

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.