

A la gare du Nord *and give you the price*
D'un aller simple. *If another bomb*

S'explode ici, *we go looking for you.*"
Raisonné *enough, you have to admit,*
D'ailleurs, mon père *who wants me in Maynooth,*
Exige que j'ai mon *B.A. to pursue;*
Et alors, je rentre, *to quell what hitherto's been hapless youth.*

DELIVERANCE



Bill Tinley

It's not in the bruised saucepan-coloured sky
Nor in the tangled alphabet of boughs,
The shattered pistils, petals cracked and dry;

Not in the cobwebs knitted round the house
Nor in the dust neglected corners breed.
It won't be found in that white cotton blouse

Upside-down on the line, nor in the bleed
Of water into grass, the plantains' grip
In which the summer garden slows to seed.

It's not in the fixed mouth, the bitten lip,
Blood filtering down the overgrown veins,
Eyes shot like porcelain in an old egg-cup.

The quiet of these rooms cannot contain
Its absence. It is nowhere to be found.
It has vanished between the lime-green rain,

The lemon evening sun, the light unbound
And scattered loose-leaf round the stars and moon.
It will not be back. Over the cold ground
We wait for sleep and tomorrow comes too soon.