

POEMS

Which Way

K.A. Perryman

Which way is the wind blowing?
Does it matter? What about
the moon? We won't get past the guards.

Pray, damn you! Just say the words.
Don't you remember? May to
November. Ashes to ashes.

Embers spat at by the rain.
Which way is the wind blowing?
The 'copters are grounded at night.

Look, a raptor, wings tucked back,
black against dark grey. Wake up!
Death at first light. Like in the films.

It is time. Come on. An hour
before the watch is relieved.
They may be drowsy. Keep your fin-

Proximity

K.A. Perryman

'Sew this into your blouse, go on.
I can write it on silk, if you like,
so it shifts, snug and restless
against your skin. Smuggle it
over the border. Banknotes sewn
into the shiny linings of winter coats –
that was the first place they looked.
That and boots.' (Or was that 'books'?)
The blouse is in a glass case now,
one among thousands, dusty,
brittle, unread, unrevered.