

Peter Holzworth

ALL THE PHARAOHS OF THE CITY

Into the valley
Of Executives
They stride –

Noosed and jacketed
Teflon coated
Chipped from Silica
Hearts on Hold.

Within each grimly gripped,
Golden cornered crocodile box
 sheaves of aspirations
 the Sun
 a foldup flying fox
 a Penthouse to pull you through the day and
Several small bronze coins
Of Mee II
Currency of the times,
Minted daily.

Hail the Pharaohs!
Who almost cheated death
Eviscerated –
No heart, no gut, no spleen.

Martin R. Johnson

WIND

My mother
loves to dream
in paddocks of wind
twirling hollow logs
into outcrops of rock
and long gullies of birds
 high up
tucking in their wings
to blow away
like paper flapping down a street: