

BARBARA HENSON

TELEPHONE

The switchboard answering,  
she asked for him.

I'm sorry, he's not here.  
He's gone to New Zealand.

As clear as day,  
the huge plane banking  
steeply over the crowded city,  
flattening across the Harbour.  
Complexity of roads, concrete, blocks, horns,  
cars and hurrying feet, unaware  
of the jet vanishing  
into the light.

The voice waiting . . .  
No, don't worry, I'll write.  
Thank you.

The receiver down,  
the silver connection  
broken.

She sat for a moment  
motionless. Walking out then  
into the blank stillness and glare  
of almost noon.

Looking across to where  
the windmill, graceful against the rocky slope,  
rose out of a sea of grey-green scrub.

Two thousand miles away.