

## 2 POEMS (untitled)

a mountain  
strapped to his back  
    swallowing laughter  
from a green bottle  
    warping through  
his skull  
    drifting through  
        shredded memories  
        situation patterns  
        street pulses  
performing crowds    pantomimes  
    inertia becomes him  
        he tries unloading  
the mountain  
    the new growth holds

drop everything!  
                                i've just cut  
my juggler  
                                shaving  
which means  
    i'm not  
thinking of James Wright  
or of the lonely river  
that flows out of him      forever

PETE SPENCE

### INVADERS

Two small dogs invade the privacy of a girl's room.  
One points permanently pricked ears  
its tail erect on a spring;  
the other cocks his head,  
slightly peeps from under the bed, terrier.

His mistress unbuckles a wide belt  
drops a curtain from her body  
before a mirror's reflection of weals  
reveals pattern of lace on her skin.  
On wrinkled sheets, she moves  
slower with each man in line-up of phantoms.

She picks up the toy dog, strokes it,  
peers into thin glass of its eyes  
before laying it between sheets.  
She does not want to wonder how, next day,  
she'll be able to look her terrier in the face.

GRAHAM ROWLANDS