

David Wood

RED GERANIUMS

By the door of the house
the red geraniums
lift their fashionable hats.
Grandma, in the kitchen,

sings like a currawong.
The years have folded
sentences into her face.
She has about her

the faint smell of pressed flowers
and of old, yellowing parchment
as she stirs the fire
in the black iron grate.

Outside mother
hangs out washing,
the flying trapeze
in the big top wind

where carts of hay
stand squarely by
the old brown barn
of yesterday.

In golden straw
young girls make love,
kissing with red
geranium lips

cheeks of cream, the
sweet stalks they swallow;
cones of star
hang in the willow

whipping flowering breasts;
the river
murmurs sadly
over and over.