

summer lines

crows make an amphitheatre of morning everyone out of town brightness
flattens us, enlarges the blue dome we all talk of shade light through leaves I
cannot wake early enough for the birds' dawn but hear spare song intermittent
across the day strips of silver thread between the hours

there's a hush on the roads the accentuated planeness of this coast a saucepan
lid too hot to touch soil turns to sand rolling hills of sand bougainvillea
cauterises fencelines shouting the sun to passing cars we become a grid of hot
tar kids dance along footpaths scorching their soles beeline for the servo
icecreams are in season