

## J. I. CHURCH

At dusk, through frozen streets,  
in a private cloud of steam,  
holding his damp towel in enamel basin,  
Yokohama in long drawers, sedately  
clops home from the public bath.

## ANNE LLOYD

### CHANTING FOR J.B.

From the shower your voice  
rising over water, dovelike,  
mysteriously vicarious:  
“Any gory bits yet?”

I was just in the middle of that section  
with them axing the Newby's and  
ugly old Graf (oh surely, Grafín),  
a honey-smooth pontificate of education,

and *quite* unmoved. Her rib cage  
splintered, the hams divided –  
all nicely sliced. They were nasty pieces,  
the whole pig lot of them . . .

but even the old clockwork couldn't raise  
a flutter of indignation, no sweet revulsion.  
My violences were always silent, my mind  
a honeycomb, sugared with attitudes, quieter vices.