

Then
When you passed away
unruffled
like a true pacifist
they moved your memory to that rosebush
facing a most respectable view
and every second Sunday
your favourite daughter
reflects off your identity
and you beam so brilliantly
and she bids farewell

But you never complain.

You just

fade a little. . . .

* * * *

HOLIDAY AT SWANSEA, TASMANIA

(For my parents)

Like conquering tug-boats
we hauled each other
over the seam-bursting dunes
and
the wind,
full of mirth
blew up our dresses
like a fast balloon
whistling
at our rainbow-coloured bloomers.

The bracken
whips our ankles
tyrannically,
and we swear like troopers
as each lacerating leap
directs me further from
sea-nymphs,
fat-bellied fish
and briny laughter.

And now
my wide-eyed leisure
comes to an end —

The bus
outside the General Store
awaits its doom —
as the locals appear
clutching their Phantom comics

I can't say goodbye,
so dawdle back
to your weather-board mansion
arm in arm,
tipsy
from unlimited sniffs
of juicy, intoxicating air
before the salt spray
swindles my eyes...