

Merri Creek

Stephen Nichols

I saw a rainbow by the old foot bridge.
The last rainbow in Merri creek—
a creek that is our town's S-bend,
full of shit and plastic bags and veins of rust
that flow from our gully traps, sinks and baths.

The beautiful rainbow stared at me with white eyes,
its grey gills caught between the chrome bars
of an upturned shopping trolley.