Battersea Park, London

George Hitchcock

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GEORGE HITCHCOCK

BATTERSEA PARK, LONDON

Cowled in madras, two silent women
Sit beside me on the bench.
Beyond the house of mirrors
The carrousel starts up, its horses
Tinted like upholstered rainbows.
The bingo dealer twirls his plastic keg,
Casts Cockney spells. The women cough.
Hindu, they're far from home, perhaps
Tubercular. The moon drips shadow.
A familiar hand falls on my wrist.
Now that ancient piping starts again:
Too late to move, against my will
I'll watch the captive animals,
Riders and ridden, rise and fall
On pillars of brass.

STEPHEN RODEFER

SUSAN STONE’S SHOES

I’d never seen another pair
like them. Neither had you.

I'd rather put a quarter in the juke box
than do almost anything.

Love is that drunkard
believes it, flinging himself
thru ten beers in two hours
and two others.

People
who need people
are the luckiest people
in the world.