In the Grip of It All

Chris Wallace-Crabbe

Greenly, intensely, oddly
It is the day you wake up walking in
A scape you wandered bluntly through
Several hundred dreams ago
or so:

The same tin sheds and staggered hedge,
Identical diagonals and chosen fork
Into the trampled path: somehow
Also bone-grey asphalt soon enough.
It's tough

The way you know you think you know
How the yellow creek warbles leftward;
That upwind railway siding; or
Was it a tinny, ruffled shearing-shed
with red

Paint flaking from the window frame
On which you've always leant. Those vines:
Someone, you think, has often picked their fruit.
How deep you know this valley,
bleakly, sadly.

There has never been anywhere else.

WINTER HIGHLIGHTS

Alison Broinowski on Iraq and the Bush régime

Neal Blewett: AIDS and Australia

Raimond Gaita on George W. Bush

Kerryn Goldsworthy and Our Kate

Craig Sherborne: The Fame Game

Bridget Griffen-Foley's Media Column

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