This year it’s Spring up to Christmas. Daily, Jacarandas burst
and I stand surprised along the fence-line between us and the
abandoned house:
our plum trees are still burdened, their slim arms bowed by the
weight of fruit.
Above, a white screech of cockatoos splits the blue.
At my feet, the long grass rustles.
I tumble scores of purple plums into my skirt,
take to others with a spade,
walk home slowly, my belly rolling.

Under incandescent light, I prepare the sink,
inspect each one, bath them all,
pat them dry and lay them on the cool steel bench.
The firm are packed inside the body of our fridge;
the soft and broken set aside.
Over the greased preserving pan, I press two fingers into them, flick
out their stony hearts
and make a red flesh heap.
My jam boils fast and thick.
My hands run red, red, red and I clean everything,
set out the jars, snip lengths of silver ribbon,
circles of gold paper.
I do not think of the abandoned house,
the rustling fence-line in the failing light
or the night-garden, busy with its shallow graves.