

Invitation

clear-faced as day
 the invitation,
 roses over

side-stepping hedges
 sky-high
 pole-vaulting a lover

I move in the direction
 of scents, longings
 the fragrant

girls and tortillas
 the wine
 is for the asking.

— *Cyril Dabydeen*

The City Horsemen

Far in the distance, the light turns green —
 And out of the darkness, soundlessly clopping,
 The horsemen in single file come trotting.
 They emerge from the darkness, and into the darkness
 They disappear. And I have heard on the bridle paths
 The sudden thudding behind me of the snorting horses,
 Trotting, trotting under cautious hands,
 And thought of the horsemen riding to Heorot,
 Galloping over the sands by the sea
 On their straw-colored horses.
 Somewhere outside the city's walls
 There still must be unbuilt-on fields where cows
 Day-long head-down make flesh of grass
 And horses sometimes do not feel the bit.
 One wonders if they still have dreams of reaching them,
 These well-fed horsemen and their sleek dumb beasts,
 Who wander the labyrinth of the city's streets.

— *David Giffin*