

Bo Derek did not know
Of his existence

And his wife
Who cried at his bedside
Was not
A film star

Lillian Tait

**CLOSEBURN COUNTRY MARKET
— THROUGH MY EYES —**

Its 12.30 and 30°
And so far
I've sold
A hammer
A fan
A pair of pliers
A teflon frypan
And no poems

I've bought
Three orange drinks
One hot dog
And a plate of
Scrumptious
Chocolate fudge

The (in love) couple
At the macadamia stall
have supplied me gratis
With cake and tea

Goodwill flows
Sweet as syrup on damper
I'm so happy
Sitting here
Complete, contented
Free

Saw a fellow writer
Just now
We hailed each other
He tendered his phone number
For future reference
Well, I haven't bought
His poems lately
Either

Lillian Tait

A SNAKE WITH FRIENDS

Last Sunday
A bush python
Was sighted
Coiled across the joists
Of the timber framed
Unceiled 'Ladies'

The first person
To notice the black
And silver presence
Was restored
With strong hot tea