

DAVID WINWOOD

WARTIME 2

Yesterday, with black and white bulls
stampeding through the twilight
of the late night western — yesterday
I recalled the tapioca never tasted,
the puddings my mother never made.

But how could she? My father kept
stampeding into her kitchen, yelling
about a war that was over.
To this day he keeps going on
as if there were a finished past.

GRAHAM ROWLANDS

TELESCOPES IN THE SQUARE

On Australia Day too. Good to see you.
Like to sit on the grass? Good view. Up.
Put your eye to the mouth of the flagon.
Yes, eye. Go on. That's all you have to do.
Let me see. Here's the green. I like green.
Good for banks, building co-ops, insurance companies.
That dark patch, though — sediment. Not the Stock Exchange.
Let's see. Here's the brown. Good old brown.
Turns whites a nice off-white, don't you think?
Come on, where's your sense of humour?
A white white? No. You're always off.
I always think brown makes it a certainty,
makes up for blacks who let us down — what
with their tans, beiges, nutmegs, milk chocolates.