

You are an inhabitant
 of that old hungry land
 cannibal
 my swallower.
 You caper through curtains
 again and again
 flesh bird tasselling before me
 just twitching for a kiss.
 I am still only five
 and nervous in my bed.
 There are no doors into safe lands.
 When you drive to work in the morning
 fragments
 of atrocious breakfastings
 glint tulip red
 beneath your nails.

Janet Durno

Tinkers

have appeared
 on the grey outer limits,
 arrogant, planetary

flame and spirit
 that says without speech
 and takes nothing,

steps into thin air
 with coin of the realm
 bread and wine,

in the ashes
 our shape and our color,
 old, ingenuous laws.

James Cole