

MAL MORGAN

SPIDERMAN

To Alex Skovran

Alex,
you have become a spider.
You weave poems
with the thread from your middle.
I see you climbing granite walls
 of language,
scrambling into forgotten crevices
for mythology's morsels.
Your home is high
where earth dwellers find it hard to reach.
With a native knowing
you are safe there.
you trade on nature's monologue,
her drones and dirges.
You find sustenance from the compost
 of experience.
Yours are the enticing butterfly colours,
and the rhythms of beating wings.
You trap them.
They become songs.
You have integrated the sting of wasp
the transparent wing of dragonfly,
with the velvet of mothwing.
You watch, and learn,
and are wary.
Subtly tracing and re-tracing your own fine web,
you spin.
You have become the myth of yourself.
I see you

SPIDERMAN

hanging from your dew-shimmering net.
The sun behind you.

ANNE COOMBS

THE PLAY

I wait, as millions have waited
for a voice on the end of a line.
And each time it comes, and
each time there is nothing to say.
This short play has been staged too many times.

Who is this persistent director
who refuses to take a hint?
Must we throw lemons? Hurl abuse?
Audience and actors alike
threaten to leave the hall?

But we stay — actors and audience,
which is which one can never be quite sure.
It is the sort of play
where the drama changes
with the point of view.

So we wait, on either end of the line;
we wait for a direction,
a breakthrough in the action.
We wait
and hope our ticket has not been bought in vain.