PATIENCE WHEATLEY

Love Shadow

While Jack registered
at our small London hotel
I couldn’t help noticing

a couple in adjoining chairs with
cups and teapot
between them

her hand was over her eyes, head bent
shoulders gently shaking
while he

looked across the lobby
with dark, inward eyes
his hands hanging down beside the chair

open, defenseless:
his face had that naked look
as if flayed

his mouth slightly open
breath uneven.
Slow registration at the desk

kept me tied there
embarrassed, not watching,
but watching

held in the aura of their despair.
And at last

Jack got our key.
we rose in the elevator
to a haunted bedroom.

BERNADETTE RAFFOUL

You Glide In

you glide into me
slippery slick
like a live fish
through a slumbering fist
and you say that it is good

you push and kneel into me
labouring thick inches
half through
like a single staple
atop five hundred sheets
and you say that it is good

where then
is the promised spring
and torrent
that I cut this opening for?

remove this yoke from my neck
and do as the prophet Ezekiel once did
eat and fill your stomach
with the sheets that you marry
and the words that you bury
make me sink and fall
and lay still at your feet
while honey runs out of your mouth
and into my legs

Patience Wheatley has had two books of poetry published and appears in Canadian literary magazines, most recently Descant, Prism International, and Canadian Forum (fiction). She lives with her retired husband in Kingston, Ontario.

Bernadette Raffoul recently completed an MA in English and Creative Writing, from the University of Windsor. She is currently pursuing publication of the poems that appeared in her Master of Arts project, entitled, Go Down Singing, while attaining a Bachelor of Education degree.