ROCK PICNICS

were prolific in york and salmon gum
woodland of midwest wheat farm swales.

Rock picnics brought you to high places
above bleaching late spring pastures and crops

where weathered tors stood Easter Island-like
and rock dragons scampered among scree.

Rock picnics were for Sunday schools, or
‘sports day’ for little one-teacher schools or

just a social club on a wildflower-picking stroll.
The groves of singing casuarinas saw it all;

and elders stiffly measured out the fifty yards
with knotted binder twine for the finish line.

On your marks! A piggyback race across space,
tussocky, rabbit-holed, littered with granite
shards.

Staggering with the school bully on my back
I stepped in the hidden rabbit hole and fell flat.

They said, ‘It’s only a ricked knee. It’ll pass.’
I did not see then the mark of granite there;
but my kneecap bruised to a crescent shape of stone, when I went home. And still I limp.

SCRUB CITIES:
(Remembering *Between Wodjil and Tor*)

This anti-city
is dreaming
in insect hum
and rustle of feet
over leaf litter
along ant trails;
in the catacombs
of termite mounds
in call of currawong
and flicker of bronzewing;

In pulse of stone
on stone, diorite
and schist, mica
felspar and quartz
and crusts of laterite;
rocks speaking to rocks;