

# Warrick Wynne

## LAST DAY AT SUSSEX FARM

(for Debbie)

Reluctant to leave,  
you seemed rooted there,  
while I prised movable bits  
from the living-room,  
eked them out to the ute  
busying myself deliberately  
disturbing the floor plan.  
Moving plants was ok  
the scent of one bushy pot of herbs  
clung doggedly to my hands for hours.  
I could still feel their weight  
in my arms that night.

Nothing was packed,  
the milk carton foamed in the back seat  
between 'the laundry'  
and some rich smelling pans.  
It is a personal experience, moving;  
not lightly to be involved with strangers.  
and I hurried things too much,  
tinkered with the fine adjustment processes.

When we drove away  
the oak looked bare,  
rabbits we hadn't shot  
peppered undiscovered paddocks,  
we had to stop for the loose trailer,  
adjust the load.

It was a slow process,  
not all to do  
with things you can carry.