

**AG: As in**

As in that first mouthful of some hybrid  
I am gazing at your new colour you are  
wrapped in tissue like a nectarine  
my bicycle rides on your surface  
I hold my breath  
not like the mouth dealing with celery  
certainly not like the sound of me  
travelling over ordinary gravel  
has it rained between myself  
and life  
to produce you?  
Your weakness embarrasses me,  
displays you in a horrid light  
will I have  
like the radio  
to pass over you  
hand on the mighty dial of this world my neighbourhood?

## **GB: Carrying**

Carrying a bucketful of commas and such,  
I climbed down his poem, line by line,  
my mouth full of advice, my ears alert.

So I heard the rime of travelling the gravel;  
whereas, I mean, usually in surrealism  
they are too busy to remember the sound.

But his ear was modest, somewhat high-bred,  
Like a nicely-wrapped Chinese pear, I said,  
and all he needed was a little punctuation

to introduce the lovely question, "has it  
rained between my self and life  
to produce you?"