

Quickening; II

I lie warm here, within me lying
 Who will lie cold, within me stirring
 Who will lie still, within me growing
 Who will grow, not as the living grow.
 I lie warm here who sooner will lie cold.

— *June Sturrock*

Bare November Tree

The click click click I heard in the
 bare November tree
 was two skulls kissing

tooth to tooth a cold lovemaking

(a branch through sightless
 sockets grown
 to mock the single-
 seasoned bone?)

I but half saw
 the woman-figure at my elbow
 yet who else could have willed me
 to look where she pointed

to tear my gaze away
 fix it on forsaken nest
 on shrivel of leaf dancing from one
 knobbed twig

on the round hunter's rim
 climbing the clocking hill

— *John V. Hicks*