

Liam Ferney

## BEYOND THE SCRUB

for sarah

at dusk we followed the roses down to  
the inlet and watched millions of soldier  
crabs running between amidst tiny mountains and  
craters at midday the sun scorches the sand  
like impossibly hot coffee and we try to hide

in patches of grass or by drinking pots on the balcony  
of the surf club the long road past the army bases  
back to the highway blocks out everything  
but sunscreen and ice creams out here the  
radio'd break and the night would go silent  
(like a hoarse kookaburra)

and we'd dream of ways we could get  
my little Galant rolling through the soft sand.

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