

SHANE McCAULEY

AUSTRALIA DESERTA

Grass might grow at will of rain,
Wandjina, or the unique white magic
Of both, while galleries of gods
Stare out from crevices, gaze
Level as the plain. Hands emerge
From the ochre of deserts, shoots
Reach up from hidden pods, flowers
Sprinkle themselves on the breathing
Earth, air itself will turn to fruit.
Only for transgressions, jealous
Wills of individuals before a tribe,
Does cyclone come to hurt offender.
With wandering man's whims imprinted
On such land, auguries of weather
Twist always to the unpredictable,
And yesterday's lake turns easily
To tomorrow's scattered languages
Of bone.

MARK ROBERTS

ANTHROPOLOGY

This morning, when you came in fifteen minutes late
your face was still glowing from the wind.
You sat down and brrred with the cold
while your hair, still wind blown, slowly settled.
I remarked on your lateness; The trains weren't