

TWO POEMS BY ROBIN SKELTON

The Watcher

For Theresa Kishkan

From this mountain
above the lights
you can see the harbour

small as a pool.
I could take a deep breath
and pitch a pebble

away down, over
the town, and break
that glittering mirror,

bring seven years
of desperate luck
on those docks and towers,

but I won't trouble;
it's pleasure enough
to know it possible

and leave them be
as, farther, does
the invisible sea.

In the Eden Office

He knows about it.
He wears a tie
and a blue suit.

Who can have told?
His voice is flat;
His eyes are old.

Will it get out?
He had not planned
to answer that

or even ask.
We all hope not,
but there's a risk.

He picks the pen
up from His desk.
We're only human.

He smiles to find
out if He can,
extends His hand.