

be certain failure. Once reached, we're free to palaver around the driveway like drunken pigeons, hands—wings—on hips.

'How far'd we go?' I question.

Paul brings his GPS watch up close to his eyes and fiddles with the buttons.

'Twenty three point four,' He says. 'Good pace, too. We were doing 4'45''s most of the way.'

I nod. It was a solid run.

We sit down on the steps. I loosen my laces, pulling one shoe off with two hands, inspecting the tread for hints of glass.

'Wanna beer?' Paul stands.

I screw up my face, looking into the sun as he stands before me: 'It's morning.'

'And it's bloody hot. We've earned it.'

He wanders off inside and I hear the fridge door open with a resistant schmock.

Yeah, I guess we have.

Richard Holt

The Swimmer

One morning, while running, Ollie Perovic thought he spotted a swimmer momentarily within the featurelessness of the new day's grey, but he couldn't be sure. There was no colour, no contrast. No light or dark. No horizon. Later he imagined perhaps he heard a distant voice calling but, as it was early spring, plenty of boisterous groups were using the foreshore—boot camp warriors and football clubs—so he thought nothing of it. No one passed as he trudged up the hill to the beacon and over to the footbridge.

Only later that day, as he headed back to the office from Soup King, did Ollie recall the two possibilities, the swimmer and the voice, each as uncertain as each other. The coincidence of these memories brought about a kind of dread, which stuck with him all afternoon. He was unable to concentrate on the Pathways Report and found himself checking online news sites every few minutes. Though the media reported no one missing, his brooding uncertainty persisted.

A week later, as he shuffled along the sand of Eastern Beach in the thickness of another fog he heard a call from the direction of the waves. He pulled off his running shoes and t-shirt and leapt into the water. He was a better swimmer than runner and had put three hundred metres between himself and the shore before he realised the icy conditions were getting the better of

him. His limbs began to cramp. An all-over shiver ran through him. Looking to the shore he could just make out a figure on the beachside path, jogging in a heavy, plodding gait that seemed familiar. Ollie Perovic called, across the waves with all that was left of his flagging strength.

Monica Goldberg

The line with arms

‘The moment of change is the only poem, Adrienne Rich

Still. We Wait. For the strangers that are hiding. Fractured ones, that are not. Yet visible to the naked eye. The tension that proves. That the world is not rigid. Only searching — for its equilibrium, point. The hoist that can not. Stay where it is and will not move. Either. That wobbles around its axis. That knows how to push.

Boundaries.

That will not travel— in perfect lines. That depart from their cultural path. That will not spin out or settle. Into stable rotation and refuse to ignore. The interaction of opposing forces. The random — and the systematic. The imperceptible and inevitable. The evolution of language. The meaning that is abandoned. The moment of change.