

whereas the Loch Ness Monster
made his way into pictures

if it was him.

M. BROWN

SECOND LESSON ON THE TRANSIT OF LOVE

I had hoped to hear footsteps
along the dark park way
but the beating of a heedless heart
echoed the length of my restless bed,
making my bones hum until
the birds exploded for miles around.

HEATHER CAM

SLEEPING ALONE

Lying in the dark,
my pale white-knuckled heart and me,
in the wide bed,
lying with the memory
of the curve of your body
adrift, asleep, elsewhere.