Country Love *(day 1)*

Pamela Lofts

After Christmas I went out along Undoolya road as I often
do to walk the dog I turned into one of the bush tracks
and was drawn to a bright green car in the red sand with
the doors open like flags Lots of bunched up clothing
was scattered around and my heart missed a beat because
it looked like a body lying on the ground

The scene had the feeling of something violent having just happened I went up to the clothing and was relieved to discover that it was just a heap of clothes

A red jumper a green jumper some crushed velvet thing.. maybe a cloak.. a fawn cable knit jumper

A bit further from the car was a broken Chinese bowl a couple of Moselle casks two orange enamel plates and a cluster of tampons swollen from the recent rain and looking like marshmallows

A tape *Country Love* had unravelled and slithered like a slippery snake over a woollen beanie and a pair of screwed up black underpants

Inside the car which smelt of essential oils musky and thick were beads mosquito coil boxes and a book on Buddhism A broken didgeridoo lay on the front seat amongst shattered glass

The boot was open showing a recent newspaper The
astrology page predicted 'Aries are headed off to distant
or remote and exciting places there won't be much you
can do with the rest of the day because everything will be
so awkwardly placed.

The number-plate said Tasmania Holiday Isle and was in
the bush a few meters away

A long way from home I thought.