

ROBIN RICHARDSON

THE REBEL ANGELS

Under his tutelage we filtered out

Took the oracle's daring lifted brow
To mean we would succeed

Ten days, twelve months
And doubled over where rags
Required fickle stitching to unravel

We lost our sleeves, shoulders
Spread to cracking
Hastened to control the turning valley
Mud-wrung and wounded by our spears

Being mixed of mind, informal now
We fled to camp,
Withdrew the infant wings
Feather tumours still too raw,
Too cruxed for flight
We menaced, leaping here
And there, as if to circumvent
The sky's guilty hoards: all bright
Pushing us to march

The stone revolted,
Prayers took skids through our backs
In Greek, Yiddish, Prussian ...
Signed away our wasted merger with the ground

SPIT FIRE GRILL

The hog's snout is sovereign
Saddled by instinct to the center of the flame
While other scraps, salted by a paw
Boil, are prepared to white, pink and harden

Wiltshire smoked and granted a tract of land
As wide as footprints brushed to form the pit

Rushed to square away the scent of brine
The rasping thrills of butter-crust
And jealous embers, unattended

What came next was whining
My tongue burned oil for a spot of gravy

Then hush was the snout, timed perfectly
To grunt and comfort with familiar vowels

It opened, licked the blackened wood
And split the teeth to quiet

Robin Richardson is an emerging writer and illustrator currently living Downtown Toronto. She has been featured in *Filling Station* and has had poems published in *The Toronto Quarterly*, *CV2* and *Misunderstandings Magazine*. One of her poems was posted online by the League of Canadian Poets for their “poem a day” celebration of National Poetry Month. She has also been a featured reader at the popular Toronto reading events Plasticine, Livewords and RDRR.