

A WINTER HOUSE.

Locked in impossible  
February heat I  
longed for the  
vast and hollow  
cold that comes  
with winter and  
fills the air  
with a sound  
like chimes.

Here in June  
without a samovar  
to thaw the  
icing on my  
feet and no  
white romancing snow  
only the gum  
tree outside, overdressed  
and doing the  
can can I  
want to be  
vast in February.

Camellia covered curtains  
frame the frangipane  
that never flowers;  
we're bloody hopelessly  
inefficient says Bob  
Jones on national  
radio if only  
gum trees generated  
heat and camellias  
showered white Russian  
in February.

Kerry Louise Harrison.