

Figures of Speech

Jeff Guess

A few seconds
out from Salisbury train station
there stands
an old native cherry
someone has decorated
with perhaps fifty hung
plastic nursery chairs.
A bright multi-coloured cone
of lights. A mystery May-pole.
A metaphor I will not
unravel in a single journey.
A cipher with as many solutions
as the countless red gum sleepers
from here to the city.