

MALUA BAY

Buried nose-first in sand and filling the headland
like the layers of a cake squashed sideways, these rocks

appear to have dive-bombed the beach and crashed
the sea's party, burying their heads for shame leaving

their tails exposed to scale and scatter, much like that other
party, all but dead save igneous embers and sleeping

bags bunched with drunks, trails beercans in its wake.
The world is sometimes like this, parodying life;

at other times it's sending itself up: the rocks are waves
solidified mid-slide, their foam a quartzed ridge

eaten out by the sea, a shock of crabs satirising
the sunken splendours of the bay. But when uninvited

party guests plagiarise the rocks, the sea, whatever,
it all gets complicated, as when television

mocks the stars and the stars wink back as if to say
that they wouldn't have it any other way.

David Musgrave