

Christopher Barnes

SAUCER FULL OF MEMORIES

Not a Madeline but —
I see things.
Andrea's stargazing a drawing pin,
its jiggle-flick skewer
in her eye. She rethinks
upturned tips,
heel-toe heel-toe,
square-toed shoes.

But for her monochrome poster
of Che —
prick, prick, prick,
a thumb brunts,
runs through
to a steady state.



Jane Williams

ATTACHMENTS

periodically I lose what I become too precious about

that indian scarf I wore for definition disappeared
from my pale neck on a mountain walk
I didn't know it was gone until I'd descended
sheltered from blurred edges and a cryptic sun

a ring I couldn't take my eyes off
silver emblazoned with a golden spiral
every conversation every ulterior move

lead with that hand dizzying me into blind spots
I would never wholly return from

frequently I lose my sense of direction
and have to play tourist to find my way home

I have lost the moment the hour the day
and once in another tongue the will to live

I lost you of course but that was written

after dreaming I lose my place in the waking world
everywhere I look strangers in a strange land

I am always startled to find someone knows my name



Tim Collins

JEREMIAD*

Night-time and the city streets are a test pattern nothingness, endlessly darkness dribbles away, the city becomes a bare refrigerator, then dawn will crack like an egg, the flashing neon lights grow weak from the undertow of morning light leaking through the sky's blind, darkness holds stubborn hope, but daylight intimidates, gesticulates its persistence. Day break, always a fresh start with

the hum of morning, the heat cracking all manner of things, with the moon gone, jettisoned over the curtain of blue, there is an innocence to sunrise just as day is unscrabbled, then the ghostly early morning trill of traffic, the city will saturate with activity, talking its own linguistic code, a code I am familiar with. My whole body feels like a tongue, the sound of a car door slamming ricochets through the

bones of the city, cities gather objects, I am a gathered object, my life is slowly winding down like a kid's toy, I walk, looking for breakfast and a jar into the