

## BRUCE JAMES

### SONNET 22/7/81

I drew you, more or less a brute, alright,  
into my way. Scented pieces I lay.  
Half succubus, half silent nun I dreamed  
to rape and worship you — and in *that* land  
whose chartless unsomnolent passages  
whose arcs, tips, splays, sproutings derivate  
between the standing poles of Force and Love.  
I, from your eye, a sort of caustic shook  
and showed you this; but as those temple keys,  
lain free in challenge of faith, are stolen  
(the jewels pillaged from the retable)  
you stole from me. My land and love entire  
you pillaged, and my lust which was its key.  
I trapped you kindly; you ransacked me!

## GRAEME HETHERINGTON

### IT

It's there as something spoken never said,  
As something given but withheld.  
It's always there, if only to elude

As with Narcissus when he reached.  
I've never understood, and yet I would  
Hold water in my hand and keep it if I could.