



## JEAN THORNTON

### EACH YEAR THE LILAC

Each year the lilac  
outside my bedroom window  
gives notice of season's end  
sending leaves to the ground  
in fluttering concern (languid  
or harried, according to whim  
of breeze coming up from the bay).  
At each twig-leaf disjuncture  
the scar heals: no bleeding wound,  
no wasting sap, only a closing  
of exit to be re-opened in Spring.

When first I came to the weatherboard  
house winter held thrall. The lilac  
stood stark outside the window, a switch  
of bare twigs. Helpers said 'Destroy  
the ugly thing.' The lilac resisted  
tugs of hand, digs of spade, hacks of saw  
and knowingly awaited its rightful time.

## JILL JONES

### PLASTIC DINOSAURS

Dolores the Tyrannosaurus used to stand on my desk  
next to the phone though she never answered it  
she offered no protection only her offwhite plastic skeleton  
five inches high and her mouth wide in a smile  
more friendly than the modern monsters  
poisonous in their ground floor offices