Two Poems
Nigel McLoughlin

from Event Horizon

1.
the appliance caught in the sun
bathes the colt of sandstone
a cloudburst of pipeline like topaz
riffles and benches its featherweight
ululations on air

becomes an obsession
a catechism whether down and out
or on an upstroke of the fouled up motto
the driveway fatality nightcaps

a bedbug doesn’t bottle
his headache like a proofreader
or a universal narrator
in the hourglass of a waiting carafe

no lycanthropies of seabirds
move and wishbone
a crèche of loyalist legacies
among the airbricks
through which this house
breathes

12.
her fingers work the apparatus
of a rosary each nuance moves
along the bladder-wrack of beads

round and round the garter of lilies
etched into the design somewhere
a thought is in the process of becoming

bursting like a primula or gasping
like a guppy in the water of her prayer
yesterday could be a sheaf

of arrows growing various
his removal palliative
as the workings of a mountebank

accountability seen from below
catches in every footnote
a footprint in snow at the headstone
that marks the idea he existed at all
I might be a creole of waning moon
lost between sloop and tiller

a likeness on a carton
the vestigial howl of a stranger
nothing cushions the punch

of knowing a date stands
like a beatnik of time
across the poem closing it