

a wicket that way myself once, and I think
I understand some of what he feels: though his lawn's
probably a bit tidier than mine.

ROBERT HABOST

OLD STRADBROKE GRAVEYARD

Disintergrating afternoon;
I could believe death had undone us
on that choleric earth.

Cracking sun chasms opening up at us;
vapours caught at me;
eggshell earth caul.
Death cawling

your ancestors rolling eye dust
world, tilting
stability like quicksand.
"Help!" "Help!" the crow laughed.

A hand shot out over there.
A voice that weaves the parts,
"Look! William Bennett, surgeon, died of cholera."
You turn, and then your eyes explode
and shatter my icicle skin.