

## GOING WITH GHOSTS

Leaving, you can count the good ghosts  
up beside you - these from the Valley  
where Fortitude's immigrants were bedded down  
to brew a stoic billy;

The Post Office's elaborate works all day  
reticulate exposed; they splash at night  
behind the lace and colonnades  
in floods of saffron light.

of my own doom, one part's to stay the haunt  
of scarlet eating-houses, skilled and vigorous  
to salve the naked stomach nerve  
with stern art, at all hours.

It's a street of eggs - poached, fried,  
pavese soup, foo yung, and that advocaat Post  
Office - for comfort, leaving, you  
count on these good ghosts.

PETER ANNAND

Gillian's amazing laughter  
rings out as she reads aloud  
a motley selection  
of Brautigan poems

its lunchtime; mentally reeling  
at the atmosphere  
of generous hilarity  
i'm almost collapsing onto the floor.

its just not real.

Aili smiles.  
I think she knows  
that while all the others  
laugh and tell each other

"It's not poetry."

they really admit their own defeat.

IAN HUGHES