

Winslow, Arizona

***Brian Campbell
Long Kesh***

I was once in Winslow, Arizona.
Such a fine sight to see
Where the earth seeps dust
And the heat surrounds a lethargy
So deep the people
Turn their heads
In slow motion.
The bars breathe guilt
Round lonely drinks;
Life is on the highway
En route to somewhere else
And the town's streets
Are teeth
In cynical jaws.

Yet American culture
Is a mask
So bright
That in Dundalk
On Friday night
'Round the chip vans
You'd find lots of people
Who'd say they'd just love
To live in Winslow, Arizona.

But What About You?

***John McComb
Frankland Prison, England***

Worn by the constant
Battle to make do
Buffeted on high
By searing winds