

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.