small town

has an old *Esso* sign on a tin shed
and someone who used to sell honey
painted yellow on the next one,

at the corner a pink golf ball
towers over the coastline, ridges
like the moon.

in spring flowers grow
round the blue tractor
and dirt collects in the seat,

marks on the footpath
don't fade and the cemetery
never shrinks, only the town around it.

beyond the tennis courts
ghosts shed fingernails and
police sirens skip over fences;

no-one lives down there
where the surf plays dead
and moonlight walks on water.