

Shane McCauley

Sunday Evening

has slowly shifted
skywards pale pigeon grey
and the recent memory
of rain still there in the driveway's
small lakes overgrowth of

weeds

and all time seems to lean against
the windows as if perhaps
needing rest and a wagtail
hopping among autumn's brindle

leaves

its tail like a bookmark
dark as the night that begins
to creep into trees across
the branches seeping into

hollows

and all of Monday of course
on the other side of midnight
not fraught anymore not
trembling with old anxieties
just Monday a day like any
other borderless neither

full

nor empty neither comfort nor

duress

that old lovely hint of wood smoke

hills

of

bellow

moment

brings in remembrance of country

the potbellied stove laughter

gone friends stark lonely

of some paddocked bull

brings this all into the room

hovering here just for a whispered

and then in this veneer of window

there is someone's reflection

as if out there

as if stranded in the lack of light

but somehow

still looking back looking

back

About the author: Shane McCauley has had eight books of poetry published, most recently *Trickster* (Walleah Press, 2015). He is a retired TAFE and University lecturer and now enjoys the privilege of conducting poetry workshops for the OOTA writers' group at the Fremantle Arts Centre.