

H U G H O D O N N E L L

Siblings

She simply happy with the silver buttons of his coat,
me weak for the full body-weight of it,
pressing down all night long;

she wanting to be swung round like a chairplane
until she couldn't stand up,
me satisfied with not less than the horse, saddle
and fence, the barrage of hooves as we all land together;

she mad for the dizzy blue of his eyes,
me for acres, ditches, miles;

she lost for the goodnight breath of his kiss
me for a marching-song, my fingers picking flakes of plaster
from the sky;

she starved for his voice of coloured thread,
me for the creaking board at the foot of the bed.

His Perfect Ear

They reached him magnified,
note by note, each one edgy
as a snowflake, as a life on edge

so that he could only listen
with the radio-dial set half-way
into a neighbouring station,

causing a blizzard of sound
with the faint house-light leaping
in the distance as it advanced.