

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.