

Robert Handicott

SUBURBAN MANGROVES

Streets broken-down, bushed
By a creek. Unhemmed back yards
Fray out into roots;
Rough squares of old carpet, wear
To mud. A dinghy's
A shoe, the pair gulped and lost.
A fish glints and slaps.
Uncanny — these trees here now —
As twigs from Daphne's fingers.

