

The Sister

She lay like the sister and the family cat
On the lounge-room sofa, growing fat
With self-indulgence and lack of care,
Preferring to leave untasted her share
Of love. Her image sadness;
Loss, almost a toss at tragedy. A princess

Without innocence, left only the slow indignity
Of a wilting flower. The hour hung in the dull heat
And I wondered what great iniquity
Had brought her, lamb-like, to this long defeat
And what regal wilderness would be her fate.

To bed, sweet sister; the world is turning, and the hour late.

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