

is decidedly not cricket,
as I attempt to follow
the anniversary English match.

This is just too much!
Saturday is the weekend,
after all. I begin to fume and tense,
thrusting into the mower.
Next, I note with uneasiness
the gaudy epaulettes
sprouting from my stiffened shoulders;
and before long,
I must watch helplessly
as the snug jackboots
clasp my pure calf muscles.

TONY PAGE

BORDER CROSSING

1.

This fly on a soccer ball
(migrating from South to North Pole)
has more grip on his globe
than my car clutching Planet Earth
between Melbourne and Brisbane.
The world threatens with its arc.

North does not lie flat before my eyes
but balloons up gravely,
always on top of my skull.
These tyres are suction caps
to stop me falling off the Sphere,
a breathless victim to vacuum



where I might float right past
that satellite which tracks
with tireless camera eye
my pilgrimage from the very start:
pinpointing each holidaymaker
minutely on silicon chip.

Latitude and longitude unarguable patterns.
Their lines, gullies deep in the soil.
Not to raise the alarm,
I slow down and change gear,
crossing the globe's cattlegrids.
Our landscape's plain dangerous.

2.

Safely home after summer,
roped by the dwarfs of routine,
Gulliver still can't sleep.

Interstate traffic
roars in my body,
ignoring the curfew.

Trucks groan with gear change
as they climb the ridges
zigzagging inside my lungs.

Daredevils try to overtake
on straight veins which stretch
the length of arms and legs.

Insomniac Australia,
you've got a grip on me.
Long before the grave.