

MARIA FRESTA

TO THE GIRLS WHO SIT IN BAMAGA HOSPITAL

When he touched her flesh
 it sent shock waves into dark leaves
 his dark hands soft satin touches
 cool as breezes
 moved on her
 when he gently rose above
 she wanted the dark shadows
 to fold them together

She remembers his body and limbs
 his mouth's tenderness
 now she lies there
 the steel probes hurt her
 the doctor and sister stare
 where his flesh moved
 such sweetness in hers.

ELIZABETH PERKINS

SQUIRREL POT

There was a poet wrote a
 poem about a squirrel
 which looked to him like a coffee-pot.

I had never seen a coffee-pot
 or a squirrel
 but the poem stayed with me.
 I liked it.

Now, knowing many coffee-pots
 and one or two squirrels
 I still like the poem.

In fact all coffee-pots
 have squirrel soul
 and all squirrels are pots of coffee.

That's what it is to learn life through books.