

## No Title

by Tim Hanna

Somewhere in the evening a moth has got in,  
fluttering about the mezzanine of this designer vault  
and terrorising the beautiful people.

Thank god you arrived when you did  
or I would have starved to death in this place.  
(They would have done it: young lawyers,  
young economists, young politicians: they would have starved me to  
death.)

You drink orange juice and I my water while  
the cashmere stallions and red-bull fillies sip and simper  
and drop names off the balcony. A bogong has the mother  
pinned against a pillar  
since the daughter and mutual accessory  
missed it with stiletto-heel and sweaty hoof.

Temporarily distracted by the weight of a cufflink  
from the refugees and our distaste –  
a lacewing beating between shutter and glass  
at last night's lock-up,  
urgent and out of place  
in the floodlight of a Blockbuster Video.