

## R.G. HAY

### ANAGRAMMAR

Being human, what else but words:  
seeing you, thoughts begin to form,  
shape as a few tentative verbal strokes  
which, your response reinforcing,  
grow caressive, more cohesive,  
swell, rear, and sudden pour out a torrent —  
seeds that you may take  
to nurture and bring to fruition.  
But that having got itself expressed,  
you are moved to murmur gentle:  
set me thinking again.  
Words once more stir, begin to build their structures.  
It is said that the set of sentences is infinite:  
I think you lead me to demonstrate the point.

## RORY HARRIS

### POEM

the tyres kiss on the corners of the highway  
the weeks flick past like white posts

we've strung a line between us  
& hold the ends anticipating

behind me, the school yard empties  
like an exploded balloon