

## at Port Fairy

we turn off the Princes Highway at Port Fairy  
into wide streets . . . low buildings . . . avenues of viridian trees . . .  
park under dark silhouettes of Norfolk Island pines . . .  
their shadows . . . fossil skeletons of prehistoric fish across tarmac . . .  
the sun blisters like a drummer brushing cymbals . . . the air drips sweat . . .  
we drink iced coffee at tables under corrugated iron verandahs . . .  
cool ourselves around fridges in a food store . . .  
walk slowly to the harbour . . . watch vessels arriving on the tide . . .  
dark water curling in . . . high against timber jetties . . .

on the beach . . . cold rollers running northwards from the pole . . .  
explode in a scattered haze of sun crazed spray . . .  
lay gifts of coral shells and seaweed on the shore . . .  
run back again . . . explode . . . run back again . . . explode . . .  
under the sun . . . in the heat of day . . . obeying the moon's rule . . .  
run back again . . . like the beating of the heart . . .  
run back again . . . like the beating of the heart . . .  
run back again . . . like the beating of the heart . . .

way out on the horizon . . . a tall ship under sail . . .