Three beautiful things

The stance of the woman holding
the calabash of grain. The turn
of her wrist as she flicks the grain
into the air. The light gold smoke
of the dust of the chaff floating
beside her and so quickly away.

(Rural Africa, late C20)

Memento mori

The feeling of death, beginning
to die. You re-enter your mother's womb.
You see. On to the beginning
of the human race, the Creation,
on out of time. And the next time
it will be real. Good journey.

Michael Kelly

https://doi.org/10.1111/j.1741-2005.1998.tb01622.x Published online by Cambridge University Press