

# 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.