

**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 footstep  
a footprint in snow at the headstone

McLoughlin, N. (in press, 2016) 'Two Poems' *English* Vol. XX, No. YY, pp. ZZ-ZZ.

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