

wacky ideas. For the first time since the journey had begun, Blinch smiled a real smile. The chance of a tree falling on the barn was remote. He'd be all right.

He walked back to his bed and crawled under the covers. In the darkness his old man was wandering about, looking up at the roof, shining a flashlight about.

"Pretty strong winds, hey?"

"Yeh ... bloody strong! Don't worry, she'll be right, Dad! We'll live."

"You're right, me boy! We will. We'll see another day ... and it'll probably be a good one."

Blinch rolled over, looked out the window, and saw the moon. It was so bright it illuminated his pillow. It was so bright it made his ears glow. The wind and the trees no longer frightened him. He rolled over and went to sleep. Lucy was waiting; lily-white legs walking between the centipede trees.



michelle dicinoski

SIGHTLINES

You've strung prayer flags across
our back deck: reds and golds so rich
that butterflies cling to them
mistaking them for flowers.
Beneath are my pots
of basil, thyme, rose geranium.
A house-warming aloe from Kylie
rests on a hoop-pine table.
By the doormat, pink thongs
still thick with last week's mud.
In the backyard, the clothesline's
bright with tea-towels and underwear.
In all the small things that we call ours,
I see a prayer and a flag.