

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.