

## MILTON KAYES

### TOWNSVILLE

Old men trees  
Twisted arthritic  
Humbled in the cancer sun  
Waiting for winter  
In the winterless north

Dry crackling grass  
Pleading for non existent shade  
Craggy sailor faced earth  
Sculptured hard in a heated kiln  
Of endless time

Wrinkled faces  
Squeezed to keep out light  
Young eyes camouflaged in leather masks  
limbs like old men trees  
Voices in monotonous of eras past

Soporific seas  
Blue relentless skies  
Splashed undeveloped colours  
Forced through faded prisms  
A deserted beauty.