. Sir can you
find out about that. Can I have
a smoke, talk to someone
Beat the feet I'm a train
I'm getting out fellas.

Silence hits the block
hey bob we ate your
fucking rabbit bit its head
off now get to sleep

hey fellas.

Vasso Kalamaras

LOVE OF THE LAND

The purple sky,
violet, a silver garden
full of travelling flowers.
And he, bending to the earth,
slowly, slowly, with the rhythm
of a victor's certainty,
makes her his woman.
The plough thrusts
panting
deep into tightly closed legs
which promise
vigorous fruit
to ripen in time
with his joy.

**Translated by: David Hutchinson and the
poet**