

tense with horror.
This muscular intensity
turned him around
to see ashore
a smaller, paler sister
who sat, feet neat
to preen an angled wing.
Keen to know her
he left the water.
Through a reptile's side eye
she looked out
told him
her name was Eve.

KNUTE SKINNER

SITTING HERE

Sitting here and waiting for something to happen,
I hear the rusty gate and clinking of cans
and guess that my wife has gone to Micky's for milk.
She is establishing a new routine.

In the field by the watertank stand Micky's horses.
Their graceful necks are sloping into the grass,
their legs and tails and heads take root in the hillside.
How should they know how beautiful they are?

They haven't the need for such considerations
because for them something is always happening.
Their mornings are always more or less the same,
and aesthetics, lucky for them, is not for horses.