

CHARLES RIMINGTON

INTO THE FOLD

Fresh from the city,
Casual work found outback,
With tables set
He waits
Near the cookhouse door

Waves of body smells, grease,
Stench of animals hit him
As the old hands rush past
Jostling into the meal shed
Knocking shins against stools
All cocky proud
They ignore him as he serves

Expecting miracles from cans
Curses fly rooting him
And the cook, all braggarts
They boast about supposed
Conquests of women, their
Ability with booze, bets lost
Bets won, they slurp and belch
Sneak out pungent farts,
Someone mentions bits about
A family, left some-bloody where,
Bellies filled, they swagger out,
Leaving him with emptiness

Later, they find him
In the township pub,

Initiated,
Full;
They pour him gently
Into his bunk.

