

# TARANA

Sun sinks  
Moon rises  
Hills and rockeries  
Hug around  
The town  
Of which  
The pub's the hub  
Of beery warmth.  
The fire cheers the locals  
The visitors too  
Relaxing, chatting,  
laughing  
The service goes on  
through:  
Hamburgers (with the lot)  
Or onion stew,  
Or popular pies  
Mash potatoes, peas  
With gravy floaters please  
Crusty, crispy  
Dunkling on top



“Mind the plate  
It’s pretty hot!  
Mind the plate!”

And to follow:  
Chocolate pud  
Tea and coffee  
Fruit salad cream  
With wine or a shandy  
And more than one  
Mint candy.  
Everyone’s happy  
At the pub.  
Nobody’s window sees afar  
The hilly rocks  
Pale and high  
Above the full moon’s  
Crooked smile.

# SANCTUARY

We like the sight of the hills  
rolling by  
driving we love the visions of trees  
dusting the green-blue sky of the leaves,  
as well there are moments  
that simmer away  
like bales of sun  
in golden hay.  
But birds and bugs  
are flittering for space  
under the glare  
of the sun's burning face...  
Pulling in...  
coffee and cake,  
an umbrella's shade  
makes a place to escape.







## COMING UP THE CREEK

A turreted tower  
at the head of the creek  
scours at the sky  
brash in its  
fissures, overhangs,  
honeycombs, ledges.  
Wave mottled  
in ferns and mosses  
dusty red with drosera  
and racey bomboras of boscage  
on whipping crests,  
cling, toss, clutch  
dorsals, ventrals, fins and scales  
shoals in a netted sky  
breathing light.  
Deep above in forest  
parrots float, dip, dive  
no sound twists  
no sky booms  
but little currents apple green  
drift and daub and loiter dappling drifts  
where fluted vines emboss  
the lizard lounging cadmium wattled walls  
chartreuse on the tongue  
in this wilderness place  
with the limber long swell

## FERRY FISH

The gull sways  
the wind raves  
the ferry casts  
its silking  
mottled summer cresting  
waves.

Sparrows diddle deck  
in crisp clinking claws  
commuters stretch  
or yawning  
goggle jug-eyed  
morning curls.

Keel down  
fish flinch fetch  
over throbbery beat  
their eyes round  
with captious stare  
under the sea king's glare  
barnacled bubbling air  
in the sun's burst  
fluttering flare.