

**1. No two words**

The wild eye  
Of the boy,  
Who without ancestors  
Catches flint in his holed boots.

**2. One fine day**

People sang  
As together as could be,  
And the tears that fell  
Broke all silence.

**3. Tuft of Grass**

Haystacks crown the damp fields,  
Where the rough haired dog  
Ruffs and barks at the  
Ass, whom he mistakes  
For a fire breathing Alphyn.  
In the loneliness of this marriage,  
two beasts bore the unhappy pulse  
from deep within a grassy belly.

**4. The cry of the ancients**

My bones!  
My bones!  
Come back.

**5. Upon entering the Divine**

I noticed that,  
All my fingers  
Were for counting.

*Chris Manley*

*Bracknell*