

ANTIGONE KEFALA

THE WOMAN IN BLACK

She made the sign of the cross
in front of each one
the flame of the candle flickering
in the breath of her words
which she whispered with care
lest the gods
missed the meaning.

They, at ease in their frames
complacent in their robes of
rich reds and old gold,
they gazed just above the knot of
her scarf at the street, in the sun.
So bored, all of them
with this stubborn persistence
that would have them take note.

CHRIS WALLACE-CRABBE

PUCK AND SATURN

No more than this: the buoyancy of the world
first fed me home. The bounce and jump of it;
carolling like a magpie, spry
as the twinkled air,
adrift, alone
on cushions of sweet darkness
I come by.
Tricked out with stardust
I bedevil you,
spanking through gossamer revolutions,
dreamer, blockhead, faintheart
more than you ever know.

Take note of this, then,
but do not say a word
if cicadas drill through me,
sap rises in wrist and ankle,
air throbs,
time is detachable,
dry leaflets drift down
onto my chest-hairs,
bowels yearn for a nameless harmony
and the full moon bobs fatly,
stabbed through by sheoak needles
just for me. These bones
are all made of rock.