

## VICTORIA WARD

### CITY SIGHS

The pavement lies sole-wards  
Catching wastepaper ideas  
Tossed rejected from above  
Where office crowds fill crossword boxes.

Stress underlines the concrete  
Cracking from the strain  
Of weighted thoughts  
Bow laden consciences.

Pin stripes stand perpendicular  
To the cemented suit of grey underfoot  
Then roll black white on the crossing  
Traffic ceases in the red.

The pavement sighs  
But sadly: its comment  
Is drowned out  
By the rumble of a passing council bus.

## DUNCAN RICHARDSON

### ECHO ROAD

Driving home,  
I'm always watching the echo road  
crawling beside us through the dust,  
crossing our track  
and while we plunge  
through a red-raw cutting

it rabbits over the hill  
for the hell of it  
and beats us to the other side  
breathing softly  
in the bushes.

If you knew,  
you might say "Stop it,  
the past is not our problem,"  
but you're counting the dashes  
suiciding under our bumper bar  
and so the shadow scar  
is free to curl and pit itself.  
At rivers and creeks  
timbers still put their backs  
into resisting the crumbling banks  
and the cracked route leaps  
along phantom bridges  
laughing at concrete  
and running away  
to the homestead  
or petrol pumps  
that sprouted too soon  
guarding a shack  
dissolving  
beyond the spitting gravel.  
Among the trees  
bending and falling like dying dinosaurs  
the tar is re-possessed  
leaving a memory of wheels  
and hot gatherings  
beside flat tyres.