

SIALIA SIALIS

PENTHESILEA

It was a battle of the sexes, my love.
You were a woman in a man's world,
the notorious Amazon,
the man-slaying daughter of Ares
and I had no choice but to stand my ground:
honour and the male ego decreed it.
So lust overcame resistance,
the shaft found its mark
and then, too late, I loved you,
kissed your soulless eyes, your lips,
your flowing hair, your naked coldness.
You were vanquished and left to drift
face-down in the waters of the Scamander
while I, my love, was left haunted
by the memory of that terrible violation.

GEOFFREY QUINLAN

MORNING

When rising after not sleeping again,
Only to see the silent sheets of snow,
He knows his loss: the blank expanse is lain
Dissolving memory and hope in its flow.

And then the filtered light will ache with migraine,
The bilious walls will undulate, and the wind
Will creak in the empty house. A muffled pain
Is wrapped around the mazes of his mind.

Then livid lips whisper furiously
The strange uncomprehended idiom
Of peopled streets, the traffic passing by:
It is the hour when no answers come.

DARYN VOSS

THE GOOD LIFE

A single bunch of forget-me-nots
with a small card
“to Darren with love”

Or a happy birthday message
read by a portable radio announcer
who had never heard of me
and was probably glad
but money can buy anything
even tact

Or just settling down to Sleep
hoping there to stay
till my mind knows what it's doing
with my life

Or going to bed
in a strange and reported
lover's triangle
involving Kate Bush
Mr Sanyo
and Me