

ANDREW LANSDOWN

CHOKA

Dry seed-pods clatter
and chime as the slight wind knocks
them together. Wrens,
surprised from hiding, chatter
and scold as they skip
away across the brown field,
tails streaming out like wind-socks.

LES JONES

TANKA: SPRING'S QUESTION

Longer light excites
Responses. As the world tips,
Greens and fires flare:

Will hands link lovers, or they
Roam alone in dark despair?