

# Kathielyn Job

## RIDING THE LIGHT

The few cars are gutted  
with shadow,  
wind, sharp from needling rain,  
has already cleared the street  
of bustling leaves.  
In the eat-all-you-can-  
for-six-dollars-fifty  
an old couple hovering  
over their burdened plates  
sink in each other's silence,  
two women talk urgently  
leaning across a bay of tin pans  
a lone man, fork raised, eyes me passing  
ready to consume any stray expression.  
The corner shop is shut  
I turn back without milk or bread.  
A Koori has taken his place  
on the main street  
pooled with spilt light,  
lapping the edges of leaf shadow.  
Shoulders Atlas braced,  
feet threshing/hands kneading  
he rises

## **Kathielyn Job**

on the back wheel of a pushbike  
and skims past  
into succeeding lights.

## **Barbara Giles**

### **TO A FRIEND LATELY DEAD**

My name said once, high and joyful,  
so you greeted me always.  
Half a year later I hear it.  
Can I hold it undying ?

Can this imperfect ear  
catch it in music ?  
Your face I have safe  
in lasting sepia.

Salve to my soul, you esteemed me.  
Raw places healed in your company.  
Now I ache for your touching.