

Jim C. Wilson

The Beasts

The colourless slugs come out at night;
they range beyond my closed doors,
graze, with all the time in the world,
on pieces of unpleasantness and moss.
I would not squeeze their moist softness,
even for riches beyond my dreams.

The beasts slide through my nights, horns waving.
I wake each day and face their tangled trails.

The Fly in the Poetry Book

The pages reflected the sunlight, flung
it into my narrowing eyes. Black words
melted, streamed around the gleam, as I clung
to the neat booklet, smelt blossom, heard birds.
A tiny fly, smaller than a rhyme, sprang
onto someone's so exact villanelle;
she scuttered diagonally, casual as slang,
flittering her feelers, scanning pell-mell.
Backwards and crossways, mingling her progress
with metaphors, she became all my day.
Her wings were finer than paper, had less
presence than moments, yet she shot away
in no time at all and became a part
of my pullover, somewhere near my heart.

from *Cellos in Hell* (1993)