

TROJAN HORSE

I watched black ants invade a corpse,
The sun-dried centipede I'd killed,
Then others as they engineered
The seeming gift towards their nest
Until they had it safe inside.
I dreamt I brushed them from my face,
Half-way across the bedroom floor,
The door wide open to the night.

ETHEL WEBB

PARSIFAL IN SPACESUIT

Space-wracked; the cold rush of stars.
Jetsam explodes the forcefield of Time.
Encapsulated fragments, mere scars
in the tissue of Space, of place,
signposts of spacewarps, highways
invisible, paths computerised
for computers' eyes.
Space-drugged, we yearn for Earth,
but not enough. We find rebirth
riding the warpways, space-cold night;
ignore the taste of recycled waste,
muscles starved for the pull of home.
We retrace memories of an old dream,
a quest, a search, or yet a Grail,
no longer bound to Earth.