

◆ ROSS WILSON ◆

Trojan Jet

'Let me show you something,' the man said,
rising from the couch with the letter.
He bounded for the front door and threw it open,
DEBT RECOVERY DEPARTMENT
scrunched in his fist.

The boy watched him fold the sheet in two,
obscuring name and address,
revealing threatening words
about a third-party agency visiting,
if payments weren't received.

The boy couldn't read: the man had read enough.
He folded the paper again,
pinched it between forefinger and thumb
and raised it high and back over his shoulder
and threw it like a spear out into the air.

The boy watched it soar and dip and soar
and almost clear the garden before
it wavered and descended and lodged in a hedge
where it flapped in a breeze like the flag
of an enemy who had them under siege.