

## **Andrew Lansdown**

### **TWILIGHT**

Rising high above  
the dark shoulder of the dune,  
piercing the stillness  
with a final call before  
nightfall: the nankeen kestrel.

## **Donna Hartley**

### **W**

W dances on the page in ambiguity.  
It's a letter of questions,  
an M, upside down,  
it's more a letter of slippery-dips than mountains  
continually changing direction,  
a point of the lost rather than the compass,  
with arms reaching open-ended  
to heaven.  
W is enough to put anyone in two minds,  
a ditch with a hidden spike,  
it suggests 'warmth' but freezes with 'warning',  
it's as treacherous as weather, or whether,  
whichever way you spell it,  
it's as fluid as water  
but inert like weight  
sticking laggardly on the lips as if reluctant to leave,  
wobbling alphebetically at the end,  
almost.