

MYRON LYSENKO

TERRITORIAL

The bomb stands in the kitchen
radiating warmth, energy & light.
The bomb is cheap, has
eliminated my electricity bills.

The bomb has a cheeky grin,
has been fighting with the television,
interfering with the radio,
has become my only source of power.

The bomb is eating cat food
has become territorial
& the cat has disappeared.
The bomb wants to be my pet.

I am sick every day,
I stay close to a bucket.
My hair is falling out,
my skin is red & bleeding.

The bomb is out the back
standing in the rain
building a shelter.
I think it's for me.

SHANE McCAULEY

THE HERMIT

I have reduced my affiliations,
Comfortable with only a moon-wisp
To guard my darkness, to illumine
The writing pen. Steam from my rice
Became rain yesterday, and my beard
Drips into a stream that seethes
With its silences. Putrefaction
Vanishes here, or changes. My age

Is no deformity — a guardian of time
Should at least look the part.
Sometimes my indecisions have been
Seen as prudence, a distaste
For anything that has consequence.
I contemplate the egg of the world.
Instead, have gained a reputation
For spotting aberrations, talk daily
With the birds, gilding their wings
That the ignorant might marvel. Believe
Only that the heart should be a mesh,
A harmony of spaces to snare any
Elusive goodness. When I hunger,
The city sleeps. O times! O customs!
Insight is random, but I sit waiting,
Each fragment of thought meat
For vultures, superfluity of desire
An impediment. Yet, at deepest night,
My hand, star-framed, can be seen
At the centre of the universe. Then,
And only then, do I extol my virtue
And go strolling naked on the shore.

SELWYN PRICHARD

TAKING THE PISS

The sun wakes me from thirty years ago:

a drumming tent in the Grünewald at night;
the gormless major, double-barrelled, long
discharged; the C.S.M. who swopped wife and
medals, pension, kids for the padre's
batman's bum; sundry sergeants full of beer
and jovial servility; myself, callow subaltern,
disgraced by the sodden troops outside our
beery comfort; Colour Sergeant Griff, whose mad
bull eye belied his drollery: 'This sergeant had
no balls, the other, clap! I was a male whore!'