

***Power Politics* by Margaret Atwood**

i)

We are hard on each other
and call it honesty,
choosing our jagged truths
with care and aiming them across
the neutral table.

The things we say are
true; it is our crooked
aims, our choices
turn them criminal.

ii)

Of course your lies
are more amusing:
you make them new each time.

Your truths, painful and boring
repeat themselves over & over
perhaps because you own
so few of them

iii)

A truth should exist,
it should not be used
like this. If I love you

is that a fact or a weapon?

***Two Islands* by Margaret Atwood**

For Two Islands Suite, Mvt I

There are two islands at least
They do not exclude each other
On the first I am there
The event run themselves through
Almost without us
We are open We are closed
We express joy We proceed
As usual
We watch for omens
We are sad and so forth it is over
I am right it starts again
Jerkier this time and faster
I could say it without looking
The animals the blackened trees the rivals
The bodies words It goes and goes
I could recite it backwards

For Two Islands Suite, Mvt III

The second I know nothing about
Because it has never happened
This land is not finished
This body is not reversible
We walk through a field
It's November the grass is yellow
Tinged with grey the apples are still on the trees
They are orange astonishing
We are standing in a clump of weeds near the elms
Our faces turned up the wet flakes falling onto our
skin and melting