

A boy being led down a street notices the trunks and roots of trees, where they knuckle into the earth, resemble the legs and feet of a giant bird.

Simultaneous to this, a giant bird notes that a boy on a street resembles a leaf walking along a silent valley.

A bird does not know that a leaf does not walk. A boy does not know that a bird sometimes buries its feet.

Why?

To stop the sky's great love lifting it away . . .

Three children have stolen an aeroplane from the edge of the desert.

One child comes from a house.

One child comes from a room.

One child comes from a ship.

Their aeroplane flies, high above the desert, like a tiny bee fooled by the sun's false flower.

Their little dog follows them, undeterred by the empty sky as he crosses dune after dune after dune . . .

© Cy Mathews

Cy Mathews is a postgraduate student at the University of Otago, specialising in contemporary poetry. A past editor of *Deep South*, he has had work published in *Critic* magazine, the *OUSA Literary Review*, the *Otago Daily Times*, and online at *Oban '06*. He has also read at the recent Montana Poetry Day celebrations.