

LIZ PERRY

THE WEB OF LIFE

Like a shy daddy-long-legs,
He waits
For an unwary prey
Who'll listen,
While he unravels the threads
Of an intricate web,
And the lifetime it's taken to spin.

"I minds the time,"
The trembling voice
Croaks, reveals a few strands
Of a long silken line.
And he hears once again:

The sharp clip clop
Of his pony's feet
On the old school track.
The shouts of "Howzat!"
When he bowled his first wicket.
The scream of the bombs -
He went into fray
For honour of country and king.
The thump of his heart
As he proudly marched
Home; the cheers of the crowd still ring.

"I minds the time,"

The ancient throat

Quivers, unwinds more skeins

Of silvery yard.

And he clearly remembers:

The laughter of Mary

In their crude little home;

Cries of their first baby boy.

Sweat, and the pain from the axe,

The scrub on the block must fall.

The cheer and the joy

When the money rolled in,

As the crops and the cattle grew tall.

"I minds the time,"

The vocal chords

Wheeze, unfolds one more length

Of the delicate mesh.

And he plainly recalls:

The whirr of propellers,

The first craft he flew.

Cattle dying -

When rains didn't fall.

The roar of the waters

In the forty-eight flood.

His sadness and loss

When his Mary passed on . . .

The old man sits silent.
He is back in today.
He secures the gossamer threads
With great dignity, and curls back
Into this dark, lonely web.

DAVID BOLLIGER

L'abri (of purity, change and freedom).

In falling snow your dreams are white
And blindness is not dark at all
Spirits wounded in the night
Escape to break the gentle fall
Of purity

But with their kiss the clouds must part
And leave the newborn land to warm
Beneath the sun that feeds the heart
Of all who fasted in the storm
Of change

For those of us who will to cry
For blue to dome the pillowed hills
Are those of us who seek the sky
The spirit wind that she instills
Is freedom