

David Jacobs

SNOOKER PLAYERS

They dip their cues across the baize, like angling,
Or using geiger counters in a search for minerals.
They line up shots like squinting through a hole.
They cue with the sudden thrusting of harpooning fish.

Immaculately styled hair and tailored evening wear.
Shoes gleam, unnaturally, as if electrically charged.
They progress around the table like hungry lions.
A scratch, scratch scratching as the tip is chalked.

In cubicles, they concentrate on cue and hands,
Using a cloth like they were working to the bone.
They fuss about the balls, and will not play
Until convinced of surfaces as pure as molecules.

Rory Harris

IPOEM

i draw the waist of a wind
in closer, a casualness of touch
the sculptured foot prints & an arm left to fall

& where the sand drifts
it settles, taking its shape
over what is already there

i look for monuments that have
broken patterns, on a beach
that won't wear itself down