



WAYNE MURPHY

GLIMPSES
Charters Towers
1979

old gold and
ruins
and summer's bruising clouds
and gatling-gun rattle
on a thin tin roof
rusty as the
water-tanks
peering from nervous stilts
leering into wooden-stove kitchens
and drowsy beer-swilling sessions
under sedate back-yard
mango trees

deep northern heat and
flies buzzing like
gossip against the clouds
niggling like
bindi-eyes and
broken marriages

women powdered under
firm matronly arms
swishing a fly from the
plate of scones
the hems of their
pleated skirts grating
modestly
against crimped stockings
six inches below
the knee.

