

IAIN TWIDDY

## THE BOOMERANG

The boomerang Mrs. Bunker brought back  
from visiting her family in Alice Springs  
was warm and brown, like a monsoon river,

smoothed into thumbable curves at the ends;  
both sides were raised gently, like a glowing glimpse  
of Uluru bedding into a red horizon.

On the rec one boy said no way it could work here,  
another no way you could catch it if it did:  
it would slice your hand clean off if you tried.

So what was I thinking, remembering  
when I first held it, not like the V up  
or down of a bird's wings, but the yanking

of a kangaroo's leg, planted just then  
as if from the other side of the earth,  
where it was already autumn, not spring;

what was I thinking, given the further you threw,  
the more impact it would have on the way back.  
Did I really imagine, given this,

I would have any chance now to capture it?