

## **lizard skin road**

it's his car so Hardisty drives . . .  
a Singer convertible . . . same as one he has back in England . . .  
roof down in the waves of scented sweat-hot air . . .  
Dixo's in the passenger seat . . . me and Techie in the back . . .  
winding up round hairpin bends in the Mount Lofty ranges . . .  
through purple hallucinations of tinder dry eucalyptus . . .  
on the high land the road runs straight as a die . . .  
the tarmac textured with animal corpses past recognition . . .  
and frilled lizards . . . heads held high . . . defiant in the road . . .  
mouths gaping at the centre of frills like skin halos . . .  
we swerve around them . . . onto sand . . . kick up dust . . .  
the land train behind us keeps straight ahead . . .  
we pull off . . . switch off . . . get out . . .  
wait for the dust cloud to drift away . . .

the dead lizard is a picture of a lizard on a road . . .  
wet red paint on a black canvas . . . drying under the sun . . .  
red tread tracks . . .  
running away from Adelaide . . .  
down a lizard skin road