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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