

Mark Mahemoff

GIBRALTER PARK, BOWRAL

Once a boy's home,
now ripped down
and renovated into luxury.
In the distance; an afro of trees
on a hill
and two dogs in bliss,
away from the city's unfriendliness.
We vaguely miss something
until it's regained,
those of us who can't stare further
than the next block of flats.
Here the only channel is nature,
the only movie,
a horizon of vegetation,
the movement of rain-laden cumulus,
with a soundtrack of birds
and the soft short-circuit
of a thin wasp's nest.

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