

shimmered on the grass under the shaggy old gums. For the first time we understood each other. "You'll stay for lunch— and a drink?" I said.

DONNA MAEGRAITH

THE LIBRARIAN

hair clings limp to the forehead
he picks with his fingernails
meticulously
the scabs on the skin of his hand
it irritates

his fingers plough furrows
as he moves through corridors
of dust
his stooping shadow on the wall
the only thing that grows
in the afternoon sun

in the night long and alone
he rehearses Japanese characters
elegantly
his fingers trace the air
as his lips mouth silent sounds
and the darkness
like water runs off his ears
curdles on his lips