

NORMA KNIGHT

YOU WERE ALWAYS UP THERE, ASTAIRE

Heaven, I'm in heaven, he sang,
dancing our breath away
in airy-as-cloud perfection.

Heaven, I'm in heaven, he sang,
spiriting our hearts away.

Soft voice, slick hair,
mercurial feet.
Serene enchanter
smiling like a boy,

tapping intricate rhythms,
twirling, semi-drifting,
movement
in music-
making a dance of life.

KIERAN RIDGE

FAMILIAR FACES

Through the smoke-stained windows of
The Fairfield House I see them floating
in the tobacco and stout warmth
inside: clean-shaven fleshy cheeks pink
from drink and weather, windrheumed eyes dancing
conversation under brows as wild as furze,

eager lips puckering to kiss creamy-headed
pints of Guinness, crinkled foreheads
pronouncing that this is true but that's absurd.
Drawn close together in twos and threes, tongues
busy between twisted yellow teeth, pipe stems
channelling spittle down laughing chins,
the faces of Irish farmers turn doorwards
as I enter and, seeing a face not unlike
their own in younger days, nod welcome.

HERB BATT

HAIKU

I

We bank to the right
And the moon slides off our wing
Into Lake Erie

II

Fall night, willow lake
The sky is in the water
Leaves fall from the moon

III

Silhouette at anchor
Junk against the silver Yangtze
Rigging in the moon