

## KNUTE SKINNER

### SHORT OF EATING SLUGS

Dunstan at three finds slugs beneath each stone.  
Fondles them, hugs them, likes to chew them up.  
Delights in everything that's like a slug.  
Even the yellow haddock on his plate  
Is obvious to him in its resemblance.  
When he repeats to me that boys like slugs,  
It seems I've made the statement necessary.  
Though, short of eating them, I like slugs too.

## VICTORIA WARD

### TEA LADY

Slouched  
behind tank  
—trolley steel  
grey uniform a  
camouflage amongst  
the jungle urns with  
walkman on her head the  
wiring carves through wool—  
curls canned music gurgles  
down drain ears she hums along  
her downturned mouth like damgates  
how sound sloshes out thick and Muddy  
Waters in her urns.