Poems

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Abstract
Moving, 'After two Thousand Years...'

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MOVING

Cranking their ropes like treble clefs my daughter and her friend come skipping across the school oval, squealing with too much excitement about seeing the new house to hear they can come and see it.

      Five minutes
they'll be through the split-levels and up beyond the garden where, two trees in, you're into the bush - the both of them too excited to notice the whipbirds' 'liquid lashes' as Roland put it, or how at nightfall insects invade the rooms with their leggy self-absorbed and delighted descant.

'AFTER TWO THOUSAND YEARS . . .'

The afternoon that the Iraquis Scudded their cannisters (or did they?) into Haifa the churning of the pest controller's motor blended with the radio as he unreeled his hose through the front door, gas throbbing over my threshold. No white ants and the little garnet bush-roaches should be kept down. He reeled up and drove off leaving gas instead of roaches in the air. Even on Armageddon eve, you have to get on with it, I guess, if you don't get on with six-legged monsters; it is, as they say, them or us and the smell that lingers in the dirt under the house ineradicably.