

GRAEME HETHERINGTON

MURCHISON CREEK STATE SCHOOL

They chased me for my girlish ways
But feared the slippery crossing stones
That led me to my secret place.
I hid the things I valued most

Beneath a piece of emerald moss.
Glass marbles flashed like eagles' eyes
And chunks of quartzite glittered white
Within a treasure trove of hate.

The man ferns darkening overhead,
The tea-tree screening off the road,
It sometimes comes back black as pain,
A slit of water like a knife.

BETTINA CUMMINS

SAINT VALENTINE

Martyred priest
for whom no church was named
doubly wronged in that his Saint's Day
connects with pagan worship of Juno
who, serving as sister and wife to Jupiter,
is partial to women
and would protect them
from themselves.
She gives no guarantee.

A valentine despatched in February
may produce a June bride
or a new martyr.