

The Sun himself he swallows wholly.  
Thus, as his cannibal  
does feed intestinal,  
as not to die. Himself eschewing daily,  
as poor nourishment.

Should these be crossed, then one needs die;  
though briefly, yet a wound  
which darkneses surround.  
As though in memory of the Dye,  
that wound is permanent.

**BRUCE JAMES**

### **The Hangman**

Suddenly there was no need to have  
the right accent: he was raised  
to the best circles by a whim  
for the grotesque: kept them breathless  
with his flair for casual black.

At cocktail parties he was an instant hit:  
grinning modestly, admitting to being  
'a self-made man', he snapped pretzels  
with nervous socialites, while  
debutantes stared at his hands:  
then, with lights lowered, told  
anecdotes of last-minute scenes  
that closed with an ironic twist.

It all changed when capital punishment  
was abolished:  
three days he waited for invitations,  
sat brooding with the phone nearby;  
the fourth morning after, they found him,  
dangling limp, from his old school tie.

**Philip Neilsen**