

# Withered Mores

**David Worrall 1992.07.25**

for J.

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.

The earth turns 'round to leave the sun,  
Sunlit straited clouds.  
Like Dalton's rings and waves of consciousness  
They echo spin.

The North sucks at the tussock  
And I think of you.