

2 POEMS (untitled)

a mountain
strapped to his back
 swallowing laughter
from a green bottle
 warping through
his skull
 drifting through
 shredded memories
 situation patterns
 street pulses
performing crowds pantomimes
 inertia becomes him
 he tries unloading
the mountain
 the new growth holds

drop everything!
 i've just cut
my juggler
 shaving
which means
 i'm not
thinking of James Wright
or of the lonely river
that flows out of him forever

PETE SPENCE

INVADERS

Two small dogs invade the privacy of a girl's room.
One points permanently pricked ears
its tail erect on a spring;
the other cocks his head,
slightly peeps from under the bed, terrier.

His mistress unbuckles a wide belt
drops a curtain from her body
before a mirror's reflection of weals
reveals pattern of lace on her skin.
On wrinkled sheets, she moves
slower with each man in line-up of phantoms.

She picks up the toy dog, strokes it,
peers into thin glass of its eyes
before laying it between sheets.
She does not want to wonder how, next day,
she'll be able to look her terrier in the face.

GRAHAM ROWLANDS