

LILIAN R. TAIT

SOMETHING IS HAPPENING

Maybe it's Lilith  
restless, awake  
and projective  
shadowing Earth  
with memory from  
the time of Adam  
when she and he  
played as ducklings  
in a reedy pond  
till  
leaving pond for river  
something happened  
to him.  
The first  
tiny tug of current  
to touch his breast  
brought  
a thought to unsettle  
and unease  
his fluffy head.  
Would she  
the yellow mobile  
grab the fastest  
piece of water?  
The screwlike eddies  
made him shudder  
he wondered  
at the centre depth  
quackled

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.