

LYNDON WALKER

SATURDAY

The cow in the paddock down from us
has bellowed all day since they
took her calf, in the rain
that has come and gone
and come again

and now the lonely hills and trees
deserted by the cloud
stand stark
and sudden as cut-outs
leant against the sky.

I shut the windows against the rain.
Shut out cow and cloud, listen
for the roar of water
dissolving the mountains
into mist.

A WINDLESS MORNING IN SUMMER

In the cat-licked kitchen
someone sleepy-eyed
burns the toast and charcoal fogs
the hallway just enough
to make not moving
under the sauna trap of sheets
set like sails in a spiders hole
almost impossible

From the outset
without thinking while crossing
my legs so
one cool and hairy knee
kneestles intimately in the sweaty
indentation at the rear
of the other

I've crossed also
the line into waking.