TWO POEMS BY BERT ALMON

Advice for a Hunter

Calling her evasive, you raid her secrets, so she runs about like an anxious plover leading you from one false nest to another, chirping here, over here, far from the spot where the genuine feelings lie huddled. The relentless hunter bags no birds, you see, and when you turn to making nets, take this hint: leave a flaw in the weaving, the spell requires an open gate to let the Spider Goddess out.

Gulf Island Princess

She wanted an island with no snakes, but Galiano has a few, so she goes out only when it rains, wearing high boots. Now she wants a glassy moat, serpent-proof, to guard her bower.

Then she'll await her lover:

crossing the moat on his two legs, stumbling

crossing the moat on all fours, slipping

crossing the moat on his belly, wriggling.