

And not a to-do man
Who flew private enterprise
While tending his contracts
Which would bloom like daffs
In boom-time Sydney.
A man who believed he was free.

We let him (and Aeolus)
Harp on.

ROBERT HANDICOTT

NOT PRAYING

Not praying I talk
to myself in my head

I could be is almost
rehearsal for prayer

The improvised phrases
compose into text

like lines for a radio
monologue Words

would go out from me
beautifully cadenced

though nobody heard