

POEM

David Wright

I looked at him hanging
 blood drains
 from his shredded eyes
I saw his eyes
 torn and dangling
I saw his eyes
 savage and accusing
I looked at him
 his arms spread out
I looked at him
 trying to fly
I saw his frame
 of bones and hanging flesh
 nailed so that it could not
I watched his head
 fall forward
 like a lump of clay
I went up to him
 to touch this fallen dying animal
I touched his flesh
 where the wound was
I touched the wound
 his blood stung me
I looked up at the useless body
 his eyes opened
I could not move
 his eyes pounced on me
I could not move
 his eyes racked me
I fled back
 his eyes followed me
I looked at him
 his crown of thorns fell
I watched the crown fall
 it shook the ground
I listened
 soldiers laughing

I listened
 the air was shaking
 I watched him open his mouth
 he could not speak
 I watched him open his mouth
 he could not speak
 I listened
 he spoke from a broken throat
 I heard him say
 water

THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL NEW GLASGOW MUSIC FESTIVAL
 FOLK SONG SECTION

Fraser Sutherland

One by one they up and down
 the wooden dais. Turn around
 and you're a young girl with
 a voice of your own. Last
 night I had the strangest dream:
 a blur of fairy love, Billy
 boy, gay cabalero,
 peasant's dancing day.
 Applauding with the parents
 all the fair and tender ladies,
 wishing to be a gypsy calling
 for her answer: I know where I'm
 going O whistle and I'll come to you
 down by the Sally Gardens
 or in First Presbyterian Church Hall.
 Marvel at the strange ironies:
 the ugliest girl singing
 I never will marry.
 And in every lyric,
 for every deathless vow
 of fealty there's a legacy
 of lust. Such is spring-singing,
 snow thawing, and it's
 westering home with a song in the air.