

KERRY LOUISE HARRISON

*Kohukohu*

There will be no  
World War Three  
in Kohukohu  
where yellow hilltops  
roar in solitude  
wondering where  
the lions are

Manuka shyly scatters  
behind a bursting  
cicada bush  
while swamps lie  
mellow in a tide  
that unexcitedly  
swells and comforts  
the falling pastel villas

The Masonic Lodge  
sits and looks  
for sawmillers  
who once raised  
their sandy voices  
in rigid agreement  
with the gumtrees

*Fish and Chip*

We may become  
two white battered  
and fat people

who marinate our thoughts  
and voices in bottles of wine  
swimming only to the surface

well salted and wrapped  
we may roll over  
in a hot bed

without shaping tulips  
from breasts and licking  
the pink from the skin

I might begin to spin  
clothes into cream  
in the washing machine

humming all the while  
in clean ecstasy  
I might read about

irrigation schemes  
that stop the dry eyed  
comfort that fills our mouths

but renders us parched and silent

