



Beyond our desolate farm I can see the horizon
where a few dark clouds cruelly taunt us with
promises of rain.

It never comes, and now our dam is a patch of
dry cracked mud surrounded by brown land.

The cicadas have been shrilling, calling
impatiently for rain.

This morning they are quiet. The silence steals
into corners, nooks and crannies.

It spreads and suffocates everything, like a hot
dry blanket.

The Shark by Edwin John Pratt

His body was tubular
And tapered
And smoke-blue,
And as he passed the wharf
He turned,
And snapped at a flat-fish
That was dead and floating.
And I saw the flash of a white throat,
And a double row of white teeth,
And eyes of metallic grey,
Hard and narrow and slit.
Then out of the harbour,

With that three-cornered fin
Shearing without a bubble the water
Lithely,
Leisurely,
He swam—That strange fish,
Tubular, tapered, smoke-blue,
Part vulture, part wolf,
Part neither—for his blood was cold.



PERSONIFICATION

“... the moon gazed on my midnight labours, while, with unrelaxed and breathless eagerness, I pursued nature to her hiding-places.”

Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus—
Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley

SIMILE

“Let us go then, you and I,
When **the evening** is spread out
against the sky,
Like a patient etherized
upon a table ;”

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock—
T. S. Eliot

METAPHOR

“The greater part of the untested men appeared quiet and absorbed. They were going to look at the **war**, the **red animal**—the **blood-swollen god**.”

*The Red Badge of Courage—
Stephen Crane*

A few miles south of Soledad, the Salinas River drops in close to the hillside bank and runs deep and green. The water is warm too, for it has slipped twinkling over the yellow sands in the sunlight before reaching the narrow pool.

On one side of the river the golden foothill slopes curve up to the strong and rocky Gabilan Mountains, but on the valley side the water is lined with trees— willows fresh and green with every spring, carrying in their lower leaf junctures the debris of the winter's flooding; and sycamores with mottled, white, recumbent limbs and branches that arch over the pool. On the sandy bank under the trees the leaves lie deep and so crisp that a lizard makes a great skittering if he runs among them.

Rabbits come out of the brush to sit on the sand in the evening, and the damp flats are covered with the night tracks of 'coons, and with the spread pads of dogs from the ranches, and with the split wedge tracks of deer that come to drink in the dark.

There is a path through the willows and among the sycamores, a path beaten hard by boys coming down from the ranches to swim in the deep pool, and beaten hard by tramps who come wearily down from the highway in the evening to jungle-up near water. In front of the low horizontal limb of a giant sycamore there is an ash pile made by many fires; the limb is worn smooth by men who have sat on it.

coons swim arch miles made lower carrying recumbent coons swim arch miles made lower carrying recumbent
Salinas tramps coming strong many drops night foothill one covered Soledad limbs dark flats leaf near sat
Gabilan golden crisp tramps coming strong many drops night foothill one covered Soledad limbs dark flats leaf near sat
white dogs twinkling brush leaves horizontal runs great spread
beaten evening sycamores water among willows tracks bank
deep pool come hard path green every trees tracks bank
side highway sunlight branches winter's sandy flooding giant fresh debris boys deer south warm
sit mottled wearily damp rocky pads split narrow drink lined hillside
sands spring close men ash front narrow drink lined hillside
worn close men ash front narrow drink lined hillside

In The Dark

Dogs beaten hard by men,
run miles deep on damp flats.
Their mottled white limbs
wearily worn down.

In the dark,
night tracks lie deep
On the sandy bank.

Under the trees,
He runs
Through the willows,
Among the leaves,
Before reaching the pool.

He drops in close, narrow
To the hillside bank.
To swim in the dark deep spring

But on the slopes,
a great skittering.
In the dark,
The men come ...

