

Well, Mrs Annie Fewster, I shall not
complain about the rent, for I intend
to gather up and take away these views
and use them any day I feel the need.

JENNIFER WOODHOUSE

TWO SONGS FOR SURABAYA JOHNNY

What a gift the changing year has brought,
be it in borrowed beds, on borrowed floors, in borrowed cars,
beneath the most Brechtian of moons and stars.

The city sleeps, the city wakes and roars;
fires singe the hills with their October passion;
your image burns before me like a genie —
I have no formula to make it fade.

*

Only the inland seas of deeper longing
that lie, flanked by deserted shores of self,
concealed in you, in me, where no-one travels
and questions flow from silence into silence,
can make me falter as we make this gesture —
as if the littoral could fathom oceans,
or love reverse the drift of continents.