

## Visiting Professor

The sun pops up out of the Pacific  
and showers Mt Keira with light.  
I grope for my Sony to find out  
how things are going with the world  
but also to put off hauling  
myself up into another day.  
Must finish writing the paper  
must do my ten minutes' exercise  
must shower, must snap, crackle  
and pop into action, light-bringer.

This place is called Wollongong.  
A few miles up the coast is where  
Lawrence wrote *Kangaroo*. Yet again  
I do the arithmetic to figure out  
what time it is at home  
and guess what they're doing now.  
"You can never guess," says Jim, "the numbers  
you'll get for this kind of talk. We should  
get ten." I know. Ten would be great.  
I have counted my footfalls echoing in post-  
colonial corridors. I profess marginalia.

But draw back the curtains. Look.  
The blanketed horses are grazing  
on the lower slopes as if exactly  
as I last saw them at nightfall.  
A rosella enhances the morning.  
This place is called Wollongong.  
A few miles up the coast  
is where Lawrence . . .  
Must get back to the paper,  
must get back . . .

EDWARD BAUGH