

ment as I had to the German nurse. But as I say, she was the Fair-Minded Woman. They'd never nail her for false pretences. She didn't want me to be under any misapprehension such as thinking she might be an enemy that needed being decent to.

"I'm an Australian," she says, fair-minded, "you don't have to kiss me."

BRIAN WALKER

TUBER, OR NOT TUBER?

(Apologies to W.S.)

What is this brittle thing,
the potato chip? One thin slice
of life boiled in midnight oil
till it is fresh and crisp?
Life will not grant us many moments
that sound good as they taste.
O subterranean reservoir
of nourishment, Tuberius,
cross-sectioned by commercial swords,
where is your rounded majesty?

BARBARA GILES

INVICTUS

Faced by his end he will not be persuaded.
Pascal's craven wager's not for him.
He takes no comfort, knowing of no purpose,
acknowledging no plan but dust to dust
magnificently faces his undoing.

My easy pantheism, my bond with earth
less admirable than his iron disbelief.
And yet he weeps, in leaving us behind.