

Withered mores

for J.
(25 July 1992)

Leaving you in the carpark,
Geometry and soap,
I wander the sheep-tracks
And fading echoes of our conversations
With clauses left unsaid.

Caught unawares, whilst
Tumbling over a disused gate,
Only undies to protect me
From Kosciusko's breath.

Earth turns 'round to leave the sun
And North sucks at the tussock.
Straited clouds, like Dalton's rings
And waves of consciousness,
They echo spin.