

There

the battered iron of the dunny
flaps in the nor'wester

sheepdogs worry mutton bones
by the toppled water-tank

shearers in the gum-tree shade
guzzle beer and mutter

while the women-folk
lug the food out to the tables

in the sun high up the pigeon
stalls and whooshes down

across the gully
thistledown hatches into light

someone rolls a fag
unaware the picture needs it

JOHN ALLISON