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## Two Poems

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## BRIEF NARRATIVE

The affair lasts one week.  
Then she returns to England.  
All autumn they write passion  
by double-stamp airmail post.  
He promises to arrive for Christmas.  
Her calendar is splendidly marked.  
Of course the trip is delayed.  
He suggests February exam break.  
Again she can't sleep for counting.  
This time he IS at Gatwick.  
What a magnificent picture! New  
Mexico sun-burnt in full white.  
She lends him some thick sweaters.  
Together they think of Paris and Venice.  
Then, some trouble in bed.

"Why didn't you say something?"  
"I guess I felt that awkward."  
(Oh these lovers, how they manage.)  
"You think I'm some kind of mind-reader?"  
"Please, I'd rather we dropped it."  
(Now one of those vibrant moments.)

She glares at the stained hotplate.  
He drums his spoon on the teacup.  
Curtain on London Weekend Number One.

Weekdays as always she has her job.  
He sleeps late then plays the piano.  
Evenings they visit pubs and folk clubs  
walking some distance for his preference.  
He falls in love with the Thames bridges.  
She grows so tired she can hardly answer.

Then two weeks are up.  
Right on time, he flies back.

In the form of a thank you  
he send a final airletter.  
She writes a reply, then burns  
the paper in the gas fire  
deciding silence is better.

Of course they both suffer,  
she especially with a strep-throat  
which lasts more than a month.

## HUNTER'S DANCE

The dancer from Georgia  
hurls his knives  
under the leaping feet  
of the local farmers  
and kicks so high  
they soon flee  
or drop, corpse-like,  
on the polished floor.

Or this is the picture  
flashed on the television  
we are watching in mid-Wales.

Outside, sheep are huddled  
against the New Year rain.  
It is as raw as in Georgia,  
and the northnorth wind  
hurling between the hilltops  
is as many steel knives.

This is a country set  
with a Biblical feel  
as if made for parable,  
Old Esau and Yacov  
taking up fur and ploughshare  
stand apart.

Here we have the dancer,  
a bald farmer called Glynn.  
His jackboots are rubber.  
He wears a potato sack  
over his shoulders  
and whistles to warm himself.

No one can miss the connection.  
Here dance

is born again in the fields,  
and the war challenge rides  
unreined on the wind.  
The farmer, Yakov or Glynn,  
struggles with Nature,  
while the hunter, Esau or Peter,  
lusts for the pure kill.

The barn flares up.  
The drays stumble out.  
Sheep are gutted.  
The farmer is used like a woman  
and kicked into a puddle.  
In the end, the hunter  
hurls the unburied skull  
against the cracked plough.

Or this is the picture  
the manic Russian elicits  
as we watch him  
leap  
across the farmer's screen,  
and blink, as he bows,  
backing away from center stage.