DAVID WINWOOD

WARTIME 2

Yesterday, with black and white bulls stampeding through the twilight of the late night western — yesterday I recalled the tapioca never tasted, the puddings my mother never made.

But how could she? My father kept stampeding into her kitchen, yelling about a war that was over. To this day he keeps going on as if there were a finished past.

GRAHAM ROWLANDS

TELESCOPES IN THE SQUARE