

Squnks

David Worrall

For SH

Ottering your footscape
at Murringo, the greyhounds suppress their squnks in the noisy silence of the bush,
whilst you deftly compress The Furies into lines.

The email signals spam and on my non-existent radar a *tisiphone abeona* flutters by.

Lavender and chilli struggle with the tomcat's piss I make offerings to all the avenging gods I know don't exist. I do it anyway,
as coincidence is what you make of it

Black flying foxes *pteropus alecto* roost in mangroves. Materialistic students scrawl letters of complaint
and unceasingly fight over the best eucalypt blossoms or ripening Queensland mangoes

Megaera didn't make it to Australia, she didn't have to. Grimly envious of the liminal state,
the taxman seeps in and out of consciousness
and all of Sunday citynesses worm their way earward.