

Rory Harris

GERANIUM

forget the myths
of golden grain & beer

the push of backs & labour
sweat callused hand shakes & stained rimmed hat bands

with the colour of ochre on faces
& on limbs from the shoulders down

here a town
as brief as a glance off the highway

people exist in a universe
as small as a child's open palm

or as wide as the cleared horizon
where ribbons of mallee

once opened the land
like a generation of ploughs