

Four Poems · *Selwyn Pritchard*

IN THE WOOD-WOOPS

At the red dirt crossroads sheep gasp,
bailed in shade beneath an oak.

Dust rolls. Gums rattle. Steps rise to
nothing but glare. A garden grew,

the corner cropped; wrought-iron wilts,
headstones, sheep-tended, lean all ways.

I turn from this dry narrative
but plastic flowers splash fresh earth:

a new grave, the stone proud-polished
as a Sunday car. And room for more.

Poatina, Tasmania

WILLIAMSTOWN BEACH

After night's hot rage,
benches and bottles smashed, day
gleams sharp as cut glass.

Earphoned Desert Rats
advance, toe sand. Scavengers
grope in bins, flick scraps.

Gulls scream ignorant
as graffiti. Spent waves zip
indifferently.