

JOAN PRIEST

IN FLINDERS' WAKE

Folded in slanted sun, swift powered hull
responding to touch, weekend sailors
face the fresh bite of salt, Flinders' charts
spread, no *Norfolk* these family flotillas
of roped fibreglass, bright jacketed
children stand-ins for grey stubbled seamen
cursing mainsail and saltmeat.

On such day, Flinders, in full rig,
mapping harbours, headlands, sailed serene,
without premonition of his island fate
of warring French, of too strong pride,
and it prevails, it stays this sea tuned harmony
with the craft that multiply in river, inlet, bay,
blue and white world, braced and embracing
the seaspiced air, time grasped again,
though measured by week's end, not the stars.

ROBERT HANDICOTT

SLEEPLESS

Rest will not come. The untuned mind
Hums, like the loosened skin of a drum,
To random vibrations. Though limbs unwind,
Rest will not come.

Day's Work is off the air; I find
The signal from the distant slum
Self-Pity. Fallacies unconfined

Clutter the nervous dial. Behind
The static, fragments of song. I thrum
A line of bad verse on the pillow. Kind
Rest will not come.