

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/1

Marc-us Low
coffee gargoyle

under the rains spouting
stains through wet architraves,
in and out of pipes of homes,
I gladly washed off my hands.
wrung out of the earth,
minerals were poured out,
muddied gold from cannisters,
over the sides of silver fish
looking on, bandied
like a trail of droplets.
it caused their brilliant sicken-
ing
smile, but, lurching out to
breathe,
tsunamis flung their beads,
their shells and weeds,
making shiver all below
like raw disease on nakedness.



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As One, a Christening

Over the quaking sea,
A cold million shivered stars.
Our ship does but touch
Its strewth harbour, lips like
A whetted berth.
As sparks like birds from hidden
Nests of paradise fly,
The harbour bridge beams stiffly out:
Black into the night sky.
That same way, at arms' length
The standing toddler—the quay's new pilot—
Reaches for our ship's re-berth.

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DOOMED TO FAILURE

Tapped lightbulb,
Carried like a legs-fisted chick,
Unable to so much as blink again;
While aroused folk in the pub
Knew nothing but grog, OR
The steady radiance of beer.

Walking men
Share visions of extreme wonder,
As silos under a slanted sky
Creak in the heat of day.
As a hot wind buffets at the level of ears,
The stare of the sun
Glows in the strength of fears.

Who knew the sun could cause a din?
Or that the beer we drink,
Rather than let us in,
Could cause our mouths,
Our simple eyes and hearts to quake?