

separated by several feet of leather seat. There was nothing we could do or say.

I long for journeys that seem not to end, with magic in the texture of the glass against the rain, casting patterned shadows like a coarse-grained veil on faces moving swiftly under street lamps, congealing into scatterings of brilliants, and pausing in its coursings inexplicably, inarticulate and blind as tears.

TERRY HARRINGTON

ARRIVAL

Waiting for them was like watching a tide.
I knew they were coming but didn't notice
the inches & yards stepped towards me.
Suddenly I am swamped, carried out
onto the doorstep as they ruffle up dog ears
& maul the bell. I wish I could kiss them
but they are the wrong breed — all teeth
& the clink of spectacles, & handkerchiefs.

They shed their bags & coats, lap up coffee
& whimper about provincialities.
I love each one of them despite
the dribble that hangs from their mouths;
the way they grab the deepest cushions
to ease out the knots in their legs.
Yes, the tide has ebbed & now recedes;
I comb their arrival for shells amongst weed.