

## D'ARCY RANDALL

### SLIDES

We do not own a proper screen and so,  
We shine our slides up on a sheet,  
    pinned to the curtain in the dining room.  
Many things we do not own — how pious  
To sleek through our experience like neat jets.  
But this carousel, crown of an old winter,  
Shows us ourselves in mountains, 1968 —  
    blue white and bright parkas,  
Children frosted pink and Ted, just thirteen,  
    not knowing how to hold his frame.

The scene behind us could have been another slide  
    thrown on a perfect space,  
But here the wrinkled sheet faults  
    a poised winter's day;  
The curtain underneath makes shadows  
    where I remember none;  
And then behind the window quiet night  
    hurls herself around the traps of time.

## CHRISTINE STEWART

### EVENING WITH THE NEIGHBOURS

Only the old woman crouches  
on the couch, at six p.m. precise  
for her daily feast of shootings, hangings  
and global holocausts; these are the items  
which alone can touch a smirk of triumph  
to her solitary mouth; or perhaps  
if it is rich enough, a sorry tale  
of politics and traitors.

    Mum is in the kitchen.  
Sufficiently removed from the psychedelic gleam  
of the mandatory seven hundred dollar colour set  
she grapples with the peas, the spuds, the pumpkin  
dares to try again the brand new microwave