

Wilga Rose

MAIN STREET, KATOOMBA, 1991

Main street, delirious with people,
school holidays in town
and back-packers jostle
among the shoppers.
Along the street a busker in a plaid cap
plays,
two children try "God save the Queen."
Young mothers flutter,
drab moths in morning bustle,
who push their strollers downhill
into nowhere.
"Unemployment's bad up here,"
the locals say,
the paint peels from the old theatre
and the boarded Trocadero.
At the Paragon cafe
the polished light hangs
from the chandelier,
around the elegant cakes
and coffee pots;
down the street, a drift of sound
a tin whistle.