

Steve Evans

NEWSKIDS

The stack dropped from a passing ute
smacks the footpath
the wire's snapped
and the papers turned upright
the kids
on their appointed corners
waiting for the hard faces
the tired faces
the indifferent thanks
and snatched change

On a winter's night
at rush-hour's end
pooled on the footpath
by the news-stand
the kids count the take
under the boss's cutting eye
rinsed by a store-window's neon
the spread coins shimmer
a city's tiny lights
a shoal of sprats
turning the sun