

RORY HARRIS

ELBOW HILL

*

rose coloured
galvanised iron
flutters like wings
against a bright sky

*

a rusted petrol pump
51c a litre

*

the thin brown
face, cotton printed
behind the counter
shaking the dust
off dollar coins

*

dying geraniums
in oil can pots
root bound
for water

*

a husband who can fix anything
back in the longest half hour
in history

while the radiator
threatens to explode

*

FRESH BREAD
FRESH BAIT
the coast like a line of chalk
turns to meet us

*

gravel grins
to meet the bitumen
black, sleek silk
rumbling into distant hills

CHRISTOPHER HEFFERNAN

THREE MONOLOGUES

1.

Pop Guitarist:

Ah, the unplugging of amplifiers
And the unhooking of brassieres . . .
We were as arrogant as you could be
On three chords and two beers
What mastery
To piss in a crowd's ear and go scot-free
And the prettiest butterfly in the beer garden on your arm

It had its charm
And I shouldn't have strayed further from the Tivoli