A sunflower unfolding
still innocent, like sleeping babies.
Galahs, cockatoos, doves and kites
Pobble-bonks in Toolern Creek
cotton wool clouds in blue, blue sky
gardens like florist shops
silent nights
buses aplenty, but when connecting
you board a turtle to catch a horse!
Clean suit-empty—pocket
population like popping corn
fast food galore, balloon people waddling
new almond eyes, corn row hair
and an odd red neck here and there
an orchid in the bush.

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