

THE VISITORS

They have motored far
bringing gifts
laughter
intent on being
on being here now

In the doorway they stand
Caryatids
holding up slabs of wet sky

Dry on Ararat
our childish flood
laps happily
all happy, dog
happy plates, chairs
spoons loud
bright oranges smiling
soft water giggling among
apple-round faces

We are all so happy
telling ourselves how happy
we all are
in the angular drawingroom
afterwards.