

## Ian C Smith

### Woe

They threatened isolation, leg-irons  
me, manacled, who as a child  
only liked the light on at night to read.  
Because I loved that rifle's heft  
I'm now a grass, a rat, reviled.

I take my exercise on the rain-logged hill  
in scoured light, hunkering around stones  
as if they are wind-whipped landmines  
thinking, thinking, sifting memory  
for joy gleaned when my name was different.

Everything is biographical, I read.  
I'd live in a stone house near a pier  
with painted window-boxes of flowers.  
A girl walks my way carrying a basket.  
I lower my book, wrinkling our dog's ears.

are the  
artists