

DES McLUCAS

THE STORM BIRDS

For seven days, the busy nimbus breasted
the range with hot gusts panting open-mouth
over their shoulders. Some there were who detested
the heat and, idle-rich, limousined south.

For seven days, clouds mushroomed up the sky,
wilted and died — while we, embroiled in toil
in this human, humid, hot-house jungle, si-
lently swore, struggling to ease our collar's coil.

Hot springs of sweat twin-trickle down each side,
but I feel no gush of health; the red-hot wire
of glare pierces their eyes, and yet the dried-
up screech of crickets becomes no sweeter choir;

nor does the mockery of the up-the-scale cries
of the giant red-eyed storm birds' facile lies.

GRAHAM ROWLANDS

THE BLACKOUT

No.

It's nowhere near as
simple as the anarchy or revenge
virus swollen on itself and dying of it. So
don't give orders to scrap the brand new skimmer jet
to axe Special Project ZXV to untap the phone taps
to pull back the laser beam research to low-beam
to drop a Q bomb that won't need to be dropped.
Conserve your destruction. Don't think you
can put a whole nation to the torch of
arson & looting & battery & shooting
just by turning the lights off. .
You'll blow the ghettos but
enemies who are lovers
in comfortable beds
will make more
soldiers.