

Kona Macphee

Pheasant, Waverley Station

In diesel-stour so thick I'm loath
to bare my packaged sandwiches, he lies:
one red-ringed eye is signalling the sky,
the other pegs a sleeper. What long miles
he must have travelled in the undercarriage,
while flesh and mechanism reaffirmed
the compacts of their loveless marriage.