

## 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.