

# ANDREW SNEDDON

## SANDCASTLE GENERALS

Even from the Everest of Daddy's shoulders  
The waves are large enough to scare,  
And the shrieks and cries of the seagulls  
Are matched by those of the children.

At the water's edge  
(Where the waves just brush the shins)  
Naked, sandy, four year olds  
Squeal with delight  
As they are swamped by the monsters,  
And unperturbed by the coarse rubbing  
Between the thighs,  
They build their castles,  
Apparently taking more joy in their destruction  
Under tiny stomping feet  
Than in the actual construction.

Unleashed,  
And with not a care in the world,  
They chase each other madly  
(the kwik-kwik of feet scudding  
In the hot sand ringing in their ears)  
Unsure of what they would do if they caught their quarry  
But with enthusiasm undiminished.

Meanwhile,  
A little further out,  
We turn our backs to the waves for a moment,  
Scanning the beach like an invading general,

Hoping to catch a glimpse  
Of a little black pile  
That marks our possessions.

## STEVE EVANS

### THE CORONER'S SONG

My cool family of strangers,  
each a moon-pallid puzzle  
awaiting my solution.  
They're all here, the pretty details.  
The overdoses, stranglings,  
the shark's uneager customer  
(or part of him).  
This one came in a suitcase.  
Here's a child who was smaller  
than a parent's anger.  
  
Forget what they tell you of love.  
The only romance is in  
the knife's gentle arc,  
stripping to essentials.  
Causes, effects, equations.  
There is no more.