

*Victoria del la Varis-Woodcock*

## **Picnic at Pahi**

picnic in the great fig tree shadow  
quiche half grey in the basket  
wine, none, not ever, promise  
grip of cake, she spurts  
after a piwakawaka

a ute with a carbon sheen pulls in  
lets loose  
one hundred utterances in the pillows  
my ex and his boat  
and mrs number two

with her and their  
percussive clunk of doors offspring satiated life is too  
launch a familia  
hair a soft curtain  
like honey he thinks  
I say yellow

she flits to the  
enormous cat it  
purrs that cat like an engine  
envelopes her with a grin, and  
I'm steadily draining  
inside staring out

please massive branches  
my gut burns, foggy now  
will be again,  
half empty I stroll to the group and reach for a sticky hand  
surrounded by villains