David Campbell Prize
Short-list: John Foulcher (ACT) – ‘Home Truth’.

Home Truth

All through the suburbs,
drought. The air is comatose.
We plug sinks, wash dishes
in a bowl, bless chosen plants
with the soiled brown water
that would have been lost.

Reasons shift, but things
stay much the same, action
turns to habit, meaning’s

what we do. After Dad died,

drains blocked, taps leaked,
paint peeled from sills,

tiles slipped, palings rotted
and fell and nothing got fixed,
though we must have had some

money, and ‘elbow grease’,
as they say. The truth was
it all seemed too much effort,

I couldn’t see the point
of mending or replacing,
hobbling out from the kitchen

with a basin of tepid water,
hurling it over the grass,
a sound in the dark like rain.