

GRAEME HETHERINGTON

FOR GWEN HARWOOD

Your son's third marriage looming up,
Your mother dead these two months past,
We talked all day of grief and loss,

Good humour gilding all you said,
Turning only once to watch
A dark tormented sea run on.

SUSANNAH BROWN

SELF-IMMOLATION BY A YOUNG WOMAN

It ends with a cry
a heap of rags on foreign steps
stench sharp on indrawn breaths.

Headlines flare
subside, smoulder a week or two
fanned by voices which grieve
the journey home
then die.

The moments between match and consummation
burn those who wonder why
their love was not enough.