Serendipaceratops arthurclarkei from the serendipity of the find and in honour of the famous sci-fi author
Back in Perth we spent a day at Aqwa, the aquarium of Western Australia. Three interesting exhibits are the zooxanthellae (or “zoox”), plantlike organisms that live inside coral polyps, gobbleguts, a type of cardinal fish, and the anemonefish - can you find 'Nemo'? On the way home we stopped off for a few days at Norfolk Island. Overheard in the kitchenware section of a local store where someone was taking a photo of a young girl. Emily Bay is a scenic beach on the island.

“Snap Emily Bay, not Tonya by lime pans” (Echoes of Ross Eckler’s “Sit on a potato pan, Otis.”)
Finally, a ‘Coruba Gold’ revelation before leaving Norfolk Island.

Deeds live on (Eureka!)
With gilded Norfolk rum
- nine, ten, in murk.
Lo, fronded light!
I wake, rue no evil’s deed.

ANAGRAMMATICAL POEM

JASON LOFTS
Cheseaux-Noréaz/VD, Switzerland

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Anthem For Doomed Youth

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles’ rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.
The pallor of girls’ brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

Wilfred Owen

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Hymn: The Fight for Martyrdom

What pealing tolls for those condemned as bulls?
Is most hellishly angry gunshot.
Resonating trench gunfire’s deathly prattle
Detonates non-melodious laments.
Why no hopes go forth, no lilting orisons?
Pay no vocal remorse bar these, the choristers,
Their mad trilled echoes of howlin’ salvoes;
Trumpets blow in distress on far-off hillocks.

What tapers can be held to hasten all the slain?
Held not by brash youths, but in these orbits
How flicker shimmering god images of adieux.
Her pale forehead’ll be terror’s able friend;
Why, floral softness seen as patience,
Night, where mild days, wound down, end.

Jason Lofts, 2013