

GRAEME HETHERINGTON

FRANCIS BACON : TRIPTYCH, 1970

He has tried, perhaps with wet gentle hands,
To see the red rose without thought of the worm.
Out of greed for the pure the cleavage remains.
He has painted well the torment of this,

The fragmented faces deceitfully calm
With smiles like curtains rucked half way across.
The collapse at the centre is a release
For the unreconciled, the heart without peace.

BARBARA PEPWORTH

FUN FAIR OF LIFE

Amid kaleidoscopic flashing lights
the merry-go-round of love rotates:
a rapid battery of lust-filled nights
as satyrs eagerly quell their sates.
No galloping horses, nor Leda's swan
gyrating up and down,
but musical beds firmly soldered on
revolve and turn the circle round.
Pausing briefly, it grinds to a halt:
no need to take a fright:
the mechanism's not at fault
it's only me;
and I alight.