

Field—an ancient of days signing the sky.
But that was earlier and now spotlights
Are turned up to ten and all of our cards
Are on the table. And in the distance
There's a trio of four-wheel-drives enraged

By the hush of the weeping grass and wind;
So they kick and scream all eight cylinders
At once and drag us all through the gravel
To the beach at the river's bend to haul
In midnight

—axle deep in the sand surge
Of a story we've never lived. We stand
With the sheoaks, our shins in the tussocks
And watch bottles fly off a belly-up
Bonnet—the twenty first century rites
Of bacchus,
pedal to the metal floor.