

THE HUNT RALLY



Stephen James

Precisely timed, telephone wires are
touched. They call the press,
declare there's been a bomb-scare.

Pleased as punches with themselves,
swelling and shrieking, they spill
from the hall, drawn to new quarters
in the cordoned square.

Under the hanging window,
a 'threatened' archetype:
the fisherman, his net, his steel pike.

A megaphone squeals.
And game folk roll their eyes like dice.

From under the arches, gander-
stepping on thin ice, the baroness
appears. A slim neck strains
at her own sick scents.

Security threatens us. Cameras
sneer. A fat, black suit stands
thickened to the steps of the Civic Hall,
a dark print behind each eye.

When I leave our set, I don't go near
the cars or by the dark wall
of the court, tonight.

Beyond the County Tower
there's a pink moon rising
to the right.