

NORMA KNIGHT

HOURLASS

Less than an hour ago
the day was mild sun and feather-bed breeze;
you tackled the track to the beach and I
stood watching, wishing I could go the distance too;
you turned a corner and the bush took over those
long, quick strides, that would have you at the edge
of the floodtide before my thoughts could culminate
the coolness of the sea seeping into my heat-fused bones.

Less than an hour ago
the day inverted to grey sludge and raucous wind;
thunder detonated the hills, and rain,
like bursts of bladder-water,
struck me continuously in the face;
I clutched at a rugged blackwood
and watched the wind tearing the hollies
till their berries dropped like minute ampoules
of blood in hustling cadenzas;
I scanned the signs of the clouds
and saw a swallow melt into shreds of fire
as it spun between cloud and cloud.

I watched the path, wishing you would return,
I watched and waited incredulously as another sun
levitated from the riotous sea, massive,
and tilting the arbitrary sky, while impacted time
hurtled about me, beginning a nuclear day
less than an hour away.



