

# Saxby Pridmore

## FOR SALE (For Mary McGrath)

Even as a boy  
I wanted a boat-shed  
a piece of paradise  
I could lock up for me.

At last one came up,  
we got over beach and then rocks  
ignored by shrugging glass sea.  
I twisted my knee.

Sagging years of neglect  
bush growing up through the floor,  
I was too late for this  
and it was too late for me.