

themes of Jimmy Porter's newspaper musings to music. Twenty years after, the rhetoric of John Osborne's play, everything below a rant, above a sigh, looks hollow in the hindsight of sold-out revolts and committed churches. Never mind — North Americans will find it poetic enough, as soon as they plumb the depth of their need, and note their vacant cross.

NOTES

¹All page references are to the Faber edition of *Look Back in Anger*, London, 1955.

Un-Lonely

you are beginning
 to digest me
 i feel the acid
 of your saliva
 eating my breasts my belly
 my picked ribs are windtunnels
 we pull
 at my wishbone
 it cracks down the centre
 neither of us wins
 each holds a splintered
 fragment of the dream
 i could leave now
 while i'm still
 half-flesh
 (or) i could stay
 holding your bicarbonate of soda
 watching you writhe in the last throes
 of my poison
 there are worse things
 than loneliness

Lorna Uher