

Robert Handicott

EATING CHOPS

After polite conversation
Of knife and fork,
Concentrated savagery alone.

Our lips, tongue and teeth still know,
Despite all their talk,
What to do with a bone.

REMOVING THE PLATES

One final game of checkers
Through the traffic, riding the clutch.
She didn't shudder much
When I parked her outside the wrecker's.

My eyes were dry, not wet:
I'd cried and cursed already.
My hand on the spanner was steady
As I put down the family pet.

