

Kathielyn Job

on the back wheel of a pushbike
and skims past
into succeeding lights.

Barbara Giles

TO A FRIEND LATELY DEAD

My name said once, high and joyful,
so you greeted me always.
Half a year later I hear it.
Can I hold it undying ?

Can this imperfect ear
catch it in music ?
Your face I have safe
in lasting sepia.

Salve to my soul, you esteemed me.
Raw places healed in your company.
Now I ache for your touching.