

Three Poems · *James Hawley-Meigs*

THE YALD-SWEVYN GALIMAUFY OF HIS LIVES

Gloppen fowl fly south, the sky whimpers its
gyron amaritudinous dirge: bise;
watchet. An unseen errant compass haiks
well away, the caduke mensis blithers.
Tilt-a-whirl leaves whirlpool about, blizzard
giddily against children's legs, opaque
screendoors awash in Eurur's grim grippe.
J. hunkers down for winter's gentle hyp
pulls riparian cloaks to lackaday
jaws, spelunks a good, lights spermaceti
candles for luck. It's half-time now for half
of nature's world—the weary rest carafe
in sweaty bars, kitchens, cafes—petit
pois on hold. Groundhogs wait to leap. Allay!

MALAY MELEE

Night!—What? . . . Night already . . .

Joseph Conrad, An Outcast of the Islands

Dugongs breach, spout jets of silver water in the thick
equatorial night. The Rajang River licks the pearly lips of the sea
lifts proas lashed to ramshackle jetties—the empty

boats nod & dream. Frugivorous kukangs quick-
ly flit about the highest reaches of the canopied forest
foraging for grubs or birds' eggs. Once fed, they rest, pick

fur-burrowed ticks & lice at leisure. Lemures haunt the sky-deep night;
a yabbi's coyote-like shriek rings through the thickest
boughs of theetsees, disturbs slumbering orang