Present in Makarora Valley, New Zealand

Plaintive a roadside lamb
   bleats pointier than this here local razor

wire strung to keep it stock not dinner. And traffic. Fabric-
   -winged, a crop-duster

zips four-hundred fanfare bucks and their interlocutors
   off a goat-mowed grassy runway

a red windsock dangles expectantly near. Sifting wind
   kicked up in Texas. A cattle-dog’s exhaust(ed), tongue

coopiloting further search for drink
   Teen hoon careen in mums’ sedans, smashed on claustrophobia

dreaming big for Invercargill. Pickled exhales depress
   a clutch for gear, a stone’s toss to all neighbours’

place. And into song. Red deer clop on damp top pasture,
   character development – fauna onto menu venison

poise well-composed behind strategic pines. And then ... *and then!*
   steeling in from a vanishing point, a lone

Thai man comes a country highway stoat
   slaloms the dotted centre highway line – Shaun Tan’s early draft *Arrival* – and
inside a claim bedecked itself in cycling Lycra
    how he’s pedalled go-go vast calligraphy of watershed

up Dunedin on a ten-speed. He motions us to photograph him. Twice. 10pm
    an atoll, re-gifts its daytime proof of alchemy. Into now’s valley

we excommunicate to reach its trumpet belts of twilight
    ricocheting huge above St Francis ungulate

that graze their end
    here brassy a Christmas night. Or lazy bargain

washing machine of Turkish fabrication sweats out its ferrous rot
    in weeds – lamb serves – to life it whirs and brims hot infant light

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