

## drive - in

we go in Hardisty's Singer convertible . . .  
to somewhere on the outskirts of Adelaide . . . to a drive-in cinema . . .  
never been to one before . . . so we keep our eyes open . . .  
drive into a field of clinker . . . park beside a pole with a speaker . . .  
drivers lift the speakers through their windows . . . so we do the same . . .  
we press buttons for music and voices . . . watch distant figures on a screen . . .  
pale in the dusk between silhouettes of eucalyptus in a burning sunset . . .

in the interval we press the button for the ice cream girl . . .  
buy ice creams . . . iced coffees . . . fancy the girl . . .  
sunset . . . the second film starts . . . forget the story . . . nothing special . . .  
suddenly it's over . . . no national anthem . . . engines revving . . .  
headlights weaving through clinker dust . . . we do the same . . .  
Hardisty gets his boot down . . . we're not first but not last . . .

burning down the road to Elizabeth the night air blows cool on our faces . . .  
we pull into town . . . park outside a takeaway . . . under a streetlight . . .  
we open the doors . . . a snake slithers out . . . clatters dead on the road . . .

a yard of cable and an ice cream button from a drive in speaker