

## Bill Fewer

### THE KOOKABURRAS, THE CREEKBED

a country town, hazed & lank.  
the pub sweats,  
big men droop into their beers.  
fat flies drone, no one bothers.  
slouching on verandahs  
children slurp ice blocks.  
old women whine  
about the weather & their weary men.  
the kookaburras enjoy everything.

not much to see here.  
no historical museum, no crumbling convict church.  
just the musty smell of storefronts;  
bald hills doze behind the buildings.  
by the pub a scrawny park withers.  
where cricketers & footballers once whacked  
old dogs wobble to posts, squirt biographies.  
the wind drawls.  
the dust fades everything.

my rust bucket slumps  
against a petrol bowser,  
grunts & curses rumble

from the engine.  
the mechanic detests me.  
i am stared at.  
from bike chains, from benches  
menace slits the cicada-shrill.  
the road simmers.  
my boots or shirt annoys  
someone, some local —  
so i smile & walk away...

beneath the willows, by a thirsty creek  
a chance meeting & friendly  
in such a strange & superstitious town.  
honey smiles, first talk easy, then ripples.  
talk of solitude & tomorrow.  
talk of abundance & coastal forests.  
talk of nothing.  
low tingling glances talking rain.

She is hot, she takes her clothes off.  
she basks fragrant beside me.  
there is time for taste,  
for juicing the senses parched & dry.  
the anger behind the hills dims,  
the air tinges green.  
she is smooth & delicious, she opens.  
the town she hates is leaving.  
the kookaburras enjoy everything.