

**Diane Fahey**

**SCYLLA, DAUGHTER OF  
NISUS**

At what moment  
    did the sea become  
        a leaden cloak,  
did she begin to imagine  
    breathing water  
        as some kind of release?  
that was the moment  
    when her body  
        began to change, the wings  
she first thought fins  
    began to move, so that  
        she spiralled upwards —  
a slow unbreathing climb  
    till she broke through  
        the sea's winged surge  
and spiralled higher  
    tranced by surprise  
        the escape into sunlit air  
a radiant pain. . .  
    In such an altered body  
        she knew a different world  
— without longing, joy,  
    but with their  
        perfect expression.  
'Who was I then,' she asked  
    'plotting to have my lover  
        murder my father?'  
. . . Around her, the birds

sang perfectly  
from perfect nests.  
Sea-winds blew,  
ruffling the down  
of the newest born,  
invading the most  
hidden warmth,  
taking their due.

(Ovid. **Metamorphoses**. Bk. VIII)

**Jan Nelson**

## **DUSK**

I want something more solid  
than dreams and streetlamps  
Lighting up the sunset  
with private pockets of embarrassment  
And pulling down the shades on my grief.  
In the next room, someone is crying extravagantly  
For the soft-poached eyes absorbing into the earth.  
People look through windows but see only shadows,  
The ultimate in still life.