

# Workshop

*by* Brian Daldorph

Sylvia drags her nails across my poem,  
four red lines in white skin.  
"Not enough pain in it," she says.  
"It needs to hurt more."

# In no great hurry *by* Brian Daldorph

---

she checks on her sleeping children,  
the good mother,  
touching her son's forehead,  
her daughter's cheeks.

In no great hurry  
she closes their bedroom doors,  
walks along the dark hallway  
to the kitchen,  
shuts the door behind her.  
Stack of towels  
on a kitchen chair.  
She kneels by the door,  
rolls a towel into a fat rope,  
presses it under the door.

In no great hurry  
she stands at the kitchen sink,  
finishes the "washing up"—  
as she's learnt to say here.  
On the table, a neat stack  
of paper: a manuscript.  
She touches the first cool page.

In no great hurry  
she stands by the stove  
and turns on the gas.  
She kneels, opens  
the stove door.  
Perhaps it will be like falling  
down a dark tunnel. Yes,  
that's it, she'll be like Alice,  
tumbling into a better world.