

life from their leaves and the knobbed arthritic branches scraped the sky raw, coats and socks and scarfs were heavy. London was all of the extremes of the island, only the reverse. It was beautiful and horrible and compelling and revolting, humanity in all its grandeur and triumph.

Revealing that you grew up on a North Queensland island is an excellent conversation starter at a dinner party. People react bodily; chewing halts and they look almost pained, forks suspended mid air, cursing their own suburban upbringing. Eyes glaze over and images of Gauguin and coconuts are almost visible flickering across the pupils. I nod and smile, agree that yes it is a marvellous place, yes, the weather is always beautiful. I don't have the heart to tarnish the fantasy by admitting that I don't mind Gauguin but never really liked coconuts.



KEVIN DENSLEY

LARGER THAN LIFE

The Great Poet, a big man,
in computer-image style,
is morphing into something huge.
Bald head like a billiard ball
disappearing into beanbag body.
Seems he's having a hearty chuckle
at becoming his own weighty world.