

Leaving Violet Town

The boy sits alone
while the carriage fills
around him. It's a V-line,
a long haul, thundering
into morning.

Barely legible,
a chipped sign fades
and Violet Town falls away.

He retreats to a paperback
kingdom, while oblivious
wheels devour miles.
Sometimes his eyes rise
to watch the landscape
grind from here to there.

Terminus halogen holds the night
at bay as a voiceover calls
passengers awake.

At journey's end,
crisp air whispers
possibility. Behind him,
doors hiss shut. Ahead,
a turnstile beckons.

A Murder of Crows

Dusk is the time, all mottled
and thin, when her blank eyes rise
to stare, in a way I know
they cannot. Six feet of soil
covers a secret; daisies
tell of old plots. A grave smile
worms its way, twisting through thought;
a knife blade biting cold flesh,
slicing through the haze of years
to an olive grove in shade.
Such raucous cries, a murder
of crows circling, disguise a
demise in vines far below.

Treehouse Shadows

In treehouse shadows
she stepped shyly from her clothes
and I from my youth

Pressed Eucalyptus

The worn, russet couch opens its maw
and swallows me whole. A cool embrace and scent of old leather
finds a chink in my mind's armour. A vision of you sneaks in:
tanned legs barely covered by denim cut-offs
wake buttermilk thoughts
of caramel ice and sunshine.

Cicada-song outside jolts sleep from the room.
I wake into a twilight summer's warm, mottled hues.
Time moves slowly, my skin breathes out. Freshly cut lawn
flavours the scant breeze creeping past the fly screen
to tickle my mind. In the depths of the couch, my sleeping back
has unwittingly found your old sketchbook.

Lazy river Sundays seep from pages as dry as the memories.
Moments and scenes captured in charcoal-scratched stasis;
your hand always as sure as your eye. A pressed-flower fallen
from our Red River Gum is caught between pages.
I slam the book shut and it slides away. You would have smiled
to see how deeply the paper cut.