

Later
With the excitement
Of discovery
Relived and relieved
After the second cup
Was fortified

A curious promenade
Took place
Started by those
In the know

They who could be
Trusted not to panic
And want it hacked
Out of existence
I had a look
It was a glorious
Beast
Must have been nine or ten
Feet long
And thick with possum
I suspect

C. J. Lennings

THEME FOR A DETECTIVE NOVEL

The shelves lie lengthways on the wall
“good enough to sleep in”, the trainee laughs,
“more like a coffin”, the manager snarls
stacking rolls of toilet paper,
“and will be, if I find you sleeping here”
he adds.

The manager has the killer instinct,
knows how to sell nylons with holes in them
and has an eye for the young cashier girls,
and a bed for most.
Enjoys their sniffing when he tells them they're through
(one last fuck — and all that).

The young trainee tries his wick,
the manager, a jealous man
balls him out,
threatens
“don't molest the staff”
and walls him up with orders
and running errands to his home.

His age is beginning to tell
and his wife, ever suspicious of his late hours
and poor performances
guesses at the truth, and, too tired to deny it
she grabs her hand mirror
and cracks open his skull.

The phone rings and the trainee answers
hears “oh darling”, fond memories of sweaty love
burrow through the words, “I've killed him”.

He stops and thinks,
“I've got just the spot,
a coffin space I know
to hide him in.
We'll say he's gone overseas
to study marketing.”