

new house at Warrnambool

we follow the specially drawn map . . .
navigate the undulating sprawl of roads . . .
Rod had arranged for us to visit his mother . . .
in her new house at Warrnambool . . . on the Great Ocean Road . . .
so Marion . . . as she asked to be called . . . was expecting us . . .
she asks us in . . . makes tea . . . offers home baked cakes . . .
she's like a bird . . . delicate . . . nimble . . . bright eyed . . .
she smiles . . . seems pleased to see us . . . I enjoy meeting Rod's friends . . .
she's like a bird . . . can't keep still . . . hops back to the kitchen . . .
silly me . . . forgot the chocolate slices and meringues . . .
mustn't neglect my international visitors . . .
she's eighty or thereabouts . . . could be sixty . . . and she's radiant . . .
she's like a bird . . . moving from perch to perch . . . from this chair to that . . .
is there anything else you'd like . . . are you sure you've had enough . . .
there's a speciality of mine for dinner by the way . . . Australian meat pie . . .
she's like a bird . . . moving past the brilliance of floor to ceiling windows . . .
past garden foliage and the sun bursts of flowers solidifying into walls . . .
she's a reflection in transparent glass . . . darting from bush to bush . . .
I hope Australian meat pie will be OK . . . would you like more tea . . .
I'll just shake these crumbs out for the birds . . .

in the afternoon she drives us down the road to see Rod's old house . . .
and in the evening to the beach to watch for whales
on the incoming tide . . .