

TWO SONNETS BEGINNING WITH A LINE  
BY DYLAN THOMAS AND ENDING  
SOMETIME AFTER MIDNIGHT

1           *it was my thirtieth year to heaven*  
and all the washing was tangled  
in my wings. the attempted  
rape of an eighty-three year old woman  
had police baffled; and another rumour  
that the Australian Union of Students  
was controlled by coffeetable revolutionaries  
was denied. the weather decided to turn on  
summer somewhat prematurely but there is some  
doubt whether this was purely for my benefit.  
i have a sneaking suspicion it wasn't:  
a horror budget was predicted and streetgangs  
were rioting in the suburbs. schools were fired  
and unemployment reached a record high.

2           *yes, it was my thirtieth year to heaven*  
and all hell broke loose. the government  
admitted that the deficit was greater than anticipated  
and the figures had been cooked. my frozen  
TV dinner was spoiled the night the power failed  
and supply was blocked by the workers. a house  
of cards collapsed killing forty-three gamblers  
and the game was called for poor light. news  
hung on the grapevine and was eagerly devoured  
by starving goats. the winepresses failed to gather  
a harvest and you: you didn't show  
the least sign of waking  
when i finally crawled into bed  
sometime after midnight. . . . .