

# Two Poems

by [Sean Haylock](#) (February 2021)



*Light Beyond the Trees*, Charles Rollo Peters

## Summer Phantasm

In the languid humming dusk  
You see flitting round the leaves of a peach tree  
A stately monarch butterfly.  
Stepping closer, you discover  
It is really a tiny bat,  
Membrane wings luridly aglow,  
Fangs bared in ravenous rodentine delight.

It can smell blood under your skin.

## Greenwich Visage

It is the common countenance  
Of smarmy journotainment  
And pious bureaucracy:  
A pretend-pensive frown  
Gathering energies for condescension  
Such as physics cannot measure.

If it helps, picture it  
Modelled to dusky perfection  
By POTUS #44.

They may vaunt conversation  
And dialogue and discourse and  
All manner of etceteras,  
But don't be fool enough  
To expect from them an audience.  
They are gourmands, this is a cabaret.  
So, we must either learn to cook  
Or take our act elsewhere.  
Get With The Program  
Is pluralism's other name.

Or else I am quite wrong  
And that face like a stock photo of conceit  
Is not what it appears.  
And that furrowed brow,  
The very hieroglyph of moral hypocrisy,  
When read against Love's Rosetta,  
Will come out as tactless virtue,  
Forgivably brash.  
And the arc of history is no mirage.  
And Jane Austen was a charlatan.

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Sean Haylock has a PhD in English from Flinders University. He lives in Adelaide with his wife and son.

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