

ANDREW LANSDOWNE

NIGHTFALL

It is dusk — and the chill air is sweet
With the scent of plums.

Crickets curtail the quiet with chirring
And the last parrot has left the pear tree.

Only New Holland honeyeaters
Flutter and call in the last light.

Soon, kangaroos will come
Into the orchard from the forest.

NOREEN LARCOMBE

I SEE HIM

In soft wool in reds and black
with blue thread
and hem unravelled
shrunk to show
the confident white legs
he prowls through the house
on Sundays
with excited hands
eyes glowing in the leonine head
He has power enough
to make a difference
to his world