

Augie March, Glenorchy Bunyip

A dragon with the head of a bulldog
A mountain with a crop of white snow
A blue sky over Glenorchy
And I've got nowhere to go
I didn't ask for your name little sister
I didn't ask for you to come through the door
I dreamed of a face, a curtain of lace
An apple that had no core
A tail with the girth of a fat man's thigh
Slid up around the corner and was burnt upon my eye
A winter light confused my sight in Glenorchy tonight
When I thought that I had nothing to see
So I asked the lady at 13, invalid at 32
With a bottle of red, only fresh from bed by the letterbox
She thinks she doesn't see the things I think I see
Blind by 11 and wearing her dead mother's socks
Alright
I was hiding in the Swan Terrace garden
I saw the to and fro-ing, come and going of the street
There's not a lot of doing in Glenorchy of a Tuesday
Shivering I accepted my defeat
But as I rose up ginger I was arrested by a sight
That flickered in my periphery
A reflection in a Hillman Hunter window
I saw that the creature was me
Now the heart of a monster is the heart of a child
Who never had to grow into a man
If nobody could recognize the Bunyip of Glenorchy
Then wherever there's a monster no one can
Then wherever there's a monster no one can
Then wherever there's a monster no one can