

The major roared. Barking, bellowing, the rest were  
half a pace behind.

I faced his rank contempt, then shoved out  
into the pelting dark past men still as cattle.  
Laughter surged. Behind me, sudden, ropes were  
slashed and bellying canvas burst as expletives.

All night against the Russian wire I watched the sky.  
A flare! The kookaburra sun has come!

## DAVID REITER

### WYMAN AT ROBSON SQUARE

(Vancouver, Canada)

#### prologue

How could these shadows  
offend an urban madness?  
Dance can transform

to dignity, and does  
in this stage brought  
to moonlight. Your toes,

knees, arms have tongues  
that paint butterflies to fan  
our eyes and feed lips

with apricots that show  
all we are like  
to know.

### **the square**

A stage between Mozart's  
and the Old Bailiff, then up  
to glassy Court, but, between,

this special soil, blocked  
in stone slabs like dis-earthed  
fortress. Plants float like clouds

stacked to tease the streets.  
Pools on grid renew and reduce  
by sheets down glass,

reflecting steel sinews thicker  
than totems. Lovers kiss  
stems and leaves.

### **the dance**

Like fountain wall, her pink  
dress flows down her limbs,  
her fingers are geranium

buds rising into bloom, she spins  
on points of her own music,  
orchestrating the air.

### **the street**

Above this wedge of petals  
doggy life mutters on. Even coughs  
are concrete. A rescue

squad flashes by, pausing spokes.  
Some youth strain to outgrow grey  
in maroon lids; their quilled

hairs, yellow, seek a neon frame.  
Above the sheen of dust, bibles  
are less frantic for horns,

and the only surprise  
in twilight breaths  
is silence.

### the dance

When you camber this time  
into tin, echoing our levers,  
your limbs have the bronze

of an early sun. Your Aztecs mock  
camembert and dessert<sup>s</sup>:  
after drums, near the Maid

of Justice, a placed pot  
shatters, and its tree  
sags like a lanced horse oozing

sap. These are figures,  
in bow, to dapple the tacit  
street lamps into season.

## STELLA TURNER

### WEEKEND IN ENGLAND WITH STRANGERS

Our hosts retired for afternoon naps.  
We sat upstairs in the silent house, reading  
waiting for the time to pass  
until another cup of tea with  
awkward conversation  
marked the passing of two more hours . . .  
still twenty-four before our flight.

The windows opened  
onto the most English of English  
summer gardens. Walled  
green lawns glanced by swallows