

Jane Williams

time travellers

the last wild child let go
retirement applied itself like a balm
a patch of Queensland sun
and they warmed to the move

unit on the coast
alcove squared off as lego land
deadlock of fitted knick-knacks
neighbours to clock them in
the locals dubbing their street
—waiting for God—

then sudden as loss
sensing danger in routine
in sinking warmly into place

they shivered an end to it and left

now it seems the one thing they can't do
is settle down

he huffs and puffs
clears a view to the next hill and a track
to the other side before light

she adds to the list
of universities of the third age
where she writes about the moves
mouths still make when flirting with intent

they listen for their names on shifting winds
wipe the lenses of their glasses often
always expect to see something
blinding for the first time

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