

DAVID BROOKS

NIGHT RAIN

Rain, hard rain, long after midnight.
We wake, and sleep, and wake again,
sometimes in sorrow, sometimes pain,
sometimes from dreams to find more dreams gone,
the body and the life readjusting, limbs
twining, or turning apart
in the ebbing and the flowing of the heart.

It continues, in dark walls and brushes,
sweeping forgotten places, chartless
hinterlands of memory or blame, thinning slowly
to the after-rain of branches, lingering
until the first birds come,
until, at last, on clean streets, gleaming pavements,
day breaks open, everything begins again.

ANNETTE CORKHILL

AGE I

The years of a woman's life are long
I do not give in to winter frost
nor succumb to the intoning of autumn leaves falling

I am defensible
strong as the spade which stings the garden
exposing my soul to the sub-stratum rocks
which bloom in age like the oldest eucalypts
spreading shadows in late afternoon or again before the nightfall