

5. *LAST TRY*

I though perhaps Bluey
after all — dogs?
it was worth a last try
before I went

found him beside the gate
under the mango tree
nearly a week now, Blue,
still expecting me?

whistled him, come on boy!
and cats, Blue, cats!
Nothing — his tail didn't move
not a hair of his hide bristled

he was keeping a watchful eye
on the busy road from town
waiting for the only car
certain never to come.

So much for sixth sense
in dogs as well as people
definitely no use staying
so I left.

ANDREW LANSDOWN

BY STONE AND WATER

Like a spectre, I am superimposed
over the city. It is not Sydney
I see, but myself, caught in the glass
of the hotel window. I switch off the light,

lose myself in darkness. It is late.
The North Shore scintillates
with innumerable lights. In the black water,
anchored in the bedrock of the harbour,
Pinch Gut — where intractable convicts
were crammed and harmed. I imagine myself
out there, bound by stone and water.
In fact, I feel I might as well
be manacled in that fortress
as fret in this room, far from home.

ANTHONY LAWRENCE

EMU EGGS

Here is a dark green swelling
in flattened grass;
a clutch of mossy stones nosing
upward through damp soil.

When disturbed, an emu will leave the nest
if the eggs are warm with life —
running off to distract the intruder.
Infertile eggs are given a nonchalant vigil;
dead yolk requiring no protection.

The shells of emu eggs have several layers:
the first, a rough green field
seen from a great height.
The second, blue water glimpsed
through parting clouds.
The third, a pale eye.
The fourth layer is a film of skin,
like river ice, transparent & thin,
a veil over moving water.