

MARTIN S. DWORKIN

RUST

The blacksmith says the weathered iron
works better than the new;
something the rust knows of old purpose
makes malleable implicit form,
and hardens potentiality.

In the yard, his hoard of broken things
grows from the ground, old metal,
old bones of earth wounds
and fabricated ruins,
leaching a bloody marrow into the sand,
staining the snow, the wire grass
and wax buttercups
with something clean of dying.

GRAHAM ROWLANDS

THE PSEPHOLOGIST'S DREAM

Maps and graphs and figures spread across his table.
He's more than loyal with all-told days of overtime
unpaid, he's a prophet if he can make or mirage
red or the very faintest trace of pink
back into sand, saltpan, black gibber plains into blue.
No lake. He's more than devoted, deserving of more
than deepest blue, of vivid purple ribbon for a champion.

Any professional, even partisan hue's true colour,
knows limits beyond which he can only
divide and rule and sub-divide dreamland:
Cape York is sliced off the top of Queensland,
with seventy tugboats is towed east and south
along the length of The Great Barrier Reef
then west until rammed up arid Spencer's Gulf;
the peninsula to Rockhampton's east, snaps off,
ravaging the red Gulf of St. Vincent.