

a poem written on the coach trip through western queensland; entitled

31/12/69

Nothing.

Nothing between the barren sky and the land, dead.

Heat.

Heat sucking the last slither of spittle dribbled by a long-gone cloud.

Morgue.

Morgue and grave for the greatest of creation: life.

Kiwi land's antipodes

Road.

Road seal splicing the brown table wafer through and down - unbending.

Aisle.

Aisle of coach wavers gently under and over the monotonous flow of the stiff horizon.

People.

People weary and dry.

THAT SUN MUST HANG FROM THE GALLOWS OF TIME FOR MURDER.

The old year drags itself

to its

oasis:

the

1st

of

ja

n

.

K.J. SHARPE.