

## Kona Macphee

### *Pheasant, Waverley Station*

In diesel-stour so thick I'm loath  
to bare my packaged sandwiches, he lies:  
one red-ringed eye is signalling the sky,  
the other pegs a sleeper. What long miles  
he must have travelled in the undercarriage,  
while flesh and mechanism reaffirmed  
the compacts of their loveless marriage.