

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.