

THE DALHOUSIE REVIEW

The sky and black rain falls like a fraying shawl
Instead of bombs. These people thread through rocks
Their simple lives; survival floods their veins.
Slaughter is a way of life, and lives flower
Where winds snatch petals tumbling to the land,
But olives swarm within the honey sun.

Though now the sun casts everywhere a shawl
That drapes the land with black, yet from the rocks
A tree will flower and fruit burst from its veins.

BETWEEN EACH TWINGE

James E. Cooper

Still seesaws over lineaments of life
Descend on Paris for a mountain prize
As one blue star-chip flake of ice is called
In twinflower arcs from under balconies
That tongue like chits toward a zero axe
While all goes round. The Japanese explain,
More deft than camel's-hair, through emptiness
Calligraphy can only intimate,
Within the breeze the mulberry bush goes round,
The scapes of mist between each twinge
Of plucking strings.