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Poems

Peter E. Lugg

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Poems

Abstract

SIS, THE REVENANT

Peter E. Lugg

SIS

When I was four or five
and you old enough to know better,
you washed my mouth out
with a cake of green soap:
I had dared to swear mildly.

You married not long after.
Housing Commission house
and children soon followed.
You took enough tranquillisers
to calm Saddam Hussein.

The house is near a highway.
Your plaster statue collection
vibrates as each truck passes.
You loll on a sofa watching soaps,
teeth handy in the kitchen
in case someone drops in.

Just before our mother died,
all squeezed in a hospital lift,
you pinched your grown son's arm
for some imagined slight.
In that sad moment, the taste
of soap came frothing back.

Peter E. Lugg has a BA in English and Social Science at York University before studying Personnel Management at York University, Milliken during the war and then Personnel Management at Williams and Woods, Oshawa. She spent 20 years in a hospital and is a newspaper editor.

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SHARON LEVIN is a South African writer currently living in London and teaching creative writing. Her work has been published in several magazines. *The Slow Show*

THE REVENANT

Was it Heathcliff I saw,
talc-pale, wrapped in a horse rug
taking the waters at Bad Ischl?
The man I saw had the right gypsy face
though his body was stooped with age.
I saw how he watched the porcelain-faced Frau
who massaged his legs with hot flannels:
his daemon eyes smouldered dry ice.
Next day he had gone, so I spoke
to the nurse who had tended his gout.
"Ah ja, you mean Herr Lockwood!
Each year he slinks from spa to spa
in search of some wraith he adored
when he roamed the Yorkshire moors".