

**subtle plague, by Keri Glastonbury**

everyone's fitting out their suburban palace there's the faux gold coast or the tuscan pagoda and this from people who once lived in kingswood country or on farms with tennis court envy your once best friend is now a complaining house frau **at least she's made it into town and is no longer 'stuck out there' surprised she doesn't remember the perverse magic but perhaps this is what marks her as authentic** and you as vicarious she's become harsh as her mother the negative 'we'll all be rooned' gossip of keeping up with the chamberlains who you hear are now landcare mandarins life on their property was always emblematic but ingratiation between butch and femme twins amuck in the quiet paddocks is something more stellar than even late night shopping at the mall back then we mined the duality together the chiaroscuro kept me split



Illustration by Matthew On



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