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## Eidos / Progress Report / Sinister

*Dan Campion*

### Eidos

A motorcycle headlamp swam, a moon  
at full, across the avenue and smashed  
a news kiosk in two. Lost in a swoon,  
the driver and the passenger who'd crashed  
lay, unaware that anything went wrong,  
half-dead before an all-night Rexall store.  
Somebody stumbled out and spied a prong  
of bone protruding from the flesh it tore.  
Mars lights and spotlights gathered, sirens groaned.  
The fallen riders, spirited away,  
bore in their wallets numbers to be phoned.  
A nurse discharged that task without delay.  
Half a century on, this night scene burns,  
sparked merely by a bike glimpsed as it turns.

### Progress Report

I've come across your letters from your stay  
in Worcester, in that other century.  
Though several weeks apart still weigh on me,  
I'm grateful for these letters. Words don't stay  
with me. I need some medium to stay  
them for me. Here they are, by courtesy  
of your affection. We could not foresee  
they'd stand in for you now, who could not stay.  
We loathed the cancer language and its tricks:

the euphemistic “journey” versus crabbed  
and crippled military “battle,” “fight,”  
“won,” “lost.” These letters came. When cancer grabbed  
us later, words absorbed that cankered mix.  
These letters stay your spirit from the blight.

### **Sinister**

I stumbled and I fell, and broke my fall  
with my left hand, and hurt it doing so.  
Where palm meets wrist was bruised and swollen. Ball  
of thumb, inflamed and sore, would heal up slow,  
without a doubt. But scarcely two weeks in  
I woke and pain was almost gone. The hand  
could hold the kettle handle, give a spin  
to dials, stretch just to show it could expand.  
I couldn't help but find these welcome signs  
mysterious. Would dexter hand have healed  
so readily? Had left hand signed some lines  
that compromised me? Challenged, would it yield,  
or had hand sinister assumed a right  
that put my mortal claims on it to flight?

### **About the Author**

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