

MARK MILLER

OUT-FOXED

Whistled up from the sedge
above the red-chafed
bank of the creek
he appears, sniffing the crisp air.

Hungry for the pinking metal shriek
of a trapped hare,
he quick-pads and skirts the slope
before stopping fifty metres from us,
his sun-spotted, reddish head raised
in curious surveillance.

Impatient, my brother-in-law lifts
his grey barrel and aims:
with the click of his gun's cocked trigger
the fox is gone.

GLENN CHAPMAN

THE HATE MACHINE

Forgive me, for whatever it is I'm guilty of, for I am a poor bystander to modern life.

Anyone watching me now would swear that I was passively sitting at my desk preparing life proposals for the thousands of tax-dodging businessmen, and other professionals, who utilise the life insurance services of our company. And don't think for a minute that I don't know exactly what they're up to: supposedly investing huge chunks of money on their own lives so that their fat middle-aged wives will be able to collect on their deaths, when they know damned well that years before they die they're going to get rid of the old wives and marry their young, sexy, yet sophisticated secretaries. The life proposals will therefore be declared void, refunds will be made out and of course, your average Mr