

Precisely observing
the bounds of propriety,
lest exercise should reveal
bloomer and thigh.

Sexually sensible,
that's what you are.

Measuring your mind off
before every lesson
ten centimetres
above your patella.

PETER BELL

SAY GOODBYE TO THE SUN
for Lorelle

Something like a wind vanquished the heat from the afternoon cliff.
And the sea sat quietly, silently awaiting the ebb of the sun.
Twisted ripples revealed a sanity of crimson.

While the grass on the cliff froze in dissolution of the day.

They say goodbye to the sun, and watch in hope for the moon.

The waves on the shore echoed the effervescence of
Your hair.

Dream.

Your thoughts are exumed from your body.

And your eyes shelter in mine

Away falls the Ibis, home to straw and hunted meat

Further than our eyes can see, along the rhyming horizon

The place where our minds should be

ANDREW JOHNSON

TWO (2) POEMS FOR CLIVE SANSOM/NATION REVIEW

maybe what we should do
is write a poem for Clive Sansom
& send it to Nation Review.

we've got pencil & paper;
all we need now is inspiration
for our random thoughts.

& jottings.

(where's another bottle).

i was just saying
saying you see
that while we were listening to
the yardbirds
(not-to-mention Rolling Stones
Animals and Easybeats)
etc
that we ought to
in our nostalgic mood
write a
so-to-speak
pome
to
sansom
to show him that
we know about
rhythm
and/
to refer to tipping
prefer the
pill.

i cant get no
you know
Satisfaction
!

HUGHES FOOTT