

Peter Nicholson:**Final Proofs**

Shed skins chucked,
 Calling cards to entropy—
 Have I known you well enough,
 Stroked your syntax carefully
 Nor bruised your music willingly?
 Moment of abandonment
 Flickers as this final draft
 Is cast upon that further shore
 Whose islands glimmer metaphor,
 Ignorance and time's disdain.
 Whatever fault or satisfaction
 Links that crossing, let it go,
 The troubled best of my intent
 Whose hand assigns to jailing print
 Words for an indemnity.

Abandoned Cricket Pitch

An empty cricket pitch,
 Dust blowing from inland,
 A bird ascends smudged air
 Near colours cracked from stone.

Night bends;
 Opal colours plummet space
 As the paralytic moon
 Genuflects its emu eye.

Have you failed?
 Loved the pitch you harness here
 Or lost the old simplicity
 That camped beside the creek?

Dust behind the ranges quickens,
 Pillars spinning nearer you—
 Far from ocean's rearing haze,
 Pitch is cracked, but rain is due.

*Peter Nicholson was born in 1950 and was educated at Armidale Teachers College and Macquarie University. There is an introduction to his work at **peternicholson.com.au***