

the order of things

running the bath this morning,
 i was reminded of the origin
 of water—sand;
 and that birds' wings are fashioned
 with a purpose,
 the sun rises each morning,
 sets each night
 and direction can be told
 by the stars.

it makes you think,
 the way each piece fits,
 every question has an answer
 and the right time always comes;
 i mean,
 rain always *falls*,
 snow is always *cold*,
 and the space we fill when together
 has no more demands
 than when we're alone.

—*Dave Margoshes*

Opera at Home

Listening to Tristan and Isolde holler
 and hoot by turns that undying (live from Bayreuth)
 dying love of theirs in a maladroit
 six-hour Celto-Germanic potboiler,
 I switch stations, preferring an honest dollars
 and cents rip-off to brute genius exploit-
 ing some thing we all share, like the air, quite
 so self-indulgently.

Love's true colours
 are seldom operatic, but opera bouffe
 's nearer the mark than Wagner, as cold shoulder
 and colder feet share sheets with breast and thigh,
 a multiple ménage, straight and spoof,
 of mixed feelings the heart, and an older
 comic routine cuckolds the tragic high.

—*James Harrison*