

Mary Dilworth

THE DROVER'S WIFE

I met Lawson in the schoolroom
under the severe spectacles
of the World War One spinster,
her hopes buried with Turks;
her green days arid as dust.

I met Lawson there
in the grade reader,
his moustache drooping grey
in the wintry day;
his drover's wife
crying
in a land too hard.