

TEMPUS FUGITIVE 3

Disguised as a human being and on the run from time, I metamorphosed into an observer.

At 18 I was called up for National Service, taught to calibrate radar sets and posted to a nuclear trials squadron in South Australia where I witnessed an atomic detonation at Maralinga. 25 years later, after revisiting Australia, the poems in Tempus Fugitive 2 had burst into my consciousness without warning and demanded to be written, a strange and unexpected awakening that was also the genesis of some observations of modern Australia.