

SKINK EYES

as I'm reading
 on the sofa
 suddenly this
 little darting
 dark shape
 appears & stops
 half hidden
 under my leg

it's a skink
 I like skinks
 & I think it
 knows that

even as I reach
 for the folded
 paper & felt pen
 its tiny black eyes
 look around

focus on me
 curious
 intelligent
 trusting
 black pearl dot eyes
 feeding me
 the fire of
 this poem

MY 1ST HERO

ok
 it's 9:15 am
 I'm stonehenge stoned
 I'm thinking about heroes
 my very first hero
 my hobo uncle Eddy
 dark smouldering eyes
 5 foot 3
 quiet
 shy
 bearded
 nattily dressed
 even though he
 was a hobo

just a little unassuming guy
 yet when he walked in
 god walked in

HEROES 2

heroes
 fail
 too

just like
 anyone else
 we know that
 yet we hang
 on to the
 few we
 have

— Billy Jones

Upper Caboolture, Australia