

Leavings

for UAF

Other people leave behind dogs to be found a home for,
Cats who'll not settle, furniture no one wants. Some leave
Homes and children, money. You've left only
Yourself, disguised as poems. And there is more of you
Than we ever suspected, and more mysteriously:

Small scraps of paper, with words on, teasing messages
That blow around like leaves from the Sybil's cave

No catalogue system's generous enough
To shelter so much random inspiration,
Even if it could be caught.

I would like to think
You've left yourself in safe hands, but
I can't bottle this genie.
How shall I put you together,
Make sure you're all there?

You who never felt you fitted
Now belong everywhere.

The Losing Game

by R V Bailey

i.m. U A Fanthorpe (22.07.29 – 28.04.09)

*"...a 'must-have' – short but not slight."
Dilys Wood*

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