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**Salford**  
MANCHESTER

## Equinox

Hurley, UK

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## Venereal disease

I was very much  
disturbed  
by that US Army  
poster  
in my home town  
in the 50s  
showing  
a sweet young  
virgin,  
who made me  
dream,  
with written underneath  
something like:  
“You think she is  
CLEAN,  
but...”  
This was not even  
a German girl,  
or a Polish one,  
or another  
Displaced Person,  
and OUR whores  
were not  
THAT young.  
But anyway,  
she looked much  
too much AMERICAN  
to be real,  
at least  
40 years  
ago.

by Harry R. Wilkens

## Equinox

Sliding away towards  
winter earth turns; sun  
loses height. Gawky  
  
greenfinches too  
busy strutting; unaware  
of claws frosted to  
  
branches. Dahlias  
glow black-red while  
trees unhook  
  
leaves; in shady  
corners dew sits  
all day. Stems become  
  
brown paper revealing  
pods and berries. A bee,  
inebriated, crash  
  
lands buzzing without  
effect; wings catching  
rainbows its legs  
  
unfurl, growing stiff,  
still.  
  
by Ursula Hurley