

GRAEME HETHERINGTON

BUT ALWAYS IT ENDS

In dreams I have seen Christ walk from the tomb
With the sureness and grace of the white veil of stone
Swing aside in a slow motion film,

But always it ends as though he were gone
As quickly as eye-lids flick open again
To a sky where grey boulders crash through blue doors.

APOLLO BAY

Glass-surfaced waves break to spray across the road.
Our warmth weaves through a frozen world,
And in the motel room, hail ricocheting
Off the roof, it is the closest we have been.
Huge mirrors rise before the reef
Then waves are like white roses blown.