Swerve. Boot.

We live in a land
islands, actually
where a gumboot can be found
alone
in the middle of the road
upright



(dropped off a ute and the
weight of wet clay
landed it just so)

And people will swerve
to miss it
out of respect.

So it stands there
Antipodean
Ozymandian

while road cones
(the uppity imposters,
those orange white-banded bastards
shiny-skitey as)

are gleefully knocked-over

The gumboot
Red Band, good brand
staunch as yo

Nek morning
it's gone
bloke and boot
re-united

All's well, aye.