

fraction

“on a river three miles late” – Penelope Shuttle

fires double in the Orroral Valley
residents of Tharwa told
it's too late to leave

in the mall
to which we might have to
evacuate

the PA plays Sultans of Swing
a waitress clears tables
a baby wobbles in the high chair

Owen Bullock

What I loved about COVID-19

In the year of the virus, time slid
out of its little containers
and peacefully I mopped it up

Ants became more noticeable
and I loved
them more

Also flies with their cute little paws
teaching me how to wash
my thousand eyes

I saw
how full my house was
how good it was to breathe

Things meant things
and it was easy
to give them away

At last everything was
as it was and
new, so new

Alison Fleet

17 Great Dog Shits of Sydney

I was flying over Sydney in a giant dog. Things looked bad.
The First Fleet had dropped anchor and Barron Field
had unloaded *First Fruits*, voiding himself of tax
via *terra nullius*. There'd been a Rum Rebellion—the grog bog
a symbol of progress—and the Queen was back from
marking her territory on 57 towns in 58 days.

The UTS Tower Building appeared as a vertical log
some square god had pushed out while the sporting chicken
of Forbes' 'Bicentennial Poem' shat itself in Martin Place
on decapitation. The 100+ kilograms of the world's
largest burger were competing with Leichhardt's quarter
of a kilometre of pizza. Mr Whippy was doing the rounds.

Shock-jock diarrhoea dribbled from the radio
and the NRL got embroiled in a 'poo in the shoe' snafu.
Stones Against the Sky was plopped atop Kings Cross
a 12.4-metre *Puppy* left a soiled bouquet at the MCA, then
Onion-laced Abbott became special envoy of Indigenous affairs.
After Scotty's dirty stop-out at Engadine Macca's,
Barangaroo just rubbed it in. Every night, some crusty
white cop in Hyde Park pinches off a loaf for the statue of Cook.
Now all the dogs with folded paws stare at a glowering sky.

Toby Fitch