

Augie March, The 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 recognise 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.